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ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

"My word shall not return unto me void."—Isa. 55:11.

"When saddened by the little fruit thy labors seem to yield,
And when no springing blade appears in all thy barren field;
When those whom thou dost seek to win, seem hard, and cold, and dead—
Then, weary worker, stay thine heart on what the Lord hath said;
And let it give new life to hopes which seem well-nigh destroyed—
This promise, that, "His word, shall not return unto Him void."
For, if, indeed it be His truth, thy feeble lips proclaim,
Then, He is pledged to shadow forth, the glory of His name.
True this at present may be veiled; still trustingly abide,
And "cast thy bread," with growing faith, upon life's rolling tide.
It shall, it will, it must be found, this precious living seed,
Though thou may'st grieve that thoughtless hearts take no apparent heed.
'Tis thine to sow with earnest prayer, in faith and patient love,
And thou shalt reap the tear-sown seed, in glorious sheaves above,
Then with what joy ecstatic, thou wilt stand before His throne
And praise the Lord who used thee thus to gather in His own!
Adoring love will fill thine heart, and swell thy grateful lays,
That thou, hast brought some souls to Christ, to His eternal praise,
That thou hast helped to deck His brow, with blood-bought jewels bright;
Trophies of His wondrous love, and His all-saving might.
Oh, the grandest privilege to be thus used, to bring them in!
Oh, grandest joy to see them safe beyond the reach of sin!
Then mourn not, worker; though thy work shall cause thee many a tear,
The glorious aim thou hast in view, thy saddened heart will cheer,
Remember, it is all for Him, who loveth thee so well;
And let not downcast weary thoughts, one moment in thee dwell,
It is for Him! this is enough to cheer thee all the way;
Until thou hearest the glad "Well done,' and night is turned to day."

—Author Unknown.

PREFACE.

In all ages it has been true that God's messengers have been unpopular because they are sent to combat the prevailing evils of their day and generation.

Therefore, Christ said: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you, *falsely*, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward, for so persecuted they the prophets before you." (Matt. 5:11, 12.)

I represent the distracted, suffering, loving motherhood of the World. Who, becoming aroused with a righteous fury rebelled at this torture.

God blessed this righteous rage and gave directions for the act, that cried out! Mothers with their hands tied, have beheld the mutilation of their sons and daughters till Almighty God heard their groanings, and sent me to answer the prayers of those grand women—The W. C. T. U.

At the age of almost sixty-two, I feel that my work is almost done—one request I make of my dear sisters of the W. C. T. U., is to turn your powerful influence against "lodgism," especially against the paganism and idolatry called Free-Masonry. In which are originated the roots of all kinds of lusts.

This is the "falling-away" that is to precede the coming of our Lord. Lodging away from the church. The lodges now, take the place of the ancient "idolatrous groves."

Get the writings of E. Ronayne, the converted Mason, from the National Christian Association Chicago, Ill. I beg you, for the love of God, and Jesus will bless you. Some day I will lie under the shade of a tree, and I want these words on the marble above my dust,

"She hath done what she could."

I dedicate this book to the women of the W. C. T. U. I owe them a debt of gratitude.

I ask that each one of my readers will, utter a prayer that this book may be used of God, to reclaim the lost, and glorify His Almighty Name! "And that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." (Acts 20:24.)

CARRY A. NATION,

Your loving "Home Defender."

Washington, D. C., 217 D. St. N. W.

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CHAPTER I.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME AND WHAT I REMEMBER OF MY LIFE UP TO THE TENTH YEAR.

I was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, Nov. 25, 1846. My father's farm was on Dick's river, where the cliffs rose up hundreds of feet, with great ledges of rocks, under which I used to sit. There were many large rocks scattered around, some as much as fifteen feet across, with holes that held water, where my father salted his stock, and I, a little toddler, used to follow him. On the side of the house next to the cliffs was what we called the "Long House," where the negro women would spin and weave. There were wheels, little and big, and a loom or two, and swifts and reels, and winders, and everything for making linen for the summer, and woolen cloth for the winter, both linsey and jeans. The flax was raised on the place, and so were the sheep. When a child 5 years old, I used to bother the other spinners. I was so anxious to learn to spin, so my father had a small wheel made for me by a wright in the neighborhood. I was very jealous of my wheel, and would spin on it

for hours. The colored women were always indulgent to me, and made the proper sized rolls, so I could spin them. I would double the yarn, and then twist it, and knit it into suspenders, which was a great source of pride to my father, who would display my work to visitors on every occasion.

The dwelling house had ten rooms, all except one on the ground floor. I have heard my father say that it was a hewed-log house, weather-boarded and plastered. The room that possessed the most attraction for me was the parlor, because I was very seldom allowed to go in it. I remember the large gold-leaf paper on the walls, its bright brass dogirons, as tall as myself, and the furniture of red plush, some of which is in a good state of preservation, and the property of my half-brother, Tom Moore, who lives on "Camp Dick Robinson," in Garrard County. (This Dick Robinson was a cousin of my father's.) There were two sets of negro cabins; one in which Betsey and Henry, who were man and wife, lived, Betsey being the nurse of all the children. Then there was aunt Mary and her large family, aunt Judy and her family and aunt Eliza and her's. There was a water mill behind and almost a quarter of a mile from the house, where the corn was ground, and near that was the overseer's house.

Standing on the front porch, we looked through a row of althea bushes, white and purple, and there were on each side cedar trees that were quite large in my day. There was an old-fashioned stile, instead of a gate, and a long avenue, as wide as Kansas Avenue, in Topeka, with forest trees on either side, that led

down to the big road, across which uncle Isaac Dunn lived. Mr. Dunn was a widower with two children, Sallie and Dave. I remember Sallie had very many different kinds of dolls and I used to love to go down to play with them.

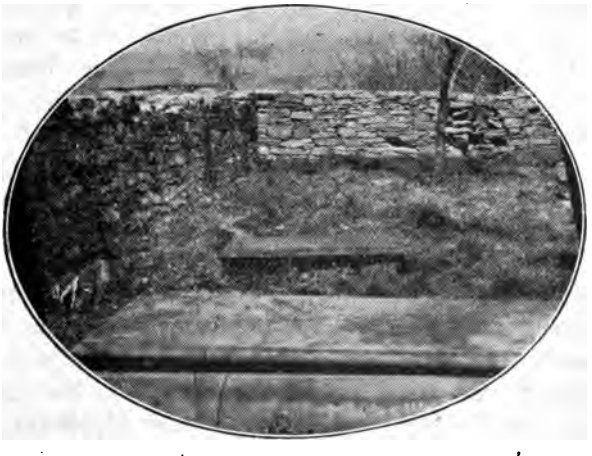
To the left of our house was the garden. I have read of the old-fashioned garden, the garden written about and the gardens sung about, but I have never seen a garden that could surpass the garden of my old home. Just inside the pickets were bunches of bear grass. Then, there was the purple flag, that bordered the walks; the thyme, coriander, calamus and sweet Mary; the jasmine climbing over the picket fence; the syringa and bridal wreath; roses black, red, yellow and pink; and many other kinds of roses and shrubs. There, too, were strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and currants; damson and greengages, and apricots, that grew on vines. I could take some time in describing this beautiful spot.

At the side of the garden was the family burying ground, where the gravestones were laid flat on masonry, bringing them about three feet from the ground. These stones were large, flat slabs of marble, and I used to climb up on top and sit or lie down, and trace the letters or figures with my fingers. I visited this graveyard in 1903. The eight graves were there in a good state of preservation, with not a slab broken, although my grandfather was buried there, ninety years ago. My father had a stone wall built around these graves for protection, when he left Kentucky. I am glad that family graveyards have given place to public cemeteries, for this place has changed hands

many times and this graveyard is not pleasant for the strangers who live there. We, who are interested in these sacred mounds, feel like intruders having the homes of our dead with strangers.

The memories of this Kentucky home date from the time I was three years old. It seems remarkable, but my mother said an incident occurred when I was three years old, and I remember it distinctly. I was standing in the back yard, near the porch. Mr. Brown, the overseer, was in the door of my half-brother Richard's room, with my brother's gun in his hands. At the end of the porch was a small room, called the "saddle room." A pane of glass was out of the window and a hen flew out, cackling. Aunt Judy, the colored woman, went in to get the egg, and walked in front of Mr. Brown, who raised the gun and said: "Judy, I am going to shoot you," not thinking the gun was loaded. It went off, and Aunt Judy fell. Mr. Brown began to wring his hands and cry—in great agony. I screamed and kept running around a small tree near by. This was Sunday morning. Runners were sent for the doctor, and for my parents, who were at church. Aunt Judy got well, but had one eye out; we could always feel the shot in her forehead. She was one of the best servants, and a dear good friend to me. She used to bring two of her children and come up to my room on Sundays and sit with me, saying, she did not want to be in the cabin when "strange niggers were there." This accident had disfigured her face and she always avoided meeting people. I can see her now, with one child at her breast, and another at her knee, with her hand on its head, feeling for

MY OLD HOME WHERE I WAS BORN IN GARRARD CO., KENTUCKY.



THE OLD GRAVE YARD NEAR BY, AND MY GRANDFATHER'S GRAVE.

"buggars." I was very much attached to this woman and wanted to take care of her in her old age. I went to Southern Texas to get her in 1873. I found some of her children in Sherman, Texas, but aunt Judy had been dead six months. She had said she wanted to live with me.

My mother always left her small children in the care of the servants. I was quite a little girl before I was allowed to eat at "white folk's table." Once when my mother had been away several days and came home bringing a lot of company with her, I ran out when I saw the carriages driving up, and cried: "Oh, ma, I am so glad to see you. I don't mind sleeping with aunt Eliza, but I do hate to sleep with uncle Josh." I was quite dirty, and some of the colored servants snatched me out of sight. Aunt Eliza was aunt Judy's half-sister, her father was a white man. She was given to my father by my grandmother, was very bright and handsome, and the mother of seventeen children. My grandmother remembered aunt Eliza in her will, giving her some linen sheets, furniture, and other things.

One of aunt Eliza's sons was named Newton. My father had a mill and store up in Lincoln County, near Hustonsville. Newton used to do the hauling for my father with a large wagon and six-mule team. He would often do the buying for the store and take measurements of grain, and my father trusted him implicitly. Once a friend of my father said to him, as Newton was passing along the street with his team: "George, I'll give you seventeen hundred dollars for that negro." Father said: "If you would fill that

wagon-bed full of gold, you could not get him." A few weeks after that Newton died. I remember seeing my father in the room weeping, and remember the chorus of the song the negroes sang on that occasion: "Let us sit down and chat with the angels."

The husband of aunt Eliza was "uncle Josh," a small Guinea negro, as black as coal and very peculiar. I always stood in awe of him, as all the children did. I remember one expression of his was: "Get out of the way, or I'll knock you into a cocked hat." The reason I had to sleep with aunt Eliza, was that Betsy, my nurse, was only ten years older than I was. Betsy was a girl given by my grandfather Campbell to my mother when my father and mother were married. My mother was a widow when she married my father. She had married Will Caldwell, a son of Capt. Caldwell, who died in Sangamon County, Ill., he had freed his negroes and moved there from Kentucky. Will Caldwell died after three years, leaving my mother with two children. Both of them died at my grandfather Compbell's in Mercer County, Kentucky, before she married my father.

I was about four years old when my grandmother Moore died. She lived on a farm in Garrard County, about two miles from my father. She used to ride a mare called "Kit." Whenever we would see grandma coming up the avenue, the whole lot of children, white and black, ran to meet her. She always carried on the horn of her saddle a handbag, then called a "reticule," and in that she always brought us some little treat, generally, a cut off, of a loaf of sugar, that used to be sold in the shape of a long loaf of bread. We

would follow her down to the stile, where she would get off, and delight us all by taking something good to eat out of the "reticule." We would tie old Kit, and then take our turn in petting the colt. The first grief I remember to have had was when I heard of the death of my grandmother. I wanted to see her so badly and go to the funeral, and for weeks I would go off by myself and cry about her death. I used to love to lie and sit on her grave at the back of the garden. Older people often forget the sorrows of childhood, but I felt keenly the injustice of not being allowed to see her dead face and do so to this day.

We left that home, when I was about five years old, for a place about two miles from Danville, Kentucky. The house had a flat roof, the first one built in that county; it had an observatory on top. Our nearest neighbors were Mr. Banford's family, Mr. Caldwell, and Mr. Spears. Dr. Jackson and Dr. Smith were both our physicians, and my father used to hire his physicians by the year. Dr. Jackson was a bachelor. He said he was going to wait for me, and I believed him. I remember visiting Dr. Smith in Danville and seeing a human skeleton for the first time. I also saw leeches he used in bleeding. I remember when one of my little brothers was born, they told me Dr. Smith found him in a hollow stump. After that I spent hours out in the woods looking in hollow stumps for babies. How wrong for parents to tell children falsehoods about their birth.

My mother's father was James Campbell, born in King and Queens County, Virginia. His parents were from Scotland. He was married twice. By his first

wife he had two sons, William and Whitaker. William married and died young, left one child, a daughter. Uncle "Whit" lived to be an old man. The second time my grandfather married a Miss Bradshaw. He had four sons and six daughters. I used to stay at grandmam's with my aunt Sue. When my mother would take long trips or visits, she would send the younger children, with my nurse Betsy, over there to stay until she returned. The only cross word, that my grandfather ever gave me, was when I was running upstairs and stumbled and he said: "Jump up, and try it again, my daughter." I was so humiliated by the rebuke that I hid from him for several days. He was a Baptist deacon for years. When gentlemen called on my aunts, he would go in the parlor at 10 o'clock in the evening and wind the big clock. He would then ask the young men if he should have their horses put up. This was the signal to either retire or leave. He never went to bed until everyone else had retired. My grandfather lived in Mercer County, not far from Harrodsburg. My grandmother was an invalid for years, and kept her room. My aunt Sue was housekeeper. In the dining room was a large fireplace. The teakettle was brought in at breakfast, water was boiled by being set on a "trivet," over some coals of fire.

Every morning my grandfather would put in a glass some sugar, butter and brandy, then pour hot water over it, and, while the family were sitting around the room, waiting for breakfast, he would go to each, and give to those who wished, a spoonful of this toddy, saying: "Will you have a taste, my daughter, or my son?" He never gave but one spoonful, and then he

drank what was left himself. This custom was never omitted. I remember the closet where the barrel of spirits was kept. He used to give it out to the colored people in a pint cup on Saturdays. Persons have often said to me: "Our grandfathers used it, and they did not get drunk." Truly, "we are reaping what they have sown." They sowed to the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind.

After breakfast, the colored man, Patrick, who waited on my grandfather, would bring out a horse and grandfather would ride around the place. He was very fond of hunting, and always kept hounds. My father would tell this joke on him. When "Daddy" Rice was baptizing him in Dick's River grandpa said: "Hold on, Father Rice, I hear Sounder barking on the cliffs." Sounder was his favorite hound. There was a Mr. Britt who was a great fox hunter, who lived near my grandfather, and whose wife was opposed to his hunting. One morning my grandfather went by Mr. Britt's house winding his hunter's horn. Mr. Britt jumped for his trousers and so did Mrs. Britt, who got them first and threw them into the fire. Another time, quite a party of ladies and gentlemen had gathered at my grandfather's place, to go on a fox hunt. Grandfather went upstairs hurriedly to put on his buckskin suit. He jumped across the banisters to facilitate matters, lost his balance and tumbled down into the hall where the company was waiting. He did not get hurt, it was a great joke on him. When he was a young man he learned carpentering in company with Buckner Miller, who was of the same trade. These two young men came to Kentucky from Vir-

MY FATHER, GEO. MOORE.

ginia, on horseback, seeking their fortunes. They had many experiences, always endeavoring to stop at houses for the night where there were young ladies.

My father's name was George Moore, and his father's name was Martin Moore. He was of Irish descent. He had two brothers who died when the cholera raged in Kentucky, about 1842. One of them, William Moore, married a Miss Blackburn of Versailles, Kentucky. He had several sisters, some of them died young.

Mark Antony, in his memorial address over the body of Cæsar, said that Brutus was Cæsar's angel. If I ever had an angel on earth, it was my father. I have met many men who had lovable characters, but none equaled him in my estimation. He was not a saint, but a man—one of the noblest works of God. He was impetuous, quick, impatient, but never nervous, could collect himself in a moment and was always master of the situation. I have seen him in many trying places but never remember to have seen him in a condition of being afraid. When he lived in Cass County, Missouri, during the war, we saw Quantrell's men coming up to the house. These men were dressed in slouch hats, gray suits, and had their guns and haversacks roped to their saddles. My father was a union man, but a southern sympathizer. He cried like a child when he heard the south had seceded and taken another flag. He did not know to what extent he was disliked by this gang of bushwhackers, and we were very much alarmed; fully expected some harm was meant. Men on both sides were frequently taken out and shot down. When the Bushwhackers would kill

a union man then the Jayhawkers would kill "a secesh."

My father said to us: "You stay in the house and keep quiet. I will meet them." I watched him through a window. He was tall and straight as an Indian. He walked up to them taking his hat off and called "Good morning" to them in a friendly tone. Asked them to get off their horses, for he had a treat for them. In the corner of the yard was the carriage house and under that was a rock spring house, through which a living stream of water ran around the pans of milk. He took them to the door, gave them seats, then went in this milkhouse and brought out a jar of buttermilk. I have heard it said that buttermilk is one of the greatest treats to a soldier. He talked with these men as if they had been friends; brought out fruit; loaded them with bread, butter and milk; and they left without even taking a horse from us. I fully believe it was their intention to do some harm, but by the tact of my father they were disarmed. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife." He was a thorough business man, but his social qualities exceeded all others. He often had to pay security debts, one for Mr. Key, his brother-in-law, of five thousand dollars. Just before the election of Lincoln, he took a large drove of mules to Natchez, Mississippi, twenty-two of these mules were of his own raising. While there Lincoln was elected, which threw the south into war. He sold the mules on time and never got a dollar for them. To the honor of my father be it said, he gave up all his property to pay his debts, never withholding, where he could have done

so. A short while before he died there was one debt of a few hundred dollars he could not pay. He wept and told me of this. A year ago I settled up with Mr. Will's heirs and paid this debt to his children, who live near Peculiar in Cass County, Missouri. It would be such a joy to my father to know that I did this to save his honor. When I see him, in our heavenly home, he will bless me for this. "Love knows no sacrifice."

I cannot call to mind when the thought of self, governed any of my father's actions. It was his delight to provide for the comfort of others. Devoted to his family and friends, and such a friend to the poor; I have heard my mother say that he made every one rich who worked for him. When I first remember him he was a "Trader" and left his farm to an overseer. My father drove hogs to Cincinnati before there were any railways. I was always at his heels, when I could be. He was standing on the stile one day giving directions to have a drove of hogs meet him at a certain place on Sunday. I said: "Pa, you will lose on those hogs. You ought not to do that on Sunday." He gave me a quick, light, playful slap, saying: "Stop that, every time you say that, I do lose."

I can see that a responsibility to God was the fundamental principle in my father's life. After the negroes were freed, and we lived on the farm, there was so much to do, especially for him, but there was always a conveyance prepared to take his family to church and Sunday School—I took the "New York Ledger." Mrs. Southworth wrote for it then. "Capitola," The Wrecker's Son, with other thrilling stories, were so fascinating to me—the paper came late Saturday and

I would rather read it Sunday morning than go anywhere. One morning I took my paper and went to the back of the orchard, thinking to get out of the sound of my father's voice when he would call me to get ready for church. I could just hear him but did not move. After reading my paper, I returned to the house, Pa was just coming back with the rest of the family from church. He looked at me with grief and anger in his glance and said, "Never mind, you ungrateful girl, you cannot say at the Judgment Day, that your father did not provide a way for you to go to church." I never did this again and never was free from remorse for this ingratitude. I know how Dr. Johnson felt when he was seen standing on a corner of the street with the sun beaming down upon his bare head, when asked why he did that he said, "My father had a book stand on this corner, when I was a boy once he asked me to stand here in his place as he was sick. I would not, now I would expitate that by blistering my bare head in the sun if I could. To this day I weep to think of grieving so noble a parent.

My mother was a very handsome woman. My father was good looking. I was very anxious to look like him; used to try to wear off my teeth on the right side, because his were worn off. About two years before he died, he came to Texas to visit me. I was then in the hotel business. During the first meal he ate at the hotel, he looked up and seeing me waiting on the table, he got up and began waiting on the table himself. I had to work very hard then and it was a grief to him to have no money to give me. One morning he came into my room while I was dressing and said:

"Daughter, I have not slept all night for thinking of you. The last thing last night was you in the kitchen and the first thing this morning. I have always hoped to have something to leave you, and it is such a grief to me that I cannot help you. Carry, it seems the Lord has been so hard on you." I said: "No, Pa; I thank God for all my sorrows. They have been the best for me, and don't you worry about not leaving me money, for you have left me something far better." He looked up surprised and said: "What is it?" I answered: "The memory of a father who never did a dishonorable act." My father's eyes filled with tears, and after that he seemed to be happier than I had ever seen him; everything seemed to go right.

My father was a very indulgent master to his colored servants, who loved him like a father. They always called him "Mars George." The negro women would threaten to get "Mars George" to whip their bad children, and when he whipped them, I have heard them say: "Served you right. Did not give you a lick amiss." This was proving their great confidence, they being willing for some one else to whip their children. They were very sensitive in this matter and were not willing for my mother to do this. My father would lay in a supply, while in Cincinnati, of boxes of boots and shoes, and get combs, head handkerchiefs, and Sunday dresses, which would greatly delight his colored people. Happy, indeed, would the negroes have been if all their masters had been as my father was.

When we moved to Mercer County from Garrard, we had a sale. It was customary then at such a time to have a barbecue and a great dinner. The tables

THIS IS A PICTURE OF MYSELF AND SISTER EDNA, SITTING ON EACH SIDE OF OUR MOTHER. I AM ON THE LEFT AND WAS ABOUT SIX YEARS OLD.

were set in the yard. I remember Mr. Jones Adams, a neighbor and great friend of my father, brought over a two bushel sack of turnip greens and a ham. I remember seeing him shake them out of the bag. At this sale for the first, and only time, I saw a negro put on a block and sold to the highest bidder. I can't understand how my father could have allowed this. His name was "Big Bill," to distinguish him from another "Bill." He was a widower, and had no family. There was one colored man my father valued highly, and wanted to take with him, but this man, Tom, had a wife, who belonged to a near neighbor. After we got in the carriage to go to our new home, Tom followed us crying: "Oh, Mars George, don't take me from my wife." My father said: "Go and get some one to buy you." This Tom did, the buyer being a Mr. Dunn. Oh! What a sad sight; it makes the tears fill my eyes to write it.

But a worse slavery is now on us. I would rather have my son sold to a slave-driver than to be a victim of a saloon. I could, in the first case, hope to see him in heaven; but no drunkard can inherit eternal life. The people of the south said no power could take from them their slaves, but 'tis a thing of the past. People now say, you can't shut up saloons. But our children will know them as a thing of the past. My father was glad when the slaves were free. He felt the responsibility of owning them. Have heard him say, after having some trouble with them: "Those negroes will send me to hell yet." He would gather them in the dining-room Sunday evenings and read the Bible to them and have prayer. He would first call aunt Liza and ask her to have them come in. The negroes would sing, and it is a sweet memory to me.

CHAPTER II.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE NEGROES AS SLAVES.—THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.—A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TALE.

The colored race, as I knew them, were generally kind to the white children of their masters. Their sympathy was great in childish troubles. When we were sick they nursed us. Their lullabies soothed us to sleep. Very frequently my nurse would hold me in her arms until both of us would fall asleep, but she would still hold me securely. When any of my misdoings came to the ears of my parents, and I was punished, their testimony would, as far as possible, shield me, and not until I would try their patience out of all bounds would they tell my mother on me. I never heard a negro express infidel views, even if wicked. They had firm belief in God and a devil. I always liked their meetings, their songs and shoutings. They always told me that no one could help shouting. The first time I ever heard a white woman shout was in Northern Texas, during the war. I did not wish the spirit to cause me to jump up and clap my hands that way, for these impulses were not in my carnal heart, so, for fear I should be compelled to do so, I held my dress down tight to the seat on each side, to prevent me from jumping up. The negroes are great readers of character; despise stingy people or those who were afraid of them. These colored friends taught me the fear of God. The first time I ever attended church, I rode behind my nurse on horseback, and sat with them

in the gallery. I imbibed some of their superstitions. They consider it bad to allow a sharp tool, as a spade, hoe or ax, to be taken through the house; to throw salt in the fire, for you would have to pick it out after death. They would kill a hen if she crowed; looked for a death, if a dog howled; or, if one broke a looking-glass, it meant trouble of some kind for seven years. They believed that persons had power to put a "spell" on others, would, if taken sick, frequently speak of having "stepped on something" put in their way or buried in their dooryard.

There is no dialect in the world that has the original characteristics so pleasing to the ear as the negro. There is a softness and music in the voice of a negro not to be found in any other race. No one can sing a child to sleep so soothingly as a negro nurse. After I left Texas and went to Medicine Lodge, Kansas, when I had a headache or was otherwise sick, I would wish that one of the old-fashioned colored women, would rub me with their rough plump hands and call me "Honey Chile," and would bathe my feet and tuck the cover around me and sit by me, holding my hand, waiting until I fell asleep. I owe much to the colored people and never want to live where there are none of the negro race. I would feel lonesome without them. After I came to Medicine Lodge, I did not see any for some time. One day, while looking out, I saw one walking up the street toward the house. I ran to the kitchen, cut an apple pie, and ran out and said: "Here, Uncle, is a piece of pie." He was gray-headed, one of the old slaves. He seemed so glad to see my friendly face and took the pie with a happy

courtesy. I watched for his return, as he came in on the train, and was going out. At last he came. I invited him in the kitchen, fixed a meal for him, and waited on him myself. Before eating, he folded his hands, closed his eyes, with his face toward heaven, thanked God for the food, as I had often seen them do in slave time. As a race, the negroes have not the characteristics of treachery. They are faithful and grateful.

In my hotel experience, I would often ask Fannie, my cook: "What kind of a man is that?" Fannie would say: "Don't trust him too far Mrs. Nation, he steps too light." When a child my playmates were colored children. Betsy came to the table with the children and ate with us. But the sweetest food was that left in the skillets, both black and white children would go around the house, sit down and "sop" the gravy with the biscuits the cooks would give us. I was fond of hearing ghost stories and would, without the knowledge of my mother, stay in the cabin late at night listening to the men and women telling their "experiences." The men would be making ax handles and beating the husk off of the corn in a large wooden hopper with a maul. The women would be spinning with the little wheel, sewing, knitting and combing their children's heads. I would listen until my teeth would chatter with fright, and would shiver more and more, as they would tell of the sights in grave-yards, the spirits of tyrannical masters, walking at night, with their chains clanking and the sights of hell, where some would be on gridirons, some hung up to baste and the devil with his pitchfork would toss the poor

creatures hither and thither. They would say: "Carry, you must go to the house," and I would not go with one, but must have two, one on each side of me. I remember seeing the negro men laugh at me, but the women would shake their heads and say:: "You better quit skeering that chile." But there was one pleasure above all the rest, it was to hear anyone tell "tales." When my mother would have a visitor, very frequently the lady would bring a nurse to care for the children, she brought with her. Oh, how pleased the black and white children would be to see such visitors! We would give them doll-rags, nuts, or apples, and in many ways express our delight at having them come. As soon as they were made comfortable, the next thing was: "Tell us a tale." And seating ourselves around on the floor, or in a close group, we would be all attention. Of course the stories would be about raw heads and bloody bones, but not so much so as the stories told at night in the cabins.

One of the prettiest stories I ever heard, and never tired of hearing, that taught me a great moral, was about two girls the children of a couple who were hard working people. One of the girls was named Sarah, the other Mary. Sarah was a very pretty girl with curls. Mary was rather ugly and had straight hair. Curls in my childhood days were something very much sought for. Although Sarah was pretty she had very rude ways: she would not speak kindly and politely; would not help her hard working mother; but was idle and quarrelsome, always wanted some one to wait on her; while Mary was the reverse; she would pick up chips to make a fire, would sweep the

yard and bring water, and was kind to all, especially so to her mother. One day the well went dry and there was no water to make the tea for supper. Mary saw her mother crying and said: "Don't cry, mother; I will go and get some at the Haunted Spring."

Her mother said: "Oh, no, dear sweet child, those goblins will kill you."

"No, mother," replied Mary. "I will beg them to let me have some water for dear father, and I am not afraid."

So her mother got a light bucket for her, and went to the top of the hill with her, and said: "God bless you, my dear child, and bring you back to me."

Then Mary went on until she came to the high iron gate. She said: "Please gate open and let me through. I mind my father and mother and love everybody."

And the gate opened and she passed into the "haunted" grounds. She saw a funny, little, short man come running with a stick and said: "Please, nice man, don't hit me. I have come down to get some good water to make tea for my father's supper. He has been working all day, and our well has gone dry. May I please have some of your spring water?"

"Well, little girl, as you talk so nicely, you can have some. Tell the little folks to open the briars for you."

So she went on and came to a briar patch and saw down at the roots some little people, not much longer than your finger. Mary spoke so kindly to them; said she would be so glad if they would open a path for her to walk in, she would thank them so much; that they began to pull the briars back until there was a good path. Mary thanked them and went on until she came

to the spring and there was a rabbit jumping up and down in it. Mary said: "Please Mr. Rabbit, don't muddy the water for I would like to get a bucket of nice clear water to take home to make tea for supper." The rabbit ran off and she dipped her bucket full of pure water.

Then she looked down the bank, and there was a little lamb that had fallen in and was lying down, and could not get up. The lamb said: "Little girl, please pick me up and lay me on the grass to dry." Mary stepped on some rocks till she got to the lamb and lifted him up and laid him on the bank to dry. The lamb said: "When you go home, spit in your mother's hand." Mary thought that would not be right, but she said nothing. She went back through the briar patch and the little folks held them from scratching her, and the little old man spoke nicely to her and the gate opened for her. Her mother was watching for her and helped her home with the water, kissed her, and prepared a good supper.

While they were sitting at the table Mary said: "Mother, the little lamb told me to do something I do not like to do."

"What was it?"

"He told me to spit in your hand."

"Well, you can my child; come on;" and the mother held out her hand and Mary spat a diamond and a pearl in it. This made the family happy and rich. The next day they had men come and dig a new well.

Now Sarah wished to try her fortune, her mother did not want her to go, because she knew what a bad, saucy girl she was, but Sarah said she would do as

well as Mary. Her sister told her how she must do, but she got angry at her, and said: "You mind your own business; I reckon I know what I am about."

So she took her bucket and went on until she came to the gate; she gave that a kick and said: "Open gate!" and the gate opened and slammed on her. The little old man came running with his stick. Sarah said: "Don't you hit me, old man; I'll tell my father." And the old man beat her and the little folks pushed up the briar bushes so she tore her clothes and scratched herself badly. The little rabbit was in the spring and he jumped up and down and she threw at him, telling him she would knock his head off; but the rabbit jumped up and down 'till the spring was a lob-lolly of mud, so she had to take muddy water in her bucket. The little lamb had gotten back into the branch and said: "Please, little girl, pick me up and put me on the bank to dry."

But Sarah said: "I won't do it."

The lamb replied: "Spit in your mother's hand when you go home."

So Sarah had to go through the briars, that scratched her, and the old man beat her, and the gate slammed on her, and when her mother met her she was a "sight." Her face was dirty, her dress torn, her legs and arms were scratched and bleeding, and her curly hair was in a mass of tangles. Her mother washed the dirt off and scolded her for being so naughty. Mary helped to wash and dress her for supper. Then they all sat down to eat, and every one was happy but Sarah.

Sarah said: "Mother, the lamb told me to spit in your hand."

"Very well, come on," answered the mother. So Sarah spat in her mother's hand and out jumped a lizard and a frog.

A child ever so small will see the moral, and that, I never forgot. Of course the pearls and the diamonds are the politeness and kindness, which is so beautiful in children; and the lizard and the frog are rudeness and impudence. Very often the nurse would say: "Look here, you Sarah, you."

I remember how shocked I would be to think I would ever be like that naughty Sarah.

A positive indication of a corrupt age is the lack of respect children have for parents. This largely owing to the neglect of teachers. I am heartily thankful I was taught to say "Yes ma'am," and "No, ma'am," "Yes, sir, and No, sir." Now it is—"Yah! Yes, No, What, etc" Nothing is a greater letter of credit than politeness and it costs nothing. 'Tis not the child's fault but the parents and teachers.

I was, when a child, always doing something; was very fond of climbing; seemed to have a mania for it. I never saw a tall tree that I did not try to climb, or wish I could. I used to run bareheaded over the fields and woods with the other children, lifting up rocks and logs to look at the bugs and worms. When we found a dead chicken, bird, rat or mouse, we would have a funeral. I would usually be the preacher and we would kneel down and while one prayed, the rest would look through their fingers, to see what the others were doing. We would sing and clap our hands

and shake hands, then we would play: "Come and see."

I never had but one doll that was bought. It was given to me by Dr. Jackson for taking my medicine, when I was sick. We made rag dolls out of dresses. My delight was to have one of the colored women's babies. We would go visiting and take our dolls, and would tell of the dreadful times we had and of how mean our husbands were to the children; sometimes one would tell of how good instead. And then we would catch bees in the althea blooms. One of the delightful pastimes was to make mud cakes and put them on boards to dry. We had some clay that we could mould anything out of—all kinds of animals, and indeed, there were shapes worked out by little fingers never seen before.

The race question is a serious one. The kindly feeling between black and white is giving place to bitterness with the rising generations. One reason of this seems to be a jealousy of the whites for fear the negroes will presume to be socially equal with them. The negro race should avoid this, should not desire it, it would be of no real value to them. They are a distinct race with characteristics which they need not wish to exchange. When a negro tries to imitate white folks, he is a mongrel. I will say to my colored brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus; Never depart from your race lines and bearings, keep true to your nature, your simplicity, and happy disposition—and above all come back to the "Oldtime" religion, you will never strand on that rock.

CHAPTER III.

MOVED TO WOODFORD COUNTY, KENTUCKY.—ALSO MOVED TO MISSOURI.—SAVED FROM BEING A THIEF.—MY CONVERSION.—GOING SOUTH AT OPENING OF THE CIVIL WAR.—AN INCIDENT OF MY GIRLHOOD SCHOOL DAYS.—WHY I HAD TO BELIEVE IN REVELATION.—SPIRITUALISM OR WITCHCRAFT.

In 1854, we moved to Woodford County, Kentucky, and bought a farm from Mr. Hibler, on the pike, between Midway and Versailles. Mr. Warren Viley was our nearest neighbor. My father was one of the trustees in building the Orphans' Home at Midway. Here in Midway I attended Sunday School and I had a very faithful teacher who taught me the Word of God. I have forgotten her name but I can see her sweet face now, as she planted seed in my heart that are still bringing forth fruit.

A minister came to our house one day and gave me a book to read, which made a very deep impression on me. As well as I can remember it was called: "The Children of the Heavenly King." This story represented three brothers, one, the youngest, was named Ezra, the other Ulrich, the name of the third I forget. These three were intrusted with watching certain passes in the mountains during the warfare between a great, good king, and a bad one, and in proportion as these boys were faithful, the good king was victorious in battle, but when they neglected their duty, he would suffer loss. The character of little Ezra was

a sweet, unselfish one. He tried so hard to help, and have his brothers do right. He would run from his post to wake them up, and tried to make up for their neglect. He would do without rest and food for himself, and would plead with them to do their duty. At last, when the king came, little Ezra was richly rewarded; Ulrich barely passed, and the unfaithful one was taken out amidst weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the door was shut. The minister did not know what good he had done.

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought,
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
For it ran thro' a life, like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit, an hundred fold.
Only a word, but it was spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above;
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more
For a new-born soul entered in, at the door."

I resolved to be like little Ezra as nearly as I could. When I was a child I fought against selfish nature. I would often give away my doll clothes and other things that I wanted to keep myself. Some of the strongest characteristics of my life were awakened in my childhood. I would often blush with shame, when committing sins, and I had a great fear of the judgment day; it would terrify me when hearing of Jesus coming to the earth. I would often ask myself: "Where can I hide?" If the public knew of the smashing God gave me the strength to do in my heart, they would not wonder at my courage in smashing the murder-shops of our land. "He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city." (Prov. 16:32.)

In 1855, we moved to Missouri, just a year before the trouble broke out between Kansas and Missouri. Missouri determined to make Kansas a slave state; but Kansas said she would not have a slave upon her soil. Squads of men in Missouri would often go into Kansas and commit depredations. At one time they burned Lawrence, Kansas, and killed many people. This trouble continued to grow worse until it brought on the great Civil War.

When we moved from Kentucky to Missouri, I took a severe cold on the boat, which made me an invalid for years. I was not a truthful child, neither was I honest. My mother was very strict with me in many ways and I would often tell her lies to avoid restraint or punishment. If there was anything I wanted about the house, especially something to eat, I would steal it, if I could. The colored servants would often ask me to steal things for them. My nurse Betsy, would say: "Carry get me a cup of sugar, or some butter, thread or needles," and many other things. This would make me sly and dishonest. I used to go and see my aunts and stay for months. I would open their boxes and bureau drawers and steal ribbons and laces and make doll clothes out of them. I would steal perfumery and would run out of the room to prevent them from smelling it. I am telling this for a purpose. Many little children may be doing what I did, not thinking of what a serious thing it is, and I write this to show them how I was cured of dishonesty: I got a little book at Sunday School and it told of the way people became thieves, by beginning to take little things, naming them, and some of these, were the very things

I had been taking. I was greatly shocked to see myself a thief; it had never occurred to me that I was as bad as that. I thought one had to steal something of great value to be a thief. My repentance was sincere, and I was made honest by this blessed book, so much so that even after I became grown, if any article was left in my house I would give it away, unless I could find the owner. I was perfectly delighted when I was entirely free. I asked for everything I wanted, even a pin. After that, I could show my doll clothes, and it was not necessary for me to be sly or tell stories any more. It was about this time I was converted. There was a protracted meeting at a place called Hickman's Mill, Jackson County, Missouri. The minister was gray haired and belonged to the Christian or Disciples church, the one my father belonged to. I was at this time ten years old and went with my father to church on Lord's Day morning. At the close of the sermon, and during the invitation, my father stepped to the pulpit and spoke to the minister and he looked over in my direction. At this I began to weep bitterly, some power seemed to impel me to go forward and sit down on the front bench. I could not have told anyone what I wept for, except it was a longing to be better. I had often thought before this that I was in danger of going to the "Bad place," especially was I afraid to think of the time when I should see Jesus come. I wanted to hide from Him. My father had a cousin living at Hickman's Mill, Ben Robertson. His wife, cousin Jennie, came up to me at the close of the service, and said: "Carry, I believe you know what you are doing." But I did not. Oh, how I wanted some

one to explain to me. The next day I was taken a running stream about two miles away, and, althou it was quite cold and some ice in the water, I felt fear. It seemed like a dream. I know God will bl the ordinance of baptism, for the little Carry th walked into the water was different from the one w walked out. I said no word. I felt that I could r speak, for fear of disturbing the peace that passeth understanding. Kind hands wrapped me up and felt no chill. I felt the responsibility of my new re tion and tried hard to do right.

A few days after this I was at my aunt Kate Dc eghy's. Uncle James, or "Jim," we called him, h husband, was not a Christian. He shocked me o day by saying: "So those Campbellites took you the creek, and soused you, did they 'Cal'?" (A ni name.) What a blow! My aunt seemed also shock to have him speak thus to me. I left the room a avoided meeting him again. How he crushed me! made me feel like a criminal. God said: "You had b ter have a mill stone about your neck and be cast in the midst of the sea, then to offend (cause to stu ble) one of these little ones." Luke 17:2.

The Protestant Church here makes a fatal err which the Catholic Church avoids. The ministers the latter have all young converts come often to the for instruction. A child may be born, but not bei nursed and fed, it will die. God has commanded the to be fed on the sincere milk of the word. My gre est hindrance has been from the lack of proper Chr tian teaching. I love the memory of my father, used to have me read the Bible to him, and while

THIS IS THE PICTURE OF MY GIRLHOOD HOME IN CASS CO., MO. UNDER THE TREES OF THIS DEAR OLD PLACE I LISTENED TO THE SWEET STORY OF THE LOVE OF A MAN MURDERED BY DRINK. "WHEN THOU HAST LOVED ONE LIVING MAN, THEN MAYEST THOU LOOK UPON THE DEAD."

did not enjoy it then, it is a blessed memory. The family altar is essential to the welfare of every home, no other form of discipline is equal to it. The liberty, chivalry, and life of a nation live or die in proportion as the Altar fires live or die.

"And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart and thou shall teach them diligently unto thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." Deut. 6:7.

When I was fifteen, the war broke out between the North and the South. My father saw that Missouri would be the battle ground and he, with many others, took their families and negroes and went South, taking what they could in wagons, for there were no railroads then in that section. The droves of cattle, mules and horses, and wagons made a large train. One wagon had six yoke of oxen to it; one had to get into it with a ladder. It was the kind that was used to carry freight across the plains. The family went in the carriage that my father brought from Kentucky. I remember the time when this was purchased, with the two dapple gray horses, and silver mounted harness. When my mother would drive out she had a driver in black broadcloth, with a high silk hat, and a boy rode on a seat behind, to open the gates. This was one of the ways of traveling in Kentucky in those days. My mother was an aristocrat in her ideas, but my father was not. He liked no display. He was wise enough to see the sin and folly of it.

After being on the road six weeks, we stopped in

Grayson County, Texas, and bought a farm. As we started from Missouri one of the colored women became sick with typhoid fever. This spread so that ten of the family, white and black, were down at one time. As soon as we could travel, my father left the colored people south, and took his family back to Missouri. That winter going South was a great blessing to me, for I recovered from a disease that had made me an invalid for five years—consumption of the bowels. Poor health had kept me out of school a great deal. My father at one time sent me to Mrs. Tillery's boarding school in Independence, Missouri, but I was not in the recitation room more than half of the time.

After I recovered my health in Texas, it was my delight to ride on horseback with a girl friend. The Southern boys were preparing to go to war. Many a time did we sew for days on the grey cloth that the mothers had sorrowfully spun and woven and were now working up into clothes for their sons; later to be buried in, far away from their loved ones and homes.

There were many good masters. And again there were bad ones. Whiskey is always a cruel tyrant and is a worse evil than chattel slavery. We were often stopped on our trip by Southern troops, in the Territory and Texas, and then again by Northerners. We passed over the Pea Ridge battle ground shortly after the battle. Oh! the horrors of war. We often stopped at houses where the wounded were. We let them have our pillows and every bit of bedding we could spare. We went to our home in Cass County, Missouri.

Shortly after this we, with all families living in that

country, were commanded by an order from Colonel Jim Lane, to move into an army post. This reached several counties in Missouri. It was done to depopulate the country, so that the "Bushwhackers" would be forced to leave, because of not being able to get food from the citizens. This caused much suffering. But such is war. We moved to Kansas City. I was in Independence, Missouri during the battle, when General Price came through. I went with a good woman to the hospital to help with the wounded. My duty was to comb the heads of the wounded. I had a pan of scalding water near and would use the comb and shake off the vermin into the hot water. The Southern and Northern wounded were in the same rooms. In health they were enemies, but I only saw kindly feeling and sympathy.

Mothers ought to give their daughters the experience of sitting with the sick; of preparing food for them; of binding up wounds. It is a pitiful sight to see a helpless woman in the sick room, ignorant through lack of experience and education, of ways to be useful at the time and place where these characteristics of woman adorn her the most of all others.

After we returned from Texas, I had the house work, cooking and most of the washing to do, being the eldest child, as my mother was sick. The servants all gone and the younger children going to school. Herein was the curse of slavery. My father saw this, and I don't believe he had a regret when the slaves were free. Mothers; it matters not what else you teach your daughters, if they have not an experience in doing the work themselves about a home, they are

sadly deficient. It is not the soft, palefaced, painted, fashionable lady we want, for the world would be better without her; but the woman capable of knowing how, and willing to take a place in the home affairs of life. To be womanly, means strength of character, virtue and a power for good. "Let your women be teachers of good things," says the Holy Spirit. (Titus 2:3.)

The last school I attended was at Liberty, Missouri, taught by Mr. and Mrs. Love. Only went there a year, but it was of untold value to me. I was so eager to get an education. On account of ill health and the war, I knew but little. I wanted a thorough education. I had read a good many books, and would write sketches; kept a diary part of the time.

I will here relate an incident that will give my readers a little insight into my impulses. At Liberty School we had a class in Smellie's Natural Philosophy." There was an argument among the girls. Some said animals had reasoning faculties. Others said they had not. Miss Jennie Johnson, our teacher, said: "Have that for a question to debate on in your society." So it was ordered. I was given the affirmative. The Friday came. I was taken by surprise and was in confusion, when I saw the room crowded. The two other societies of the Seminary, "The Mary Lyons" and "Rising Star," also all the teachers, were present. Our Society was the "Eunomian." I had made no preparations. When I was called I know I looked ridiculously blank. The president tried to keep her face straight. I got no farther than, "Miss President." All burst out in uncontrollable laughter. I went to my

seat put my face in my arms and turned my back to the audience. I wept tears of humiliation. I felt disgraced. I thought of what a shame this would be to my parents. However after this I must be considered a "Silly" by my schoolmates. These things nerved me. I dried my tears, turned around in my seat, looked up, and the moral force it required to do this was almost equal to that which smashed a saloon. I arose and said: "Miss President, I am ready to state my case." I began in this style: "I know animals have the power to reason for my brothers cured a dog from sucking eggs by having him take a hot one in his mouth, and it was the last egg we ever knew him to pick up. Why? Because he remembered the hot one and reasoned that he might get burned. Why is it that a horse will like one person more than another? Because he is capable of reasoning and knows who is the best to him." I went on in this homely style and spoke with a vehemence which said: "I will make my point," which I did amidst the cheers of the school. I was eighteen at this time and you would say: "You must have been rather green." So I was in some things.

I believe I have always failed in everything I undertook to do the first time, but I learned only by experience, paid dearly for it, and valued it afterwards. My failures have been my best teachers. I see no one more awkward than I once was, but I determined to conquer. My defects were the great incentives to perseverance, when I felt I was right.

I shall not in this book speak much of my love affairs, but they were, nevertheless, an important part of my life. I was a great lover. I used to think a per-

son never could love but once in this life, but I often now say, I would not want a heart that could hold but one love. It was not the beauty of face or form that was the most attractive to me in young gentlemen, or ladies, but that of the mind. Seeing this the case with myself, I tried to acquire knowledge to make my company agreeable. I see young ladies, and gentlemen, who entertain each other with their silly jokes and gigglings that are disgusting. When I had company I always directed the conversation so that my friend would teach me something, or I would teach him. I would read the poets, and Scott's writings and history. Read Josephus, mythology and the Bible together, and never read a course that taught me as much. I would go to the country dances and sometimes to balls in the city. But my native modesty prevented me from ever dancing a round dance with a gentleman. I can not think this hugging school compatible with a true woman. The church did not object to this: I would teach Sunday School at the same time. No one taught me that this was wrong. One thing was a tower of defense to me. I always, when possible, read the Bible and would pray. After retiring would get up and kneel, feeling that to pray in bed only, was disrespectful to God. If the angels in heaven would prostrate themselves before Him, I a poor sinner should. And right here, I believe in "advancing on your knees." Abraham prostrated himself, so did David and Solomon, Elijah, Daniel, Paul, and even our sinless Advocate. Why did the Holy Ghost state the position so often? For our example, of course. There are no space writers in the Scriptures.

I often had doubts as to whether the Bible was the work of God or man. I kept these doubts to myself, for I thought infidelity a disgrace. I wanted to believe the Bible the Word of God. I early saw that to close the Bible was to shut out all knowledge of the purpose of life. Without its revelations one does not know why we are born, why we live, or where we go after death. We can see the purpose of all nature, but not of this life of ours, and God had, by revelation, to make this known.

The Bible was a mystery to me. It often seemed to be a contradiction. I did not love to read it, but above all things, I did not want to be a hypocrite. I was determined to try to do my part. I would pray for the same thing over and over again, so as to be in earnest, and think of what I was asking. My mind was distracted by thoughts of the world. I said, if there is a God, he will not hear the prayer of those, so disrespectful as not to think of what they ask. I never seemed to get rid of this, unless at times, when I would have some sorrow of heart. "By the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better." (Eccles. 7:3.)

I do not believe the Bible because I understand it; for there are few things of revelation that I do understand. Creation is a mystery, still we know everything had a beginning. I do not know how things grow out of the earth. Why they are green. Why grass makes wool on a sheep and hair on a cow, but I know these are facts. I cannot understand how the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from sin, neither do I understand that greatest of all mysteries, the new birth, but nothing is more positively a fact in my experience.

God is not perceived by the five senses. "The kingdom of God cometh not by observation." (Luke 17:20.) The things that are seen are temporal, but those that are unseen are eternal. What a sin of presumption to question God in any of His providences. What God says and does is wisdom, righteousness and power.

The book of Psalms condemned me. I said, I never felt like David. I cannot rejoice. Still I felt that I ought to, but instead, a constant feeling of condemnation and conviction. This was torture to me. I would often have been willing to have died, if I thought it would have been an eternal sleep. My childhood and girlhood were not happy. I had so many disappointments. I was called "hard headed" by my parents. I never was free to have what I wished; something would come between me and what I wanted. No one understood me so well as my darling aunt Hope Hill, my mother's sister. She seemed to read me and would talk to me of persons and things, answering the very cry of my heart. My mother would often let me stay with her for months. She had five sons, but no daughters and she was very fond of me. This lesson she taught me: A party of ladies came out from Independence to spend the day with her. Mrs. Woodson and a Mrs. Porter, wife of Dr. Porter, I remember the latter, one of the handsomest women I ever saw, beautiful feet, hands, hair, and a woman who knew it, and it was a matter of the greatest pride with her, these charms. I was very much captivated by her splendid appearance, and could not keep my eyes from her. Next day Mrs. John Staton, a country neighbor of

my aunt's, came in to make a visit. She was very plain, wore a calico dress, waist-apron, and she was knitting a sock. After she left aunt said to me: "Carry, you did not seem to like Mrs. Staton's society as you did Mrs. Porter's; but one sentence of Mrs. Staton's is worth all Mrs. Porter said. Mrs. Porter lives for this world, Mrs. Staton lives for God." This lesson I did not learn then, but have since. Oh! for the old-fashioned women.

In gratitude for the memory of such a wise aunt as my aunt Hope Hill, who has been dead for years. In the fall of 1907, I heard through the state department of Washington, D. C., that Aunt Hope's youngest son was insane in Mexico. We had thought him dead for years. It made me very unhappy to know that this relation was so far away and that none of the relatives were in a condition to go to his aid. This aunt was very dear to me, and this cousin was my own flesh and blood. "He that careth not for his own hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." At last, although not knowing how I would ever get through such a task, I took ship at Galveston for Guadalajara, Mexico, took possession of my cousin and with the help of God I brought him to Independence, Missouri, where he is being taken care of in the Institution in St. Joseph near by his mother's grave. That dear mother who died from anxiety over a wayward, drunken son. My dear aunt living in Macon City, Missouri, wrote me after I returned, "Carry no human would, or could have done what you did."

MY EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITUALISM.

Just at the close of the war when we were on a

farm in Cass County, Missouri, a colony of spiritualists were near us, Mrs. Hawkins, the medium was about 60 years old, very peculiar, and finely educated. My father had some farms he was selling for other people. He took Mrs. Hawkins and several of her company to look at a farm with a view of selling it. When she saw it from a hill some distance off she said: "That is the place I saw in Connecticut." She bought it for a town site. In writing to Washington to give it a name, the word "Peculiar" was selected, and so it has ever been called. Mrs. Hawkins took a great fancy to me. She would tell me of great things she had done, then say: "Could Jesus Christ have done more?" I had never heard of Spiritualism that I knew of, up to this time. This colony brought mechanics, merchants and musicians with them. I was in great confusion about this matter, not knowing what to think, for she did some superhuman things. Upstairs we had a large safe full of old books. I was looking over them one day, came to a little book called "Spiritualism Exposed." I immediately went to the orchard, sat under a tree, as my custom was, when I wished to read, for there I could be quiet. I read the little book through, before I stopped. This blessed lesson showed me to my entire satisfaction, that modern spiritualism is witchcraft. The writer took the instances in the Bible. God told Moses: "You must not suffer a witch to live;" see it at the court of Pharaoh, and that they have "superhuman power." There are two kingdoms. One of darkness, and one of light. God rules in the latter; The Devil in the former. Both have powers above the power of man. The magicians at Pharoah's

court were wizards; and the woman of Endor was a witch. The Bible speaks of dealing with "familiar spirits." Manasseh, Saul, and other Kings, were cursed for such. Gal. 5th has it as one of the "mortal sins." The Devil can do lying miracles to deceive. He will heal the body, or appear to do it, to damn the soul. I find this in "Christian Science." This is the mark of the "Beast" or carnal mind. Man is but a beast without the new birth, or spirit of God. Carnality always seeks to elevate itself. Grace is humble, and sees nothing good outside of God. The mark of the beast, is the number, or mark of a man; that is carnality or the Beast. Rev. 13:18.

There are many false prophets in these last days, "Go not out to meet them." Go not out of God's Word, all false religions are propagated by teachings and writings outside of the Word. The Devil through all these heresies is deceiving the people who through them are, "denying the Lord that bought them," by the great atonement, the life-giving blood.

My definition of Christian Science is this, "the presence of all lies, and the absence of all truth."

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST MARRIAGE.—A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—MOTHER GLOYD.—MY DRUGGED AND WHISKEY MURDERED HUSBAND.—LOSING MY POSITION AS TEACHER.—SECOND MARRIAGE.—LOSS OF PROPERTY.—KEEPING HOTEL.—STRUGGLES FOR DAILY FOOD.—THE AFFLICTIONS OF MY CHILD.—ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In the fall of 1865, Dr. Gloyd, a young physician, called to see my father to secure the country school, saying he wished to locate in our section of the country, and wanted to take a school that winter, and then he could decide where he would like to practice his profession.

This man was a thorough student, spoke, and read, several different languages. He boarded with us. I liked him, and stood in awe of him because of his superior education, never thinking that he loved me, until he astonished me one evening by kissing me. I had never had a gentleman to take such a privilege and felt shocked, threw up my hands to my face, saying several times: "I am ruined." My aunt and mother had instilled great reserve in my actions, when in company of gentlemen, so much so that I had never allowed one to sit near or hold my hand. This was not because I did not like their society, but I had been taught that to inspire respect or love from a man, you must keep him at a distance. This often made we awkward and reserved, but it did me no harm. When I learned that Dr. Gloyd loved

me, I began to love him. He was an only child. His parents had but a modest living. My mother was not pleased with seeing a growing attachment between us, for there was another match she had planned for me. When she saw this she would not allow me to sit alone in the room with him, so our communication was mostly by writing letters. I never knew Shakespeare until he read it to me, and I became an ardent admirer of the greatest poet. The volume of Shakespeare on his table was our postoffice. In the morning at breakfast he would manage to call the name "Shakespeare;" then I would know there was a letter for me in its leaves. After teaching three months he went to Holden, Missouri, and located; sent for his father and mother and in two years we were married.

My father and mother warned me that the doctor was addicted to drink, but I had no idea of the curse of rum. I did not fear anything, for I was in love, and doubted in him nothing. When Dr. Gloyd came up to marry me the 21st of November, 1867, I noticed with pain, that his countenance was not bright, he was changed. The day was one of the gloomiest I ever saw, a mist fell, and not a ray of sunshine. I felt a foreboding on the day I had looked forward to, as being one of the happiest. I did not find Dr. Gloyd the lover I expected. He was kind but seemed to want to be away from me; used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love. I have heard that this is the experience of many other young married women. They are so disappointed that their husbands change so after marriage. With my observation and experience I believe that men have it in their power

CARRY A. NATION AT 26 YEARS OF AGE.

to keep the love of ninety-nine women out of a hundred. Why do women lose love for their husbands? I find it is mostly due to indifference on the part of the husband. I often hear the experience of those poor abandoned sisters. I ask, Why are you in this house of sin and death? When I can get their confidence, many of them say: "I married a man; he drank, and went with other women. I got discouraged or spiteful, and went to the bad also." I find that drink causes so much enmity between the sexes. Drinking men neglect their wives. Their wives become jealous. Men often go with abandoned women under the influence of that drink that animates the animal passions and asks not for the association of love, but the gratification of lust. Men do not go to the houses of ill-fame to meet women they love but oftener those they almost hate. The drink habit destroys in men the appreciation of a home life, and when a woman leaves all others for one man, she does, and should, expect his companionship, and is not satisfied without it. Libertines, taking advantage of this, select women whose husbands are neglectful, and he wins victims by his attentions, and poor woman, as at the first, is beguiled. Marriage, while it is the blissful consummation of pure love, is the most serious of all relations, and girls and boys should early be instructed about the secrets of their own natures, the object of marriage, and the serious results of any marriage where true love is not the object. I confess myself that I was not fit to marry with the ignorance of its holy purpose. Sunday School teachers, mothers, fathers and ministers, look into God's word and see the results of

sin. God has written of this so as to force you to educate your children. Talk freely. Truth will purify everything it comes in contact with. Ignorance is not innocence, but is the promoter of crime: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Hosea 4:6.

About five days after we were married, Dr. Gloyd came in, threw himself on the bed and fell asleep. I was in the next room and saw his mother bow down over his face. She did not know I saw her. When she left, I did the same thing, and the fumes of liquor came in my face. I was terror stricken, and from that time on, I knew why he was so changed. Not one happy moment did I see! I cried most all the time. My husband seemed to understand that I knew his condition. Twice, with tears in his eyes, he remarked: "Oh! Pet, I would give my right arm to make you happy." He would be out until late every night. I never closed my eyes. His sign in front of the door on the street would creak in the wind, and I would sit by the window waiting to hear his footsteps. I never saw him stagger. He would lock himself up in the "Masonic Lodge" and allow no one to see him. People would call for him in case of sickness, but he could not be found.

My anguish was unspeakable, I was comparatively a child. I wanted some one to help me. He was a mason. I talked to a Mr. Hulitt, a brother mason, I begged of him to help me save my precious husband. I talked to a dear friend, Mrs. Clara Mize, a Christian, hoping to get some help in that direction, but all they could say, was: "Oh, what pity, to see a man like Dr. Gloyd throw himself away!" The world was all at

once changed to me, it was like a place of torture. I thought certainly, there must be a way to prevent this suicide and murder. I now know, that the impulse was born in me then to combat to the death this inhumanity to man.

I believe the masons were a great curse to Dr. Gloyd. These men would drink with him. There is no society or business that separates man and wife, or calls men from their homes at night, that produces any good results. I believe that secret societies are unscriptural, and that the Masonic Lodge has been the ruin of many a home and character.

I was so ignorant I did not know that I owed a duty to myself to avoid gloomy thoughts; did not know that a mother could entail a curse on her offspring before it was born. Oh, the curse that comes through heredity, and this liquor evil, a disease that entails more depravity on children unborn, than all else, unless it be tobacco. There is an object lesson taught in the Bible. The mother of Samson was told by an angel to "drink neither wine nor strong drink," Judges 13:4, before her child was born. God shows by this, that these things are injurious. Mothers often make drunkards of their own children, before they are born. My parents heard that Dr. Gloyd was drinking. My father came down to visit us, and I went home with him. My mother told me I must never go back to my husband again. I knew time was near at hand, when I would be helpless, with a drunken husband, and no means of support. What could I do? I kept writing to "Charlie," as I called him. He came to see me once; my mother treated him as a stranger. He expressed

much anxiety about my confinement in September; got a party to agree to come for him at the time; but my mother would not allow it. In six weeks after my little girl was born, my mother sent my brother with me to Holden to get my trunk and other things to bring them home. Her words to me were: "If you stay in Holden, never return home again." My husband begged me to stay with him; he said: "Pet, if you leave me, I will be a dead man in six months." I wanted to stay with him, but dared not disobey my mother and be thrown out of shelter, for I saw I could not depend on my husband. I did not know then that drinking men were drugged men, diseased men. His mother told me that when he was growing up to manhood, his father, Harry Gloyd, was Justice of the Peace in Newport, Ohio, twelve years, and that Charlie was so disgusted with the drink cases, that he would go in a room and lock himself in, to get out of their hearing; that he never touched a drop until he went in the army, the 118th regiment, Thomas L. Young being the Colonel. Dr. Gloyd was a captain. In the society of these officers he, for the first time, began to drink intoxicants. He was fighting to free others from slavery, and he became a worse slave than those he fought to free. In a little less than six months from the day my child was born, I got a telegram telling of his death. His father died a few months before he did, and mother Gloyd was left entirely alone.

Mother Gloyd was a true type of a New England housewife, and I had always lived in the south. I could not say at this time that I loved her, although I respected her very highly. But I wanted to be with

the mother of the man I loved more than my own life; I wanted to supply his place if possible. My father gave me several lots; by selling one of these and Dr. Gloyd's library and instruments, I built a house of three rooms on one of the lots and rented the house we lived in, which brought us in a little income, but not sufficient to support us. I wanted to prepare myself to teach, and I attended the Normal Institute of Warrensburg. I was not able to pay my board and Mr. Archie Gilkerson and wife charged me nothing and were as kind to me as parents. God bless them! I got a certificate and was given the primary room in the Public School at Holden. Mother Gloyd kept house and took care of Charlien, my little girl, and I made the living. This continued for four years. I lost my position as teacher in that school this way: A Dr. Moore was a member of the board, he criticised me for the way I had the little ones read; for instance, in the sentence, "I saw a man," I had them use the short a instead of the long a, and so with the article a; having them read it as we would speak it naturally. He made this serious objection, and I lost my place and Dr. Moore's niece got my room as teacher. This was a severe blow to me, for I could not leave mother Gloyd and Charlien to teach in another place, and I knew of no other way of making a living except by teaching. I resolved then to get married. I made it a subject of prayer and went to the Lord explaining things about this way. I said: "My Lord, you see the situation I cannot take care of mother and Charlien. I want you to help me. If it be best for me to marry I will do so. I have no one picked out, but I want you

to select the one that you think best. I want to give you my life, and I want by marrying to glorify and serve you, as well as to take care of mother and Charlien and be a good wife." I have always been a literalist. I find out that it is the only way to interpret the Bible. When God says: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him he shall bring it to pass," Ps. 37:5, I believe that to be the way to act. My faith does not at all times grasp this or other promises, but there are times when I can appropriate them and make them mine; there are times when I can pray with faith, believing that I have the things I pray for, other times it is not so.

In about ten days from that time I made this a subject of prayer, I was walking down the street in Holden and passed a place where Mr. Nation was standing, who had come up from Warrensburg, where he was then editing the "Warrensburg Journal." He was standing in the door with his back to me, but turned and spoke. There was a peculiar thrill which passed through my heart which made me start. The next day I got a letter from him, asking me to correspond with him. I was not surprised; had been expecting something like it. I knew that this was in answer to my prayer, and David Nation was to be the husband God selected for me. He was nineteen years older than I, was very good looking, and was a well-informed, successful lawyer, also a minister in the Christian Church. My friends in Holden opposed this because of the difference in our ages and of his large family. I gave him the loving confidence of a true wife and he was often very kind to me. We were mar-

ried within six weeks from the time I got the letter from him. Mother Gloyd went to live with us and continued to do so for fifteen years, until she died. My married life with Mr. Nation was not a happy one. I found out that he deceived me in so many things. I can remember the first time I found this out. I felt that something was broken that could never be mended. What a shattered thing is betrayed confidence! Oh, husbands and wives, do not lie to each other, even though you should do a vile act; confess to the truth of the matter! There will be some trouble over it, but you can never lose your love for a truthful person. I hated lying because I loved the truth. I hated dishonesty because I loved honesty. I loved, therefore I hated. I love mankind therefore I hated the enemies of mankind. I loved God and therefore hated the devil. Truth is the pearl of great price. Whoso getteth it has all earth and heaven.

I shall not in this book give to the public the details of my life as a wife of David Nation any more than possible. He and I agreed in but few things, and still we did not have the outbreaks many husbands and wives have. The most serious trouble that ever rose between us was in regard to Christianity. My Christian life was an offence unto him, and I found out if I yielded to his ideas and views that I would be false to every true motive. He saw that I resented this influence and it caused him to be suspicious and jealous. I think my combative nature was largely developed by living with him, for I had to fight for everything that I kept. About two years after we were married we exchanged our mutual properties for seven-

teen hundred acres of land on the San Bernard river in Texas, part of which was a cotton plantation. We knew nothing of the cultivation of cotton or of plantation life. We took a car load of good furniture with us and some fine stock, hogs and cattle. In packing up to go to Texas there was a widow who assisted me. In paying her for her services, I would not pay her money, but gave her the things I did not want to carry with me. I remember I left about eight bushels of potatoes in the cellar for her and the night we left they froze. I felt very conscience-stricken for the way I treated this poor woman.

We were as helpless on the plantation as little children. The cultivation of cotton was very different from anything we had been used to. A bad neighbor threw all of our plows in the Bernard river and everything seemed to go wrong. We had eight horses die in the pasture the spring after we moved there. Soon the money we took with us was gone and Mr. Nation became discouraged. He went to Brazoria, the county seat, and stayed six weeks during court, for the purpose of entering the practice of law again.

The cotton had been planted before he left. A neighbor named Martin Hanks came over and told me not to allow the cotton to go to waste, said he would lend me his plows, and advised me to get a colored man named Edmond, who was his master's overseer in slave time, to manage this crop for me. I hired five other negroes, paying them with things I had in the house, for I had not a cent of money. The result was a fine crop of cotton. Mr. Nation's daughter Lola, was then eleven years old, and Charlien was three

years younger. We lived six miles from a school, and just at a time when the girls needed school most. I began to see what a disastrous move we had made. I became very despondent and sick at heart. I was young and did not know then how to contend with disappointments on every hand. At one time I was quite sick with chills and fever. I had nothing in the house but meal, some fat bacon and sweet potatoes. There was a poor old man that we took in for charity who was with us, named Mr. Holt. I called him to my bedside and asked him to go to the patch and dig a bushel of sweet potatoes and take them to town and exchange them for a little tea, sugar, lemons and bread. He failed in this and was returning when he met a dear, sweet woman, Mrs. Underwood, whom I called my "Texas Mother." She called to Mr. Holt, and asked how I was. He told her I was sick and out of anything to eat. She took the potatoes and sent the articles I wanted. I believe I should have died had he returned without them, for I was almost famished for good food.

I was in Columbia one day and stopped at the Old Columbia Hotel, owned by the Messrs. Park, two brothers. Mrs. Ballenger a widow was renting it from Messrs. Park. I said to them: "If you ever need a tenant, send for me." In a few months Mrs. Ballenger's daughter died and she left. Mr. Park sent for me to come. We had a carload of good plain furniture and bedding, some handsome tableware, but no money to buy provisions.

Dear old mother Gloyd was a great help to me. She had once kept hotel herself. I did not ask credit, at

the store and this is how I got the money to begin keeping hotel: There was an Irish ditcher named Dunn, whose wife did my work. She was a good cook. I borrowed of Mr. Dunn three dollars and fifty cents, and with this money began the hotel business. The house was a rattle trap, plastering off, and a regular bed-bug nest. I fumigated, pasted the walls over with cloth and newspapers, where the plastering was off, and made curtains out of old sheets. My purchases were about like this for the first day: Fifty cents worth of meat, coffee ten cents, rice ten cents and sugar twenty-five, potatoes five, etc. The transients at one meal would give me something to spend for the next. I assisted about the cooking and helped in the dining-room. Mother Gloyd and Lola attended to the chamber work, and little Charlien was the one who did the buying for the house. I would often wash out my tablecloths at night myself and iron them in the morning before breakfast. I would take boarders' washing, hire a woman to wash, then do the ironing myself. Columbia was a small village of not more than five hundred people. It was the terminal of a railroad called the Columbia Tap. Mr. Painter, the conductor, began boarding with us right off, and in three or four days he brought a family there to board by the name of Oastram, father, mother and two boys, having come south to buy a plantation. Mrs. Oastram handed me a ten dollar bill. I called Lola and Charlien upstairs and showed them the ten dollar bill. We were overjoyed; we danced, laughed, and cried. Charlien said: "Now we can buy a whole ham." For several months my little children and I ate nothing but

broken food. I can never put on paper the struggles of this life. I would not know one day how we would get along the next.

The bitterest sorrows of my life have come from not having the love of a husband. I must here say that I have had, at times, in the society of those I love, a foretaste of what this could be. For years I never saw a loving husband that I did not envy the wife; it was a cry of my heart for love. I used to ask God why He denied me this. I can see now why it was. I know it was God's will for me to marry Mr. Nation. Had I married a man I could have loved, God could never have used me. Phrenologists who have examined my head have said: "How can you, who are such a lover of home be without one?" The very thing that I was denied caused me to have a desire to secure it for others. Payne who wrote "Home Sweet Home" never had one. There is in my life a cause of sadness and bitter sorrow that God only knows. I shall not write it here. Oh! how the heart will break almost for a loving word! I believe the great want of the world is love. Jesus came to bring love to earth.

During these severe afflictions I began to see how little there was in life. I wondered at the gaiety of people. It seemed as if a pall hung over the earth. I would wonder that the birds sung, or the sun would shine. I might say that for years this was my experience. I would go to God, but got very little relief; yet I never gave up. It was all the hope I could see for me. About this time my little Charlien, who had been such a help to me, began to go into a decline, until she was taken down with typhoid fever. Her case was

violent and she was delirious from the first. This my only child was peculiar. She was the result of a drunken father and a distracted mother. The curse of heredity is one of the most heart-breaking results of the saloon. Poor little children are brought into the world with the curse of drink and disease entailed upon them. How can mothers be true to their offspring with a constant dread of the nameless horrors wives are exposed to by being drunkards' wives. Men will not raise domestic animals under conditions where the mothers may bring forth weak or deformed offspring. Frances Willard says, "Right generation is the greatest problem of the race," the ignorance of the mothers and the ignorance and vice of the fathers is given to the children before they are born, and these feeble and deformed minds and bodies with the depraved appetites threatens to deteriorate the human family, and we will be a race of idiots and insane people if something isn't done; as Jesus says, "Unless these days be shortened, no flesh can be saved." Matt. 24:22. I heard of a mother who was wise enough to understand pre-natal influence. She said she was going to have a literary family and when she expected to be a mother she read eagerly all the good literary writings, she had what she prepared for.

If girls were taught that a drunkard's curse will in the nature of things include his children and also that if either parent allowed bad thoughts or actions to come into their lives, that their offspring will be a reproduction of their own sins, they would avoid these men, and men will give up their vice before they will give up women.

My precious child seemed to have taken a perfect dislike to Christianity. This was a great grief to me, and I used to pray to God to save her soul at any cost; I often prayed for bodily affliction on her, if that was what would make her love and serve God. Anything for her eternal salvation.

Her right cheek was very much swollen, and on examination we found there was an eating sore inside her cheek. This kept up in spite of all remedies, and at last the whole of her right cheek fell out, leaving the teeth bare. My friends and boarders were very angry at the physician, saying she was salivated. From the first something told me this is an answer to your prayer. At this time, when her life was dispaired of, I had an intense longing to save my child, who was so dear to me. I said: "Oh, God, let me keep a piece of my child." A minister said: "Don't pray for the life of your child; she will be so deformed it were better she were dead." I could not feel this way. After being at death's door for nine days, she began to recover. The wound in her face healed up to a hole about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. Her jaws closed and remained so for eight years. The sickness of my daughter and the keeping up of the hotel was such a tax on my mind, that for months transactions would recede from my memory. For instance, if anyone told me something, in an hour I could not tell whether it had been hours, days or months since it was told me. I have never entirely recovered from this, still being forgetful of names, dates and circumstances, unless they are particularly impressed upon my mind. When I could afford it, I took my child,

then twelve years old, down to Galveston, put her under the care of Dr. Dowell for the purpose of closing the hole in her cheek. I had to leave the little one down there among strangers, for I could not afford to stay with her. A mother only will know what this means. After four operations the place was closed up in her cheek, still her mouth was closed, her teeth close together. I suffered torture all these years for fear she might strangle to death. I took her to San Antonio, Texas, to Dr. Herff, and he and his two sons removed a section of the jawbone, expecting to make an artificial joint, enabling her to use the other side of her jaw. After all this, the operation was a failure, and her jaws closed up again. We, in the meantime, moved to Richmond from Columbia. We became very successful in the hotel business and I saved money enough to send her to New York City, where her father, Dr. Gloyd, had a cousin, Dr. Messinger, who would see that she had the best care possible. None of the surgeons there gave her any hope of opening her jaws. She went to Dr. John Weyth to have him perform an operation of plastic surgery; that is, he cut off a flap from under her chin, turning it over the scar on her cheek.

Although Charlien was not a Christian, she had faith in God. Once she complained of my being too strict with her, but said: "Mamma I owe it to you that I have any faith in God, even if you are severe with me." She always believed that her mother had a God. Finding no physician in New York who could open her jaws, she wrote me this: "No one but God can open my mouth, Mamma; ask him to do it." There was a

Catholic woman, Miss Doregan, who boarded with me, who had a store around the corner from the hotel, and I could think of no one else who had as much faith as this woman. She said she believed that God would heal my child according to prayer, so I went for seven mornings before breakfast to this saint of God. She taught me many holy truths and she explained the Scriptures to me. I learned from her a prayer that we said in concert, that was written by one of the Old Fathers, and is one of the most complete in devotion I have ever read. I will record it here:

"Come Holy Ghost send down those beams,
That sweetly flow in silent streams,
From thy bright throne above;
Oh, Come Thou Father of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store;
Come fire our hearts with love.
Come thou of comforters the best,
Come thou the soul's delicious guest,
The pilgrim's sweet relief:
Thou art our rest in toil and sweat,
Refreshment in excessive heat
And solace in our grief.
Oh! sacred light shoot home the darts,
Oh! pierce the center of those hearts
Whose faith aspires to thee.
Without thy God-head nothing can
Have any worth or price in man,
Nothing can harmless be."
"Lord wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our wounds and bruises heal.

To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
Our wandering feet repair.
Oh, grant thy faithful dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is thy sure word,
The seven gifts of thy spirit.
Grant us in life to obey thy grace,
Grant us in death to see thy face
And endless joys inherit,
Through the same Christ our Lord." "Amen."

And now I often use this beautiful comprehensive petition to my Dear Lord.

Charlien wrote that she had letters of introduction to a physician in Philadelphia, Dr. J. Ewing Mears, but in every letter would say: "Keep on praying." This we did. Oh, the anxiety of my mother heart! My duties as landlady kept me busy all day and part of the night. I often had to do my own cooking.

God was good to me and we were very successful financially, and managed to meet all debts and payments on the property we had purchased.

After I knew the operation had been performed in Philadelphia, I telegraphed to Charlien. The answer came from the physician: "All right," but my anxiety was intensified. I became almost wild with anxiety, and I determined to go to her. I borrowed four hundred dollars, and in three hours I was on my way to my precious suffering one. As soon as I got on the train a sense of divine guidance came to me.

When I arrived at the hospital, I had the nurse take me to my child's room. I cannot describe the meeting. She was packing up her clothes. I said: "Why

are you doing this?" Then she told me this pitiful story: "Mamma, you did not send me any money, and the Doctor and nurse seemed dissatified, so I took most of my clothes down to a soup house and pawned them, that the woman may give me a room and soup until I could hear from you."

This was horrible to think of. I had sent her money, but like some others, Charlien never knew the value of money. I had her on my lap and we were crying together. Just to think, in ten minutes more my child might have been gone, and I might not have found her for some time. Her mouth opened half an inch, and as she talked, I noticed that the side of her face the jaw bone had been taken from, was moving as she chewed a piece of gum. I placed my hands on each side of her face and said: "Now chew. Well, this is just like God; he has not only opened your mouth, but has given you a new jaw bone. My darling you know that the bone from this side was taken out." "Yes," she said, "I told Dr. Mears that, but he said it could not be."

I told him I saw the bone and teeth that were taken out. So in answer to prayer, God had wrought this miracle.

I stayed there six weeks with her. She went to see the doctor three times a week. He used to pry open her jaws, which was very painful to her but she gradually grew better. We were so happy in each other's society. I took her every place to see sights in that grand, philanthropic city. I believe Philadelphia, "Brotherly Love," has more evidence of the meaning of the name than any city I have ever seen.

The "BreakfastAssociation" for redeemed men has no equal in its Christ-like work. When I left New York for Kansas, I bought two tickets, one from New York to Chicago and another one from there on. When I went to check my trunk I found one ticket was gone I had only about three or four dollars, not enough to get me another ticket. This was at Fulton Ferry. I turned and walked out going toward the elevated road, looking as I went for my ticket. I prayed God to help me find it. I walked about the streets as if in a dream. Wishing to learn where I was, I crossed the street to ask a policeman. Seeing a paper at his feet I picked it up and it was my lost ticket. Joshua made the sun stand still by prayer. Elijah closed the heavens from raining on the earth and raised the dead. It is not strange that God should answer my prayer in this case.

In six weeks I returned home leaving Charlien, who went to Vermont to visit some of her father's relatives, the Gloyds. She was gone six months, came home and married and continued to live in Richmond, Texas. For a year she and her husband lived with me; also Mr. Nation's daughter, Lola, was married and living with me, and mother Gloyd, now eighty-six years old, was there. My cares now were so heavy many times that I could not attend religious worship as I wished. Sunday morning I frequently gathered my servants in the dining-room, and there we read and studied the Bible. I had great heaviness of heart, because I had no time to meditate and study the scriptures. I saw I was only living to feed the perishing bodies of men and women. I would frequently go upstairs and prostrate myself on the floor, crying to God for deliver-

ance from my present surroundings, telling Him over and over, "If he would free me *I would do for Him what he couldn't get anyone else to do.*" How literally this has been fulfilled, for God held me to my vow, and what Carry A. Nation has done is what no one else has; not only in the instance of smashing saloons, but in other work. My life beyond dispute has been marvelous and no one that will stop to consider but will know and must admit that an unseen power, one super-human, has upheld me, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Zech. 4:6:

CHAPTER V.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.—REJECTED AS A BIBLE TEACHER IN METHODIST AND EPISCOPALIAN CHURCHES.—TAUGHT IN HOTEL DINING-ROOM.—VISION, WARNING AND BLESSING.—ENTERTAINING ANGELS.—THE JEWS.—PRAYER FOR RAIN AND ANSWER.—GOD'S JUDGMENT ON THE WICKED.—MOVED TO KANSAS.—DEATH OF MOTHER GLOYD.—SERMON OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

In this chapter I will tell of God's leading. I say of my life, "This is the Lord's doings and marvelous in our eyes." Ps. 118:23. A Methodist conference was held in Richmond, Texas, about the year 1884. I attended. The minister read the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. From the time he began reading I was marvelously affected. Paul said it was not "lawful" or possible to utter some things. 2 Cor. 12:4. There was a halo around the minister. I was wrapt in ecstacy. My first impression was that an angel was talking and that the house was ascending to heaven. I felt my natural heart expanding to an enormous size. I looked to see what impression was made on the people in the audience. I saw one man nodding. I was surprised, for no one seemed at all astonished or delighted.

At the close of the meeting I tried to find out the meaning. No one felt as I did. I went to a saintly woman, Mrs. Ruth Todd, and asked her about the sermon. She had felt nothing remarkable. I had never

been taught that anyone but the Apostles in Jesus' time got the gift of the Holy Ghost, or I would have understood this wonderful state. I then and there openly consecrated myself to God, telling my friends that "from henceforth all my time, means and effort should be given to God." (Mr. Nation in his petition for divorce said that up to this year I had been a good wife.) I was often considered crazy, on the subject of religion. When I spoke to people I would ask them, "If they loved God;" I could not refrain from this; the servant in the kitchen, the guest, the merchant, the market man; I felt impelled by divine love for the souls of men.

God had given me an intense love for souls, and one was as precious as another to me. I now see what the enlarging of my heart meant. I now know that God was putting the whole world in my heart. Once an old colored man brought into the kitchen some eggs to sell. I said: "Uncle, do you love God?" He turned to my cook Fannie and said: "Hear dat." Fannie said: "Oh! Mrs. Nation knows the Lord." Uncle said: "Thank God one white woman got ligen," clapped his hands and praised God. It used to be and is now the sweetest music to have anyone praise God. I am at church often, when I long to hear a loud shout of praise go up to the giver of every good and perfect gift. (Jas. 1:17.) It is torture to attend the cold, dead service of most of the churches.

I was a teacher in the Methodist Sunday school and had given perfect satisfaction up to this time; but things changed. The minister said from the pulpit that the teachers should be Methodists, and spoke so

pointedly that all knew he meant me. The superintendent at the Episcopal Sunday school asked me to teach in their Sunday school. I did so, and things went smoothly for a while.

Father Denroach was the minister, and one morning he asked the school questions out of the catechism. My class could not answer. I arose and said: "Father Denroach, I do not teach my class the catechism, I use only God's word." "What objection do you find to the catechism?" he asked. I replied: "I cannot teach the Bible and catechism, for one contradicts the other. The gospel is to be believed and obeyed and a Christian is a follower of Christ. The catechism in the first lesson asks this question: 'What is your name? Bob, Tom or John.' 'When did you get that name?' 'In my baptism, when I was made a Christian.' Baptism never did make a Christian. Infants cannot be made Christians, they cannot follow Christ, cannot believe or obey the Gospel. Jesus said: 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Now if I teach my class that the state of being a Christian is something they get without the exercise of their will, I contradict what I have been teaching." The dear old man walked up and down the aisle shaking his robes. I said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. You must have an Episcopalian teacher to teach your doctrine." So I was shut out from teaching in the only two churches in Richmond.

I could not be satisfied. I tried to get the Methodist church for a Mission school in the afternoon, but failed. I got plank for seats and after dinner on Lord's Day I had my hotel dining-room seated and

gathered all the little ones I could. These were largely children who went to no Sunday school. I got five Catholic children to attend. We had an attendance of from thirty to forty. We bought an organ, had our charts and maps. One poor saloon keeper named Frost came several times and always gave a dollar. He was killed in the fight between the Jaybirds and Peckerwoods in Richmond. This work was a blessing to my soul and I have seen happy results from that little school. I kept this up until I left there for Kansas. The last Sunday we all went to the graveyard to study our lesson. I wished by this to impress the little ones with the purpose of the Gospel.

I have had visions and dreams that I know were sent to me by my Heavenly Father to warn or comfort or instruct me. I notice my dreams, not all, but I can tell the significant ones, usually by the impression they make on me. The dream that comes to me just before waking up generally means something to me. To dream of snakes has always been a bad omen to me. When I first started out smashing, while in Wichita jail, I dreamed of two enormous snakes, one on one side of a road, the other on the other; one raised to strike me, the other made no move. I was impressed that the one that was the most venomous and in the attitude of striking me with its fangs was the Republican party, and this has been my deadly foe.

VISION, WARNING AND BLESSING.

I will here relate a vision I had: One cold night in March, 1889, I heard a groan across the hall. It was about three o'clock in the morning. I found the suffer-

r to be an old gentleman who was having very severe ramps, so I went down to the kitchen to make a mus- ard plaster. The hotel was a frame building, having wenty-one rooms, and about five or six cottages round the main building. We carried no insurance, nd so many would say we had a "fire-trap" there. Ve had a mortgage on the place, and I was kept in error constantly for fear of fire, and would often pring out of bed at night in my sleep, expecting to ee a fire.

I lit a candle, went down stairs through several dark alls. Then I went upstairs again and gave the old an the plaster; afterwards returning to the kitchen, hinking probably that I had left the candle burning. hings were all dark, but when I started up the stairs, here seemed to be a light shining behind me, which vould come and go in flashes, as I ascended. I looked verywhere to see where it came from, but discovered t to be an unnatural manifestation. It followed me ntil I got to my room door. It did not alarm me. I elt the sweet, peaceful presence of God. I prayed to im and I could think of no reason for having this lessing from God, except that I had gotten up in the old to relieve this suffering man. I stood by my bed or a short time praying to God, and thanking him for is goodness to me. I thought Mr. Nation was asleep, ut he afterwards told me that he heard me whisper- ng. I slept until late, and when I did go down to reakfast, Mr. Nation and Alex, my son-in-law, were t the table. I told them I had a warning last night, nd if I had a Daniel or Joseph they could interpret a vision I had. I told them of the peculiar light, but

they paid very little attention to it; being very busy I thought no more of it that day.

Just about three o'clock the next morning, I was awakened by the cry of fire. Charlien screamed from the next room: "Mamma, the town is on fire." I ran out and the whole heavens seemed to be on fire. It had originated in a drugstore and was sweeping towards the hotel. I immediately ran upstairs and began to pray. I told God "There wasn't a dishonest dollar so far as I knew in the house, and that He told me to call on Him in a day of trouble, (Ps. 50:15) and said, "this is my day of trouble, and begged He would hear me. Many of the guests passed by, some of them with baggage in their hands and some still dressing. I prayed until I seemed to get an answer of security. One lady, Mrs. Moore, the wife of a physician, who had boarded with me a long time, had a very elegant set of furniture, and she called to me several times to take my things out of the hotel. She had two colored men moving her furniture, I heard her say to several persons: "That woman has lost her mind." All the boarders had their trunks out and every one was saying to me: "Why don't you try to save your furniture?" I would take hold of some things to take out, but it seemed something would intimate, "Let it be." I walked down the street and Mr. Blakely, one of the men who was killed in the Jaybird and Peckerwood battle in Richmond said: "Are you insured?"

I said: "Yes, up there," pointing to Heaven.

All fear was gone, and now in the time of almost certain danger I was confident of deliverance, when before I had been nervous, in time when all was secure

At last the cry came in: "You are saved." I went in the hotel office, sat down by the stove and Alex, my son-in-law, was by me. I said to him: "Oh, Alex, my vision!" He looked almost paralyzed, for I had told him it was a warning and all the circumstances. From that day to this I have never had any fear of fire.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

One noon I was busy with the guests and waiting on the tables, and going to the kitchen I saw sitting on the wood-box a poor dejected looking creature, a man about twenty-four years of age. He asked me if I had any tinware to mend. I told him, "No, but you can have your dinner."

He said: "I don't want any." He looked the picture of despair.

I said: "Don't go until I can speak to you."

When I had time I told him I wanted some one to wash dishes. He consented to stay, and I felt at that time I must care for that poor creature or he would die. He stayed with us three years and proved to be a jewel. All the rest of my help was colored, and generally speaking, white and colored help do not assimilate, but they all had profound respect for Smith. He soon owned his horse and did the draying for the hotel. Then he got to be a clerk, and bought pecans for the northern market. All his family had died from consumption, and he was traveling for his health. He left us for Pierce's Sanitarium, Buffalo, N. Y., and stayed there some time for treatment. He ran a little booth by the Niagara Bridge, and soon accumulated

quite a little sum. He became a Christian and married. I often got letters from him expressing so much gratitude. He was an infidel when he first came, and he said it was my influence that made him a Christian.

I often had the Orthodox Jews to stop with me. They ate nothing that contained lard; their food was mackerel, eggs, bread and coffee. The rates were two dollars a day, but I charged them only one dollar, and allowed them to pay their bills with something that was in their "pack." My other guests would often regard them with almost scorn, but when they were at their meals I would wait on them myself, showing them this preference, for I could not but respect their sacrifice for the sake of their religion. I have always treated the Jews with great respect. Our Savior was a Jew and said: "Salvation is of the Jews." (John 4:22.) They are a monument to the truth of the Scriptures, a people without a country; and though they are wanderers upon the face of the earth, they retain their characteristics more than any other people have ever done. If an Italian, German or Frenchman comes to America, in a hundred years he becomes thoroughly an American, losing the peculiarities of his descent. But wherever a Jew goes no matter how long he stays he remains a Jew. This can be said of no other people on earth.

I know by experience that the Jews are tricksters, but they have almost been forced into their cupidity in getting money, yet the greatest promise of deliverance in the Bible is for that nation. The foundation stones of heaven and the pearly gates are named for the twelve tribes. No Christian should scorn a Jew.

One of the most pitiful and disgusting things that I meet is a Jew, who has renounced his religion. The reason why we Christians know so much of God is because He showed so much of His power, love and mercy to the Jews.

One day I was driving down the street of Richmond in a buggy, and Mr. Blakely, the merchant I dealt so much with, and also a member of the Methodist church, stopped me, saying, that he had something to say to me:

"Your friends are becoming very uneasy about the state of your mind. You are thinking too much on religious subjects, and they asked me to warn you."

This gave me a blessed assurance, and I laughed very heartily saying: "I have the religion of the Bible or a Bible religion and the world cannot understand it." (I. Cor. 2:14.)

I was naturally ambitious and was very fond of nice furniture, china and dainty things, but I have lost all taste for these, and stopped making fashionable calls, for I have seen the vanity and wickedness in fashionable society and costly dressing. I educated myself to look at things as I thought God would, and this change came about after that transaction between my soul and God, at the Methodist church, which I know was the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost;" but did not know then what it was. I had been born in the Christian church, and was taught that only the Apostles had received that gift. I never knew what to call this experience until three years after when I went to Kansas, and had it explained to me by the Free Methodists, and where God gave me a witness that it was true.

We had quite a drought in Texas, everything was parched and burning up, and great concern was felt by all. Charlien said to me one day: "Mamma why don't you pray for rain?"

I was so struck with the idea that I went to the church that night and proposed that we pray for rain. So four ladies were elected to appoint a special meeting. The minister's wife, Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Blakely and myself were the four. We met and we said the first thing is to agree. The minister's wife began to cry and said:

"I have read of so many thunderbolts lately, that I am almost afraid to pray;" and Mrs. Blakely repeated the same, but I told the women this was doubting God in the beginning.

" 'If you ask for bread, will He give you a stone.' (Matt. 7:9.) I am willing to trust God who said: 'Ask and ye shall receive," (John 16:24,) and let Him send the rain any way He pleases." This was finally agreed upon, and the next afternoon the citizens of the town were called to the church to pray for rain.

After the meeting, we were standing on the platform in front of the church, and a sprinkle of rain out of a cloudless sky fell on the platform, and on the shutters of the house. This was nothing but a miracle, and was very astonishing to us all. The next day the clouds began to gather in the sky, and the moisture began, at first, to fall like heavy dew. There was no lightning or thunder and the rain came down in the gentlest manner and continued in this way three days. With this marvelous manifestation in direct answer to prayer, many people said: "We would have had the

rain any way." "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." (Isa. 1:3.)

I began to think what I should do to fulfill my vow to God, for I vowed to return to Him something for rain, to show my gratitude for what I had seen done. There was an old man, about seventy years old, entirely destitute, whose name was Bestwick. I went to see him, asked him to come to the hotel and make his home there. There was also a poor German girl, named Fredricka. I also gave her board at the hotel. These two stayed with me free of charge as long as I lived in Richmond.

There were two political factions in Richmond at this time, one called the "Jaybirds" and the other "Peckerwoods." The latter were people that were in favor of the negro holding offices. This party had control of the country for some time. The head of this party was Garvey, the sheriff. The head of the former was Henry Frost, a saloon-keeper, and to this belonged nearly all the young men of Richmond.

Mr. Nation was correspondent for the *Houston Post* and he wrote a letter speaking of the bad influence and conduct of these young men the night before; screaming about the streets and disturbing the peace generally. He went down to meet the trains about twelve o'clock at night. The next night after the article appeared in the *Post,* he came in and woke me up saying: "Wife get up; I have been beaten almost to death;" and lighting a lamp, I found that his body was covered with bruises. I bathed him in cold water and otherwise tried to relieve him. He was too faint

to tell me the trouble, only the boys had beaten him. I knelt down by the window to pray to God. I began by calling on God to send a punishment on people that would do such a mean, cowardly act. I prayed until I received perfect deliverance from that kind of a spirit, and when I got up from off my knees, it was four o'clock in the morning.

In this crowd was a family of Gibson boys, whose father was an infidel, and encouraged his sons in this matter and in all their bad ways. There were also other boys, Peason, Little, Winston; twenty-one in all. A man by the name of Henry George asked Mr. Nation to come and sit on a bale of cotton on the depot platform, and talk with him; another one of these boys came up and threw Mr. Nation backwards on the platform. Then each one gave him a hit with a stick, or a cane. I don't think there are but two or three of those boys living now. After moving to Kansas, a few months after this I returned to Texas for a visit. I then looked upon the graves of four of the Gibsons. "Truly, vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. (Rom. 12:19.)

Mr. Nation was very unpopular with the "Jaybird" faction, because they said no Republican should stay in Fort Bend County. The bitterness between these two factions broke out in a war. Garvey and Frost with three others were killed. Before this animosity between them arose, Richmond was a very pleasant place to live. A great deal of sociability existed among the people, but from this time business and social relations were almost entirely ruined.

I visited Richmond in 1902, and I never saw such a

difference. The Galveston storm greatly damaged many of the houses, and the ruins were still there. A pall of death seemed to be over the whole place, and one coming into the town would feel a desire to leave it as quickly as possible, if there was not some interest independent of the town. God said: "They shall eat the fruit of their doing." (Isa. 3:10.) Still in Richmond God has those who have not bowed their knees to Baal. (I. Kings 19:18.)

Mr. Nation's life was threatened and we had to leave. He went to Kansas where he had a brother. After an application he took charge of a Christian church at Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas. This is January, 1904, and we moved to Kansas about fourteen years ago.

We traded the hotel for property in Medicine Lodge. Charlien, Lola and their husbands moved to themselves and mother Gloyd would consent to stay away from me only until we could get settled in Kansas. She had her trunk prepared for the journey. She was now eighty-six years old, but had remarkable vitality. I said:

"Mother you had better stay here the rest of your life, for Kansas is much colder than this climate."

But she replied: "I came from Vermont and it is very cold there."

She followed me to the train, and when I went to leave her she placed her arms around me and her head on my breast. Her last words were: "I have lived with you and I want to die with you." Oh, how I disliked to leave her! This was the last time I saw her dear,

sweet face. We had lived together as constant companions for twenty-three years.

Before I left Richmond, I requested of two of my dear friends, Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Todd, that if mother ever got sick, they would stay by her until the last. In a year from this time she died, being sick only three days. These dear friends stayed by her side until the last. A telegram was sent to me when she was first taken sick, and I wanted to go, but I had no money of my own, and Mr. Nation would not consent. I have never ceased to be sorry for it.

I was very much pleased when I first went to Kansas, for it was a great relief from burdens. We boarded six months. After the year was up, Mr. Nation went to Holton, Kansas, and took charge of a church there. He went before I did, and to save shipping our horse and buggy, I drove through. In order to get a good start and directions for my journey, I went to Bro. Ed. Crouce, who lived on a farm about five miles from town. Our horse was not very safe for he had a way of balking. Bro. Crouce told me to give him a severe cut across the back and give him the reins if he attempted to balk. I tried this on two occasions, following his directions. The horse reared up and acted in a way that terrified me, but I conquered and for ten years I drove that horse. He was a noble beast with almost human sense. This journey was four hundred miles. For a hundred and fifty miles I was accompanied by a young girl of sixteen years of age, who was a farmer's daughter, and seemed to be afraid of nothing. She was a great inspiration to me, preparing me to drive the two hundred and fifty miles alone. The

great difficulty was in finding places to stop at night. I got so I did not look for large roomy houses for entertainment, but the smaller ones. I found out that the friends of the poor are the poor. Mr. Nation met me at Topeka and he was so pleased that he said: "You shall have this horse and buggy for your own."

Holton was thirty miles north and we drove up together.

I began to have a contempt for popular preaching, keeping apart from "cliques" and "sets." I knew that my husband ought not to be in the ministry. I do not believe he was ever a converted man. This made me very miserable, putting us in a false light before the people. It was my desire to serve God in a simple, humble way. Before the year was out because of some dissatisfaction in the church between Mr. Nation and the board, we left Holton. I then drove back to Medicine Lodge alone, enjoying my trip very much. Mr. Nation never took charge of a church again. He was a man well versed in law, and at one time rendered valuable service in prosecuting liquor cases in Medicine Lodge.

When I lived in Texas and was keeping hotel in Richmond, one cold rainy morning, a lot of men came in from the train.

I took special notice of one man. His hands were that of a woman, his face was very refined, but his clothes were shabby. He was sitting by himself and I said to him: "You must excuse me but you look so much like a Catholic priest I once saw." I did not then dream he was one. Next morning I sent one of the boys that waited on the table to see what was the mat-

ter that he did not come down to breakfast. He was sick. I went up to see him and he told me he often had attacks of heart trouble; that he had fallen in a faint in the yard the night before. I asked him if he had any friends. He said: "No." I asked him his business? "You guessed it last night," he replied. Then he told me he was a Catholic priest. I was very much astonished for he had on a common suit with a red necktie. I then knew he was in trouble somewhere. He told me he had no money. I told him he was welcome to stay as long as he wished. I gathered up some clean garments and did for him all I could. I felt glad to have this Catholic priest in my house. I resolved to ask him concerning their faith. He was one of the saddest men I ever saw and it made my heart ache to see him. I knew so well what it was to have "a heart bowed down with grief and woe," and I saw in this poor creature desolation. I asked him if he should die, what sin he would have to repent of. He said: "I may have sinned in trying to fix up a home for poor priests who come into disfavor with the bishops." His words were: "There is no one so helpless as a Catholic priest sent adrift. A boy ten years old knows as well how to make a living for himself. I have been from a boy, in a Jesuit College, St. John's, near New York. You do not know the sorrows of a Catholic priest. Few know that so many priests are dying from heart disease. I am trying to get to San Antonio, for a priest there may help me some." He stayed at the hotel five days. One evening he came into the parlor where there was quite a company, and I was astonished to see him so changed. He was no longer the shrinking, crest-

fallen man, but he seemed bright and joined in conversation; sang and played on the piano. I soon found out he had been drinking. I wanted to shield him from the scandal and made an excuse to call him from the room, and told him what I did this for. Next morning he came down as "sad as night." I said: "Are you going to leave?" "Yes," he replied. I wrote a note to the conductor, whom I knew well; told him the condition of this poor man; told him to pass him to San Antonio. I had just three dollars, this I gave to him. Oh, the gratitude in the face of this poor man. He raised his hands and asked "Christ, and his mother, the holy martyrs, and the angels to bless me."

In a few days I heard of a priest from Cleveland, Ohio, who through gambling and drinking, had spent thirty thousand dollars of the church's money and he was sent adrift. The name of this priest was John Kelley and on our hotel register the name of this priest was written "John Kelly."

CHAPTER VI.

WHY MY NAME IS NOT ON A CHURCH BOOK, AND WHY THE MINISTERS WITHDREW FROM ME.—CLOSING THE DIVES OF MEDICINE LODGE.—CORA BENNETT AND WHY SHE KILLED BILLY MORRIS IN A DIVE IN KIOWA.—HER RESURRECTION.—RAIDING A JOINT DRUG-STORE.

I soon saw that I was not popular with the church at Medicine Lodge. I testified to having received the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," and the minister, Mr. Nicholson, took occasion to say that I was not sound in the faith. This church at this time had a board of deacons and elders, who I knew to be unworthy, some of them addicted to intoxicating drinks and other flagrant sins. There was one man whose sincerity I never questioned, Mr. Smith, who had a good report from those in and out of the church.

Mr. Nicholson, the preacher, used to go to a drug-store kept by a noted jointist and infidel. He would sit with him in front of his drug-store. I would rebuke him for "sitting in the seat of the scornful and standing in the way of sinners." (Ps. 1:2.)

Whenever I went visiting, I went where I felt I could do some good for Jesus, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas I invited the poor, crippled and blind, to a feast at my house as Jesus said to never invite those who were able to make a feast. (Luke 14:13.)

There was a Mrs. Tucker, who was quite young and married to an old man. She worked hard, washing, to care for her five children. I would take her to

church, and it was not long before she joined. There was rejoicing in Heaven, but none in the church at Medicine Lodge. For two years she attended church, and not an officer or member ever called to see her. I would visit her, and often take her clothes for her children, also read the Bible, and prayed with her. I did not wish her to notice the lack of all Christian fellowship, but she saw the cool way in which she was treated and she stopped going to church. A false report of treachery was told to this minister by her unfeeling jealous husband, and without going to see this poor woman, it was decided to take her name from the church book.

One Lord's Day morning, before Mr. Nicholson commenced his sermon, he said: "It is the painful duty of the church to withdraw fellowship from Sister Tucker, who has been living in open adultery." I was sitting in front, and I rose to my feet.

Mr. Nicholson said: "You sit down, the elders will attend to this."

I said: "No, the elders will not, but I will. What you have said is not true about this woman. She has been a member of the church for two years, and neither you nor the elders, nor any member of this church have been in her home. I do for that woman what I would want some one to do for me, under the same circumstances. These elders never reclaim the erring or pray with the dying, but this poor little lamb has come in for shelter, and they are pulling the fleece off of her.

All this time Mr. Nicholson was telling me in angry tones to "sit down." He then called on the elders to

take me out, came down from the pulpit, took me by the arm intending to put me out himself, but he could not move me. I turned to the audience, told them what the preacher said could not be proven. The Normal school was in session and there were many strangers present. I sat down as calmly as if nothing had happened, and waited until the close.

Mr. Nicholson came to me after service and said: "We will settle your case."

I said: " Do your worst and do your best."

That afternoon the elders met in the church, and withdrew from me because I was a "stumbling block," and a disturber of the peace." This was a grief to me, for my beloved father, mother, brothers and sisters belonged to this society of Christians, and I had, since I was a child ten years of age. I wept much over this, but I went to church as usual.

I became very much interested in the prohibition cause, seeing the great advantage it was to Kansas, even with all the treachery of the officers. Brother Wesley Cain was pastor of the Baptist church in Medicine Lodge, and his wife was a noble souled woman, interested in everything that was good. The poor never applied to Brother Cain and his wife in vain. She often spoke of the W. C. T. U. work in Iowa where she had formerly lived. I spoke to her several times about organizing a W. C. T. U., and she did so and I was made Jail Evangelist. After that, upon the death of the county president, she asked me to fill that position and I did.

Samson's mother was the first woman we ever heard of taking the W. C. T. U. pledge and Almighty

God required it of her. (Judges 13.)

I was Jail Evangelist at this time for the W. C. T. U. and I learned that almost everyone who was in jail was directly or indirectly there from the influence of intoxicating drinks. I began to ask why should we have the result of the saloon, when Kansas was a prohibition state, and the constitution made it a crime to manufacture, barter, sell or give away intoxicating drinks? Saving for mechanical, medicinal or scientific purposes, and here is the loop hole through which the dishonest druggist gets their work. When I went to Medicine Lodge there were seven dives where drink was sold. I will give some reasons why they were removed. I began to harass these dive-keepers, although they were not as much to blame as the city officials who allowed them to run. Mart Strong was a noted joint-keeper. He and his son, Frank, were both bad drinking characters, and would sell it every chance they got. Mart had a dive and I was in several times to talk to him, and he would try to flatter me and turn things into a joke. When he saw I did not listen to such talk, he treated me very rudely. One Saturday I saw quite a number of men go into his place, and I went in also. Saloons in Kansas generally have a front room to enter as a precaution, then a back room where the bar is. I didn't get farther than the front, for Mart came hastily, taking me by the shoulders and said: "Get out of here, you crazy woman." I was singing this song:

Who hath sorrow? Who hath Woe?
They who dare not answer no;

They whose feet to sin incline,
While they tarry at the wine.

CHORUS:

They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They have sorrow they have woe.

Who hath babblings, who hath strife?
He who leads a drunkard's life,
He whose loved ones weep and pine,
While he tarries at the wine.

Who hath wounds without a cause?
He who breaks God's holy laws;
He who scorns the Lord divine,
While he tarries at the wine.

Who hath redness at the eyes?
Who brings poverty and sighs?
Unto homes almost divine,
While he tarries at the wine?

Touch not, taste not, handle not;
Drink will make the dark, dark blot,
Like an adder it will sting,
And at last to ruin bring,
They who tarry at the drink."

I continued to sing this, with tears running down my face. When I finished the song there was a great crowd; some of the men had tears in their eyes as well. James Gano, the constable, was standing near the door and said: "I wish I could take you off the streets." I

said: "Yes, you want to take me, a woman, whose heart is breaking to see the ruin of these men, the desolate homes and broken laws, and you a constable, oath-bound to close this man's unlawful business."

The treatment I received at the hands of this Mart Strong was told to the mayor and councilmen, and there was great indignation. The councilmen went to Mart's place that night. The door was locked and a number of gamblers were in there. The mayor forced the door open and told Mart Strong never to open business in the town again. He left next day, and this closed up one of the worst places in the town. Then there was Henry Durst, another jointist of long standing who was a German and had accumulated quite a lot of property by his dishonest business. He was a prominent Catholic. A Mrs. Elliott, a good Christian woman, came to my home crying bitterly and between sobs told me, that for six weeks her husband had been drinking at Durst's bar, until he was crazy. She had been washing to feed her three children and for some days had nothing in the house but cornbread and molasses. She said that her husband had come in, wild with drink had run his family out of the house, and kicked over the table. She said: "I came to you to ask you what to do."

I did not speak a word, for I was too full of conflictings feelings; but I put on my bonnet and Sister Elliot asked me what I was going to do. I told her that I did not know, but for her to come with me. Walked down to Henry Durst's place, a distance of half a mile. I fell down on my knees before the screen and began to call on God. There were five men in there drink-

ing. I was indifferent to those passing the street. It was a strange sight to see women on their knees on the most prominent part of the street. I told God about this man selling liquor to this woman's husband, and told Him she had been washing to get bread, and asked God to close up this den and drive this man out. Mrs. Elliott also prayed. We then told this man that God would hear and that hell was his portion if he did not change. In a short time he closed his bar, left his family there, and went to another state. His property was sold gradually and he never returned, except to move his family away, and I heard afterwards he was reduced to poverty.

Another jointist was named Hank O'Bryan. In passing his place one night from prayer-meeting, I smelled the horrid drink and went in. A man by the name of Grogan was there, half drunk, and I said: "You have a dive here." Mr. Grogan replied: "No, Mother Nation, you are wrong, and I can prove it."

"Let me see what you have in the back room," I asked. "All right, Mother," he said, and took me through several passages, until I came to a very small room with a table covered with beer bottles, that had been recently emptied, and in one corner sat a man, Mr. Smith, a man from Sharon, who the W. C. T. U. had been talking of arresting for selling liquor in that town. Grogan introduced me to him, and he, Mr. Smith, looked terrified and astonished. I took up one of the bottles and asked what it had contained. His reply: "Hop Tea." I asked: "What name is that on the label?" It was "Anheuser-Busch," but I could get neither of them to pronounce it. I turned up one of

the bottles and put it to my lips and told them that it was beer, and that I could take an oath that it was. Grogan threw up his hands saying: "Now, Mother Nation, if you get me into trouble I will do something desperate." I had visited this man Grogan in jail a year before this, where he was put for getting drunk and fighting. I said: "I do not wish to get either of you in trouble, but want to get you out." I had my Bible with me and I opened it to several passages where drink was condemned, and told them where it would lead. I told them I would not speak of this to anyone. When I said I would not "tell on them" the look of gladness on their faces was pitiful to see.

I said: "I am going to pray God to have mercy on you. Kneel down." Like two obedient little children, they knelt. Some may smile at this, but I was deeply affected and felt a compassion and tenderness toward these poor men, whom the devil was leading captive at his will. That prayer I offered, was heard.

In one week from that time this man Grogan came to my house, and fell down at my feet crying and wringing his hands saying: "Oh! Mrs. Nation I am going to hell, but it is not your fault and I came to ask you to pray for me." He was in great agony of soul. He had been drinking until he was almost crazy. He left in about half an hour, saying he "was going to hell," but I told him: No; to have faith in God and He would save him.

This was the last I saw of him, but I heard afterwards that he had a small store in Wichita and was living in the rear of it with his family. The person who told me of him, said that he asked Mr. Grogan if

he sold liquor. His answer was: "No, I got enough of that in Medicine Lodge."

Mr. Smith became a wreck, and lost his business in Sharon. After I came out of jail in Wichita the third time, I met a man on the street and he made himself known as the Smith of Sharon. He looked quite well and said he had quit drinking entirely and was a real estate dealer in Wichita.

I soon heard of its being told around in Medicine Lodge that I drank beer in a dive. So I went to Hank O'Bryan's restaurant and said: "Some of these jointists are telling that I drank in a dive. Now if it comes to the ears of the public, I will have to go on the witness stand and tell where I drank beer." Hank turned pale, looked comical and I never heard any more of that.

There was a saloon keeper in Kiowa, named Billy Morris and living with him as his wife was a girl whose name was Cora Bennett. This poor girl had been living an irregular life, but was true to this man, who had promised her time after time to marry her, but was only deceiving her. She entered his bar room one day and told him he must fulfill his promise to her now, or she would kill him. He laughed at her. She fired a shot and killed him on the spot; then the poor girl fell on his dead body screaming in a distracted manner. She was arrested and brought to jail at Medicine Lodge; and was there six months. Being Jail Evangelist I went to see her, sometimes twice a week. When I first saw her she was reticent, and did not seem glad to see me. She was so nice, that I fell in love with her and I asked the ladies of the W. C. T.

U. to visit her, but they thought her a hopeless case. She bought a Bible and we would read and pray together and talk about the need of Christ in our lives. She was a woman of great sympathy. I asked her once: "Did you ever love anyone." She wept bitterly and said: "Yes, the man I killed."

Toward the last she seemed perfectly delighted when I came to her cell. She consented to go to a home where she would have friends who would keep her, to make a change in her life. The morning she left I went to the jail and rode with her in the hack to the depot and then to a town about twenty miles east of Medicine Lodge, called Attica. On the train from Medicine Lodge to Attica, the deputy sheriff had a man give this girl a letter from him, telling her to meet him at Wellington. The girl's father lived at Attica, and an older sister of her's met us. I could see the sister was not a good woman. She took Cora to a room and exchanged her modest clothes for a showy hat and elaborate silk dress; and when I saw her it almost broke my heart. I said to her: "Oh, Cora, all my work to save you is in vain." I would rather have seen her drop dead, and I grieved all the way home. From Attica she went to Wellington, instead of Olathe, Kansas, where she was to enter this home. James Dobson was sheriff of Barber county, and his brother kept a saloon in Kiowa, the first saloon I ever smashed.

I heard no good news of Cora for some years. She led a bad life. Five years later, through a W. C. T. U. lecturer, I heard that she was married and living in Colorado; and she was an efficient worker as a W.

C. T. U. woman; among fallen women. She told of her past life and of a Mrs. Nation visiting her. This woman said it was so incredible to believe that Cora could have been so bad, and had taken a human life, that she was anxious to see the place in Kiowa and to see Cora's prison cell, and meet me. I was then in Oklahoma, and I certainly rejoiced over this news from her I had learned to love. I saw in this wayward girl certain qualities that would be a power for good, if once God could have His way with her life.

There are diamonds in the slush and filth of this world. Happy is he who picks them up and helps to wash the dirt away, that they may shine for God. I am very much drawn to my fallen sisters. Oh! the cruelty and oppression they meet with! If the first stone was cast by those who were guiltless, those who were to be stoned would rarely get a blow.

O. L. DAY'S DRUG STORE.

There was a druggist, O. L. Day, in Medicine Lodge who was unlawfully selling intoxicating liquor. He himself was drinking; as was his clerk. I was told of a deposit of this contraband goods. I put a little boy on my buggy horse and sent a letter to our dear Sister Cain, who was president of our local union. She called several of the women together at our W. C. T. U. room and told them what I knew of O. L. Day receiving these intoxicants. There was a great deal of discussion, but at last it was decided that we should investigate. At that time I was regarded as a fanatic, and many of these were afraid for me to plan for them, so I kept very quiet. It was finally agreed that Mrs.

A. L. Noble and Mrs. Runyan should go first and see how matters were. Sister Runyan finally said before we got there: "Let Mrs. Nation go in my place." I said: "Thank God!" Oh, I was so glad, for I felt that I could handle this case.

O. L. Day was a gentleman by nature. He was a man with one fault, and that was alcoholism. Mrs. Noble said: "You do the talking." While we were in the W. C. T. U. room discussing, Sister Runyan said: "I will not have aything to do with this if Mrs. Nation does." I kept still, praying for the raid to go through, even if I was not in it; and when it came to the point, I had just what I wanted. I felt entirely equal to the occasion. Sister Runyan did not understand me then, for we are the best of friends and she has been true to me in my efforts to defend the homes of Kansas. I told Mr. Day, we as a W. C. T. U. thought he had not been dealing fairly, and I looked at his little back room suspiciously, as much as to say: "I would like to see what you have in there." He said: "Ladies would you like to go in that room?" I said: "Yes." I knew I could discover the secret. I saw behind the prescription case a ten gallon keg. I said to myself: "That is a find." About this time the rest of the women, accompanied by Sister Cain, came in the front door. Mr. Day was as white as death all the time. As soon as he went to the front I smelled the keg bung. I turned it on one side and rolled it to the front saying; "Women, this is the whiskey!" Mr. Day's clerk caught the end of the keg to turn it out of my hands and on the other side of it was Jim Gano, the marshal, who I think hauled all the divekeepers'

goods to them. Nine years have passed since this occurred and this is the third edition of my book. Mr. Gano is a man with a kind heart and generous, but drink was his enemy. An intimate friend in speaking of Mr. Gano, said: "Jim is just as much opposed to whiskey as you are, he is a changed man." I said to him once when we were quarrelling, which we often did, and I referred to his beautiful boy Jerry who was then not more than fifteen, "How would you like to see that boy drink liquor?" Mr. Gano replied: "He can drink all he wants too like his daddy." I said: "Never mind you will live to eat those words." And he has. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.) I then placed a foot on each side of the keg and held it firm with both feet and hands. Jim Gano sprang in front of me and with his chest against my head, I thought certainly he would break my neck. I called to the women to help me. Mrs. Noble caught him by one side of the collar and some one the other side and held him back against the counter until I could roll the keg out into the street. All this time Sister Cain, like a general, was saying: "Don't any one touch these women. They are right. They are christian women, trying to save the boys of our state." I called for a hatchet from the hardware store of Mr. Case. He was very angry and said: "No!" He also, was drinking too much. I called to Mrs. Noble to get a sledge hammer from the blacksmith shop across the street. She did and handed it to me. I struck with all my might. The whiskey flew high in the air. The women came near to pour it out, but I said: "Save some." So Sister Runyan got a bottle and filled it. Then we

poured it out and set it afire. I fell on my knees in the middle of the street and thanked God for this victory. Dr. Gould, a man "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils," was the one to help Day dispose of these drinks, as many doctors do. This doctor gave out that this was "California Brandy," costing seventy-five dollars, that he had advised Day to get it for medical purposes.

Mr. Day was at this time getting a permit to sell it for medical purposes. He appeared in court to prove he was a graduate pharmacist, never drank, and never had a clerk that did. The W. C. T. U. were there in a body. We contested his right to have the permit. Poor man. I pitied him. He was very much under the influence of intoxicants. When asked: "What that was in the keg the ladies rolled out of his drug store on the 16th of February?" he said: "It was California brandy." When asked: "If he knew the taste of whiskey and brandy," he said: "Yes." We handed him a bottle of this that he said was brandy. He pronounced it "a poor quality of sour mash whiskey." Sister Runyan was then put on the stand and said: "It came from the keg that was smashed."

This man was so humbled that he sold out in a month and left Medicine Lodge. There are parties in that town who are more responsible than O. L. Day. They did everything in their power to have him do that which was his ruin. In retaliation for this the republican rum element one night made an attack on Sister Cain's and my house, broke windows and threw rocks, and broke my buggy. They also sent a negro to my house, named Haskel, a noted Bootlegger. He

asked for an interview. He had quite a tale to tell me about hearing some men say that if the women appeared against Day that my house would go. I am so well acquainted with the colored race I could read him from the first and knew that these "Rummies" had put this negro up to intimidate me. I listened as if I believed. Then I said: "Haskel you ought to know by this time that such men as these will not prevent me from doing my duty, besides should my home be burned, it would be a lecture in favor of my cause that would be worth more to me than the home. Now Haskel you get in the company of these men and you tell them what I have told you." This negro pretended to me that he came to me as a friend. When I told him what I did, his expression was amusing to see.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIRITUAL LEADINGS.—JESUS A CONSCIOUS PRESENCI THREE DAYS.—LOSS OF LIBERTY BY COMPROMISING.—THE PRICE PAID TO BE REINSTATED.—DISGRACE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

I had once while in Medicine Lodge, a heavenly rapture for three days. My Savior was my constant companion. I saw no form, heard no word. But His dear face was just behind and looking over my right shoulder. He was a conscious presence and the deep peace was beyond any experience I ever had. I shunned people. I would talk to Him, would sing and play the accompaniment on the organ. I was particular about my home work. While I saw no face, or form, I realized that His was a sweet, smiling, gratified expression, and it told me I was pleasing Him. I did not seem then to think this anything wonderful, and have often reproached myself for not setting more store by this at the time.

There was a period of from six months to a year that I was terribly haunted by the sensation of hanging over a precipice. I hung only by a rope above my head held by a hand out of a cloud. At night or in the day, it was the same uneasy dread of falling. The precipice below was black and horrible. There were banks on each side. At last I swung over, landing on the right side. Oh! the relief!

I asked an old-fashioned sister, whom I knew was a saint, to tell me what was wrong in my testimony. "I

do not have liberty when I speak." She said: "You do not praise God enough." I began to pray for a spirit of praise. Shortly after this I was at prayer-meeting, was praying for a spirit of praise. It was put in my mouth I rose to my feet and began to say: "Praise God! Praise God!" Repeating it over and over. Oh! how sweet to use and hear those words! I could scarcely repress the impulse to use them all the time. For a long time after this, when the Bible was read or testimony struck me as being just right, I would audibly say: "Praise God!" This was a "gift," for I had never felt the impulse before. I have in a measure left this off, but I use it all the time, when I hear good news, or see what pleases me. "He led captivity (sin) captive and gave *gifts* unto men." Ever since I received the "baptism of the Holy Ghost," I have liked one church about as well as another. I go to all even the Catholic. I fast on Friday and use the sign of the cross. Fast, because my Savior suffered in the flesh on Friday; use the sign of the cross, because in the cross is salvation. Meditations on the cross always lift heavenward. 'Tis the royal way, I want to keep it always in view, want it to be the last I see. We who bear the cross continually in this transient life, will wear the crown continually in the eternal. I love a picture of the cross or a crucifix. I am debtor both to the Jew and the Greek. I do not feel the dislike to the Catholic church that some Protestants do. God's church is invisible to the world, for it is set up in the hearts of the children of men. I have been greatly edified by conversing with Catholic priests. When I lived in Texas my spiritual condition

was such that I wanted some explanation. I went to see Father Hennesy, of Houston, I explained to him my strange leadings, he said a wise and good thing, told me to "read the scriptures and pray and God would lead me right."

I had a great anxiety at one time that threatened to take away my reason, I was almost in despair. I prayed God to lift the burden. One night I had a dream, I was walking in a woodland and a beautiful light was over all and flowers in the shape of words, which I did not read, began to fall from heaven. When I awoke the horrible gloom was gone; this was very marvelous to me.

I was lying on the floor once, when things seemed so dark, and I had great forbodings, and God gave me a vision. I saw what seemed to be an earth quake, the lightening was flashing, and I saw a bright glow in the midst and in that glow were two people one was like the Son of Man and the other was myself.

I was at church in Medicine Lodge one night, during a protracted meeting held by Bro. Parker and Hodges. Two sisters came to me and complained that I made so much noise, that they could not enjoy the service. I said: "To please you I will try to keep quiet, but remember it is my God and *your* God I am praising. I would rejoice to hear *you* praise Him." Next night something was said that was good to me. I said: 'Praise God!" caught myself when I saw one of the sisters near, and from that time I felt little impulse and at last none. I went to every meeting but lost my liberty and became so bound, I could not testify or pray. I was very miserable, would weep from a deso-

lation of spirit. This continued for three weeks. The meeting was still going on. My spiritual darkness became so great, I went up one afternoon to the altar. I rose and told of how I had "lost my liberty and peace by withholding praise to God by trying to please two sisters." While I was confessing, the spirit fell in great power and I acted as if I were beside myself. I was almost wild with delight. I seemed to fly home and back in the evening. One in this state appears crazy to the world, even disgusting. No one sees a reason for this unnatural overflow of feeling. At the beginning of the service, opportunity was given for testimony. I rose eager to tell of my returned joy; told of praying for, and getting what I prayed for, then losing it, by compromise; closed by saying: "That never again would I refuse to do the will of God even if it offended all and made me appear a fool." My testimony seemed to be fanatical, for my manner indicated one greatly moved. When I took my seat a "still small voice" said: "You must sing a song." Bro. Osburn was sitting near. He had the song book "Finest of the Wheat,' in his hands. I took it then handed it back. I felt like one in a dreadful dilemma—all joy had given place to fear. Bro. Osburn again handed me the book. I felt then I must go through this trying ordeal. I took the book, walked up to the front, all were standing, the church crowded and Bro. Parker gave out the number of the hymn "40." "No," I said, "We will sing No. 3." This song was, "I know Not Why This Wondrous Grace To Me He Hath Made Known." Bro. Parker gave out the number again. I said, "No," and began to sing. Bro. Allen accompan-

ied me with his cornet. Of course one can imagine what an impression this would make on an audience. I sang two verses and the chorus. I then took my seat. Then a flood of peace and heavenly companionship took possession of me. I then knew what it was to have angels minister unto you. God took me at my word and made me appear a "fool," and objectionable, to the whole people. What a fatal result there might have been, if I had not obeyed God!

I know why people do not have power with God. They will not abandon themselves to the whole will of God, because they will not suffer the *offence* of the cross. Why care for the criticism of men that change and die!

I had an experience once for eight months, when I felt that Christ had turned his face from me, not in displeasure, but this was a trial of faith. My prayers had no response, brought me no hope of having been heard. But I prayed quite as much, if not more. Never got discouraged, although I was in gloom, and my heart was like lead. All at once there was a return of the conscious presence of God. 'Tis a poor servant that serves only for hire. "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." (Job. 13:15.) God has kept me from following any but Him.

One dear friend thought that Haney was the great holiness teacher, another one thought Caradine. They would quote their sayings, but I always found better and clearer teaching in the word of God. I could see errors in all the holiness teachers, but not one in the Bible. The book of Job settled the question of the most perfect experience. Men can be perfect men and

not perfect saints. When Job was, "holding fast his integrity," (Job 2:3), God did not bless him like He did when Job saw the perfection of God and said: "Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." (Job 42:6.) The Sermon on the Mount is the greatest lesson in holiness and is from the only one that can teach holiness. Great lessons can be taught by all persons, taught of God, but 'tis better to drink at the fountain than out of a stale bucket. Besides all have imperfection. "To the law and to the testimony if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." (Isa. 8:20.) "They shall all be taught of God." "If any lack wisdom, let them ask of God who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given." (Jas. 1:5.)

From the time that my Christian experience began, I never wished to be associated with rich people, or rather people that had wealth for display. I would feel uncomfortable in a house filled with furniture or bric-a-brac. It would be an evidence to me of the great waste of money and time by the owner. Nothing had value to me only as it could be used for the salvation of men and women, and the glorifying of God. It mortified me to see a very well dressed woman. I noticed that those so-called fashionable women really never had time or money to do charity. Of course there are exceptions. The display of wealth to me is an evidence of a depraved nature. The real use of wealth, is to relieve the wants of mankind. The time is coming when the millionaires will be the despised of the people, for they are learning fast that people who amass fortunes, and hoard them, are in

that condition because they have ground the face of the poor. They are not honest or good. A man or woman now that can hoard money or goods and pass and repass the suffering every day, has a cold, selfish heart, and instead of its being in the future a letter of credit to say: "Mr. So and So is a millionaire," it will be a disgrace as it should be, to live for wealth and self alone. Still 'tis well to get all the money in a good way, that you can and then use it in a good cause. Job was a rich man but he was a friend of the "fatherless and widow." He dealt his bread to the hungry. He was "feet to the lame and eyes to the blind." Such rich men as Job are blessings, but those men who boast of their hoarded treasures, spend their money in the gratification of their lusts, to them God says: "Woe or curses unto you rich men! Weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you! Your garments are moth eaten, your gold is cankered and the rust shall eat your flesh as if it were fire." Yes, there is a class of rich men that would now *howl,* and *weep* with all their money, if they knew their fate.

I have never had so light a heart or felt so well satisfied as since I smashed those murder mills. For years I had an aching, weeping heart. I would often put ashes on my head. I felt like wearing sackcloth. I can see the hand of God in my life. From a small child I loved the world, used to be fond of pets. It seemed that my pets always came to grief. Then I was very anxious to be thought smart. Would try to write and wanted a thorough education. I became almost an invalid. Could not attend school. Was hindered on account of the circumstances brought about by the

Civil war. The man I loved and married brought to me bitter grief. The child I loved so well became afflicted and never seemed to want my love. The man I married, hoping to serve God, I found to be opposed to all I did, as a Christian. I used to wonder why this was. I saw others with their loving children and husbands and I would wish their condition was mine. I now see why God saw in me a great lover, and in order to have me use that love for Him, and others, He did not let me have those that would have narrowed my life down to my own selfish wishes. Oh! the grief He has sent me! Oh! the fiery trials! Oh! the shattered hopes! How I love Him for this! "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." There are pages in my life that have had much to do in bringing me in sympathy with the fallen tempted natures. These I cannot write, but let no erring, sinful man or woman think that Carry Nation would not understand this, for Carry Nation is a sinner saved by grace and I know He can save to the uttermost, all that come unto Him. "Heaven is made for redeemed sinners and hell for the proud and disobedient." When I see the proud glance, the boastful manner, the display of, "I am better than thou," I feel pity and commiseration for the poor dying creature and see "behind the face a grinning skull." I like the companionship of the servant in the kitchen more than the mistress in the parlor. I covet the humblest walk. I wish for the power, often, to make the rich take back seats, and give the front to the poor, the crippled, the lame and the blind. I will not have a piece of fine furniture. I would feel like a reprobate

to fill my room with exquisite furniture, using money I could feed the hungry with, clothe the naked, doing things that would please my Lord. What a change! I used to delight in cut-glass, china, plush, velvet and lace. Now I can say vanity, all is vanity!" There may be almost selfishness in this eager desire I have to give away the means that are at my disposal. What I use or leave behind will never be placed to my credit in the bank of heaven. What we give away for the love of God and our neighbor is all we take with us. I will be so delighted with a home that I can call mine, forever. I like nice wearing apparel but I will not be deceived by spending my time and means for that which will hinder me from having them where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. So I wish to make to myself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and not enemies, for the hoarded dollars are bitter foes that will be witnesses against these rich men at That Day.

From the beginning of my Christian experience I have devoted myself to the poor. I prayed God to give me opportunity to be helpful to those who were destitute of the comforts of life. The people of Medicine Lodge were so good to aid me. I could go to the stores and ask for flour, sugar and different kinds of eatables and get them. There was one man I never asked in vain, when I wished aid for the poor, that was C. Q. Chandler, a man who was able to help. I have taken poor children to his house and he has given me orders at the dry goods stores to clothe them, so they could attend school. He has given me money frequently to get fuel and clothes for those who needed

them. One Christmas he wrote me a letter, asking me for the names of all the poor ones and asking me to name something they needed. I did, and all got something useful. Such men are worthy to be stewards of God's treasury.

For years I made it my duty, every fall, to go from house to house to gather clothes for the poor families, wash women and others who had not time to sew for their children. I never allowed a child to stay out of day or Sunday school, for want of clothes. I would sort out these clothes and distribute them as needed. Persons would say, "I am afraid I would make people angry." I said if any one feels that way I will say: "You are not the one I am sent to." I never hurt anyone's feelings by offering them these things.

There was a family by the name of French who came into a neighborhood about three miles from town. I heard they were destitute. I filled my buggy and went there and found they were sadly in need. I brought the things in just such as was needed. The family was large. The woman cried as if her heart would break, she could not thank me enough. It takes so little to make some people happy.

I read of a miserable miser once who was on the verge of suicide by the side of a river. A little girl came to him saying: "Please sir, my mother is sick and hungry. Please give me something so I can get her something to eat." The man said within himself: "I will do this for the child before I die." He went to a bakershop and got her a full basket. Then she looked so weak he carried it home to her mother. The poor woman on the pallet of straw, kissed his hands

and blessed him. He thought of the money he might use to make people happy. He concluded he would use it before he died for he had enjoyed for the first time in his life the peace that comes from giving. After this his life was a blessing to himself and others. He had found the best use of life.

I once read a beautiful story of one of the early fathers of the church. He gave away everything even to sufficient clothes to keep himself warm. A rich kind hearted woman made him a coat of fur very expensive. Next time she saw him he did not have it. "Where is that coat father?" she asked. He replied: "I thought so much of it I laid it up in heaven. Where moth and rust doth not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal." (Matt. 6:19.) He had given it to the first shivering man he met.

CHAPTER. VIII.

THE DIVINE CALL.—THE JOINT DRUGGIST OF MEDICINE LODGE.—BEER A POISON.—DOCTORS MAKE DRUNKARDS.—SMASHING AT KIOWA.—ATTITUDE OF SOME W. C. T. U.'S OF KANSAS.—SUIT FOR SLANDER.—SMASHING AT WICHITA.—CONSPIRACY OF THE REPUBLICANS TO PUT ME IN THE INSANE ASYLUM.—SUFFERING IN JAIL AT WICHITA.—SLANDERS FROM THE RUM-SOAKED PAPERS OF KANSAS.

At the time these dives were open, contrary to the statutes of our state, the officers were really in league with this lawless element. I was heavily burdened and could see "the wicked walking on every side, and the vilest men exalted." (Ps. 12:8.) I was ridiculed, was called "meddler," "crazy," was pointed to as a fanatic. I spent much time in tears, prayer and fasting. I would fast days at a time. One day I was so sad; I opened the Bible with a prayer for light, and saw these words: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. 60:1.) These words gave me unbounded delight.

I ran to a sister and said: "There is to be a change in my life."

As Jail Evangelist for the W. C. T. U. in Medicine Lodge, I would ask the men in prison, young and old, why are you here? The answer was, it was "drink," "drink." I said, why do you get drunk in Kansas where we have no saloons? They told me that they got their drink in Kiowa. This town was in Barber

county, a county right on the border of Oklahoma. I went to Mr. Sam Griffen, the County Attorney, time after time, telling him of these men being in jail from drink. He would put the matter off and seem very much annoyed because I asked him to do what he swore he would do, for he was oath bound to get out a warrant and put this in the hands of the sheriff who was oath bound to arrest these dive-keepers, and put them in jail and the place or dive was to be publicly abated or destroyed. Mr. Griffen was determined that these dive-keepers should not be arrested. I even went down to Kiowa myself and went into these places and came back asking this County Attorney to take my evidence and he would not do it. Then I wrote to Mr. A. A. Godard of Topeka, the State's Attorney, whose duty it was to see that all the County Attorneys did their duties. I saw he did not intend to do anything, then I went to William Stanley the Governor at Topeka. I told him of the prisoners in jail in our county from the sale of liquor in the dives of Kiowa, told him of the broken families and trouble of all kinds in the county, told him of two murders that had been committed in the county, one alone costing the tax payers $8,000.00, told him of the broken hearted women and the worse than fatherless children as the result. I found out that he would not do his duty. I had gone from the lowest to the chief-executive of the state, and after appealing to the governor in vain I found that I could go to no other authority on earth.

Now I saw that Kansas was in the power of the bitter foe to the constitution, and that they had accomplished what the whiskey men and their tools, the Re-

publican party and politicians had schemed and worked for. When two thirds of the voters of Kansas said at the ballot box—about 1880, I think it was—"We will not have a saloon in our state." This was made constitutional by the two-thirds majority. Nothing could change this or take it out of the constitution except by having the amendment re-submitted and two-thirds of the people voting to bring the saloons back. They intended then with their bribes and otherwise to buy votes. The first act was to organize the state into what they called the "Mystic Order of Brotherhood." Of course this was kept very quiet and few of the people in the towns knew of this order and organization. When the Devil wants to carry out his deepest plots he must do, through a secret order, what he cannot otherwise do. He does his work through, by, and in, the kingdom of darkness. For this one reason he must hoodwink the people to make them his tools.

God has given me a mean fight, a dirty and dangerous fight; for it is a war on the hidden things of darkness. I am, in this book throwing all the light I can on the dangerous foe to liberty, free speech and Christianity, the Masonic Lodge, which is the father of all the other secret orders. Through this Mystic Order of Brotherhood managing the primaries and elections, they got into office from constable up to the governor, the tools of the liquor power. The great question that was then discussed was "re-submission." Every representative to congress at Topeka was in favor of the re-submission without an exception. Money was sent into Kansas by the thousands

from brewers and distillers to be used by politicians for the purpose of bringing about re-submission. Kansas was the storm center. If the liquor men could bring back saloons into Kansas then a great blow would be struck against prohibition in all the states. This would discourage the people all over. Their great word was, "you can't," "prohibition will not prohibit." I do not belong to the "can't" family. When I was born my father wrote my name Carry A. Moore, then later it was Nation, which is more still. C. A. N. are the initials of my name, then C. (see) A. Nation! And all together Carry A. Nation! This is no accident but Providence. This does not mean that I will carry a nation, but that the roused heart and conscience will, as I am the roused heart and conscience of the people. There are just two crowds, God's crowd and the Devil's crowd. One gains the battle by can, and the other loses it by can't.

My Christian experience will give you the secret of my life, it is God indwelling. When I found I could effect nothing through the officials, I was sad, indeed. I saw that Kansas homes, hearts and souls were to be sacrificed. I had lost all the hopes of my young life through drink, I saw the terrible butchery that would follow. I felt that I had rather die than to see the saloons come back into Kansas. I felt desperate. I took this to God daily, feeling that he only could rescue. On the 5th of June, 1899 before retiring, I threw myself face downward at the foot of my bed at my home in Medicine Lodge. I poured out my grief and agony to God, in about this strain: "Oh Lord you see the treason in Kansas, they are going to break the

mothers' hearts, they are going to send the boys to drunkards' graves and a drunkard's hell. I have exhausted all my means, Oh Lord, you have plenty of ways. You have used the base things and the weak things, use me to save Kansas. I have but one life to give you, If I had a thousand, I would give them all, please show me something to do." The next morning I was awakened by a voice which seemed to be speaking in my heart, these words, "Go to Kiowa," and my hands were lifted and thrown down and the words, "I'll stand by you." The words, "Go to Kiowa," were spoken in a murmuring, musical tone, low and soft, but, "I'll stand by you," was very clear, positive and emphatic. I was impressed with a great inspiration, the interpretation was very plain, it was this: "Take something in your hands, and throw at these places in Kiowa and smash them." I was very much relieved and overjoyed and was determined to be, "obedient to the heavenly vision." Acts 26:19.) I told no one what I heard or what I intended to do.

I was a busy home keeper, did all my house work, was superintendent of two Sunday schools, one in the country, was jail evangelist, and president of the W. C. T. U. and kept open house for all of God's people, where all the Christian workers were welcome to abide at my house.

When no one was looking I would walk out in the yard and pick up brick bats and rocks, would hide them under my kitchen apron, would take them in my room, would wrap them up in newspapers one by one. I did this until I got quite a pile. A very sneaking degenerate druggist in Medicine Lodge named South-

worth, had for years been selling intoxicating liquors on the sly. I had gotten in his drug store four bottles of Schlitz Malt. I was going to use them as evidence to convict this wiley dive keeper.

One of the bottles I took to a W. C. T. U. meeting and in the presence of the ladies I opened it and drank the contents. Then I had two of them to take me down to a Doctor's office. I fell limp on the sofa and said: "Doctor, what is the matter with me?"

He looked at my eyes, felt my heart and pulse, shook his head and looked grave.

I said: "Am I poisoned?" "Yes, said the Doctor."

I said: "What poisoned me is that beer you recommended Bro. ———— to take as a tonic." I resorted to this stratagem, to show the effect that beer has upon the system. This Doctor was a kind man and meant well, but it must have been ignorance that made him say beer could ever be used as a medicine.

There was another, Dr. Kocile, in Medicine Lodge who used to sell all the whiskey he could. He made a drunkard of a very prominent woman of the town, who took the Keeley cure. She told the W. C. T. U. of the villainy of this doctor and she could not have hated any one more. Oh! the drunkards the doctors are making! No physician, who is worthy of the name will prescribe it as a medicine, for there is not one medical quality in alcohol. It kills the living and preserves the dead. Never preserves anything but death. It is made by a rotting process and it rots the brain, body and soul; it paralyzes the vascular circulation and increases the action of the heart. This is friction and

friction in any machinery is dangerous, and the cure is not hastened but delayed.

Any physician that will prescribe whiskey or alcohol as a medicine is either a fool or a knave. A fool because he does not understand his business, for even saying that alcohol does arouse the action of the heart, there are medicines that will do that and will not produce the fatal results of alcoholism, which is the worst of all diseases. He is a knave because his practice is a matter of getting a case, and a fee at the same time, like a machine agent who breaks the machine to get the job of mending it. Alcohol destroys the normal condition of all the functions of the body. The stomach is thrown out of fix, and the patient goes to the doctor for a stomach pill, the heart, liver, kidneys, and in fact, the whole body is in a deranged condition, and the doctor has a perpetual patient. I sincerely believe this to be the reason why many physicians prescribe it.

At half past three that day I was ready to start, hitched up the buggy myself, drove out of the stable, rode down a hill and over a bridge that was just outside the limits of Medicine Lodge. I saw in the middle of the road perhaps a dozen or so creatures in the forms of men leaning towards the buggy as if against a rope which prevented them from coming nearer. Their faces were those of demons and the gestures of their hands as if they would tear me up. I did not know what to do, but I lifted my hands, and my eyes to God, saying: "Oh! Lord, help me, help me." When I looked down these diabolical creatures were not in front of the buggy, but they were off to the right fleeing as if they were terrified. I did not know or think

what this meant. My life was so full of strange, peculiar things at that time that I could not understand the meaning. Not for years did I interpret the meaning of this vision. I know now what those creatures were. They were real devils that knew more of what I was going to do than I did. The devil is a prophet, he reads scripture, he knew Jesus when He was here, and he knew that I came to fulfill prophecy, and that this was a death blow to his kingdom.

The peoples' consciences were asleep while these dreadful burglars of saloons were robbing the homes and God had to shock them to rouse them up. God cannot work with a people whose conscience is dead. The devil cannot continue with an awakened conscience. I expected to stay all night with a dear friend, Sister Springer, who lived about half way to Kiowa When I arrived near her home the sun was almost down, but I was very eager to go to Kiowa and I said: "Oh, Lord, if it is Thy will for me to go to Kiowa tonight, have Price, (my horse,) pass this open gate," which I knew he would never do unless God ordered it. I gave him the reins and when I got opposite the open gate my horse jumped forward as if some one had struck him a blow. I got to Kiowa at half past eight, stayed all night. Next morning I had my horse hitched and drove to the first dive kept by a Mr. Dobson, whose brother was then sheriff of the county. I stacked up these smashers on my left arm, all I could hold. They looked like packages wrapped in paper. I stood before the counter and said: "Mr. Dobson, I told you last spring to close this place, you did not do it, now I have come down with another remonstrance, get out

of the way, I do not want to strike you, but I am going to break this place up." I threw as hard, and as fast as I could, smashing mirrors and bottles and glasses and it was astonishing how quickly this was done. These men seemed terrified, threw up their hands and backed up in the corner. My strength was that of a giant. I felt invincible. God was certainly standing by me.

I will tell you of a very strange thing. As the stones were flying against this "wonderful and horrible" thing, I saw Mr. McKinley, the President, sitting in an old fashion arm chair and as the stones would strike I saw them hit the chair and the chair fell to pieces, and I saw Mr. McKinley fall over. I did not understand this until very recently, now I know that the smashing in Kansas was intended to strike the head of this nation the hardest blow, for every saloon I smashed in Kansas had a license from the head of this government which made the head of the government more responsible than the dive-keeper. I broke up three of these dives that day, broke the windows on the outside to prove that the man who rents his house is a partner also with the man who sells. The party who licenses and the paper that advertises, all have a hand in this and are *particeps criminis.* I smashed five saloons with rocks, before I ever took a hatchet.

In the last place, kept by Lewis, there was quite a young man behind the bar. I said to him: "Young man, come from behind that bar, your mother did not raise you for such a place." I threw a brick at the mirror, which was a very heavy one, and it did not break, but the brick fell and broke everything in its

way. I began to look around for something that would break it. I was standing by a billiard table on which there was one ball. I said: "Thank God," and picked it up, threw it, and it made a hole in the mirror.

By this time, the streets were crowded with people; most of them seemed to look puzzled. There was one boy about fifteen years old who seemed perfectly wild with joy, and he jumped, skipped and yelled with delight. I have since thought of that as being a significant sign. For to smash saloons will save the boy.

I stood in the middle of the street and spoke in this way: "I have destroyed three of your places of business, and if I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail; if I am not a law-breaker your mayor and councilmen are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal, they are."

One of the councilmen, who was a butcher, said: "Don't you think we can attend to our business."

"Yes," I said, "You can, but you won't. As Jail Evangelist of Medicine Lodge, I know you have manufactured many criminals and this county is burdened down with taxes to prosecute the results of these dives. Two murders have been committed in the last five years in this county, one in a dive I have just destroyed. You are a butcher of hogs and cattle, but they are butchering men, women and children, positively contrary to the laws of God and man, and the mayor and councilmen are more to blame than the jointist, and now if I have done wrong in any particular arrest me." When I was through with my speech I got into my buggy and said: "I'll go home."

The marshal held my horse and said: "Not yet; the mayor wishes to see you."

I drove up to where he was, and the man who owned one of the dive buildings I had smashed was standing by Dr. Korn, the mayor, and said: "I want you to pay for the front windows you broke of my building."

I said: "No, you are a partner of the dive-keeper and the statutes hold your building responsible. The man that rents the building for any business is no better than the man who carries on the business, and you are party to the crime." They ran back and forward to the city attorney several times. At last they came and told me I could go. As I drove through the streets the reins fell out of my hands and I, standing up in my buggy; lifted my hands twice, saying: ("Peace on earth, good will to men.") This action I know was done through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. "Peace on earth, good will to men," being the result of the destruction of saloons and the motive for destroying them.

When I reached Medicine Lodge the town was in quite an excitement, the news having been telegraphed ahead. I drove through the streets and told the people I would be at the postoffie corner to tell them of my work in the jail here, and the young men's lives that had been ruined, and the broken hearted mothers, the taxation that had been brought on the county; and other wrongs of the dives of Kiowa; of how I had been to the sheriff, Mr. Gano, and the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Griffin; how I had written to the state's attorney general, Mr. Goddard, and I saw there was a conspiracy with the party in power to violate their

oaths, and refuse to enforce the constitution of Kansas, and I did only what they swore they would do. I had a letter from a Mr. Long, of Kiowa, saying that Mr. Griffin, the prosecuting attorney, was taking bribes, and that he and the sheriff were drinking and gambling in the dives at Kiowa.

This smashing aroused the people of the county to this outrage and these dive-keepers were arrested, although we did not ask the prosecuting attorney to get out a warrant, or sheriff to make an arrest. Neither did we take the case before any justice of the peace in Kiowa or Medicine Lodge, for they belong to the republican party and would prevent the prosecution. The cases were taken out in the country several miles from Kiowa before Moses E. Wright, a Free Methodist and a justice of the peace of Moore township.

The men were found guilty, and for the first time in the history of Barber county, all dives were closed. Of course it took two or three months to accomplish this and not a word was said about suing me for slander, until after the dives were closed. Then I began to hear that Sam Griffin was going to sue me for slander, because I said he took bribes. The papers were served on me, but I was not at all alarmed, for I thought it would give me an opportunity to bring out the facts of the case. I knew little about the tricks of lawyers, and the unfair ruling of judges.

I will here speak of the attitude of some of the W. C. T. U. concerning the smashing. Most of this grand body of women endorsed me from the first. A few weeks after the Kiowa raid, I held a convention in Medicine Lodge. I got letters from various W. C. T.

U. workers of the state, that they would hold my convention for me. I said: "No, I will hold my own convention."

Up to this time, no one had ever offered to hold my convention, and I fully understood, that the W. C. T. U. did not want it to go out that they endorsed me in my work at Kiowa. The state president came to my home the first day of the convention. I believe this was done, thinking I would ask her to preside at the meeting, or convention. I was glad to see her and asked her to conduct a parliamentary drill. She came to me privately and asked me to state to the convention that the W. C. T. U. knew nothing about the smashing at Kiowa and was not responsible for this act of mine. I did so, saying the "honor of smashing the saloons at Kiowa would have to be ascribed to me alone, as the W. C. T. U. did not wish any of it. So far as Sister Hutchinson, who is, and has been the president for some time, is concerned, I believe her to be a conscientious woman, and whose heart is in the right place. She and I have been the best of friends and love each other, and she has often defended me and spoken well of my work. But I think the W. C. T. U. would be much more effective under her management, if she had understood that Stanley, the republican governor, wished to handicap her in her prohibition work when he appointed her husband as physician in the reformatory at Hutchinson, Kansas. Be it said to the credit of this Christian physician he never used alcohol in his practice. And perhaps other bearings have prevented her from seeing that the republican pressure has injured our work more than anything else

in Kansas. Many of the wives of these political wire-pullers are prominent in the Union. A. W. C. T. U. must of necessity be a prohibitionist, for her pledge is a prohibition pledge, not a temperance one.

The Free Methodists although few in number, and considered a church of but small influence, have been a great power in reform. They were the abolitionists of negro slavery to a man, and now they are the abolitionists of the liquor curse. They were also my friends in this smashing. Father Wright and Bro. Atwood were at the convention I speak of. Father Wright, who has been an old soldier for the defence of Truth for many years said to me: "Never mind, Sister Nation, when they see the way the cat jumps, you will have plenty of friends." The ministers were also my friends and approved of the smashing. Bro. McClain, of the Christian church, was at the convention, and he was trying to apologize for the smashing and defend me at the same time, he said: "We all make mistakes and crooked paths, and Sister Nation we all know, tries to do right, and even if she did some crooked things, all the rest of us do the same thing."

I appreciated his motive, but for the sake of others, I replied: "I could not see that the term 'crooked' should be used. I rolled up the rocks as *straight* as I could, I placed them *straight* in the box, hitched up my horse *straight,* drove *straight* to Kiowa, walked *straight* in the saloon, threw *straight,* and broke them up in the *straightest* manner, drove home *straight,* and I did not make a *crooked* step in smashing." This of course was pleasantry, but it was the way I took to

justify myself, as but few seemed to see the merit or result of this crusade.

I never explained to the people that God told me to do this for some months, for I tried to shield myself from the almost universal opinion that I was partially insane.

I will now speak of my persecution for so-called slandering the prosecuting attorney. As I said, no one mentioned such a thing until the dives were closed. Closing the joints, called attention to the perjury of the county officials, for it was proven to be their fault, that we have dives in Kansas. In order to direct the attention from themselves, as perjurers, and to me, and to be avenged, they put their heads together to bring this suit against me. Mr. Griffin was no more to blame in this matter than the rest of the republicans. A. L. Noble, Polly Tincher, Ed. Sample and Mr. Herr, the city attorney of Kiowa, were all employed by Sam Griffin. This practically took all the legal ability, leaving one, G. A. Martin, whom I retained. I had witnesses enough to prove gambling and drinking in these dives by Mr. Griffin and the sheriff; had sufficient testimony to justify me in saying what I did. The republican judge of Kingman, Gillette, ruled out my testimony right through. If my case had been conducted properly by my lawyer, and proper exceptions taken, I could have taken the case to the supreme court, and had it reversed on several rulings. Judge Stevens and Judge Lacey, who were at the trial, told me they never saw such determination on the part of any judge to cut out the defense as the rulings of Judge Gillette. It was evident that everything was

cut and dried before going into court. Judge Gillette had several pages of instructions to the jury, telling them their duty was to convict and that the damages should be a large sum. I had these instructions examined by a good lawyer, Mr. Duminel, of Topeka, and he said the judge overleaped his prerogative. He should have told the jury the facts and the statute governing slander, but his instructions were an appeal and command to convict me. This Judge Gillette has a reputation for being a respectable citizen, but his zeal to save from disgrace his republican colleagues led him to thus persecute a loyal woman Home Defender of Kansas, and protect the rum defenders, and republican schemers, who have done more to injure prohibition in Kansas than any other party. If a democrat wanted to carry on a dive, republicans would grant him the permit to do so.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty; but the damages to the character of this republican county attorney was one dollar, and of course I sent him the dollar, but the cost which was, including all, about two hundred dollars was assessed to me and a judgment put on a piece of property, which I paid off, by the sale of my little hatchets, and lectures. Strange these trials never caused me to become discouraged, rather the reverse. I knew I was right, and God in his own time would come to my help. The more injustice I suffered, the more cause I had to resent the wrongs. I always felt that I was keeping others out of trouble, when I was in. I had resolved that at the first opportunity I would go to Wichita and break up some of the bold outlawed murder-mills there. I thought

perhaps it was God's will to make me a sacrifice as he did John Brown, and I knew this was a defiance of the national intrigue of both republican and democratic parties, when I destroyed this malicious property, which afforded them a means of enslaving the people, taxing them to gather a revenue they could squander, and giving them political jobs, thus creating a force to manage the interest and take care of the results of a business where the advantage was in the graft it gave to them and the brewers and distillers.

In two weeks from the close of this trial, on the 27th of December, 1900, I went to Wichita, almost seven months after the raid in Kiowa. Mr. Nation went to see his brother, Mr. Seth Nation, in eastern Kansas, and I was free to leave home. Monday was the 26th, the day I started. The Sunday before, the 25th, I went to the Baptist Sunday school, then to the Presbyterian for preaching, and at the close walked over to the Methodist church for class meeting. I could not keep from weeping, but I controlled myself the best I could. I did not know but that it would be the last time I would ever see my dear friends again, and could not tell them why. I gave my testimony at the class meeting; spoke particularly to members of the choir about their extravagant dress; told them that a poor sinner coming there for relief would be driven away, to see such a vanity fair in front. I begged them to dress neither in gold, silver or costly array, and spoke of the sin of wearing the corpses of dead birds and plumage of birds, and closed by saying: "These may be my dying words." At the close Sister Shell, a W. C. T. U. said to me: "What do you mean by 'my dying

words?' for you never looked better in your life." I said: "You will know later."

I took a valise with me, and in that valise I put a rod of iron, perhaps a foot long, and as large around as my thumb. I also took a cane with me. I found out by smashing in Kiowa that I could use a rock but once, so I took the cane with me. I got down to Wichita about seven o'clock in the evening, that day, and went to the hotel near the Santa Fe depot and left my valise. I went up town to select the place I would begin at first. I went into about fourteen places, where men were drinking at bars, the same as they do in licensed places. The police standing with the others. This outrage of law and decency was in violation of the oaths taken by every city officer, including mayor and councilmen, and they were as much bound to destroy these joints as they would be to arrest a murderer, or break up a den of thieves, but many of these so-called officers encouraged the violation of the law and patronized these places. I have often explained that this was the scheme of politicians and brewers to make prohibition a failure, by encouraging in every way the violation of the constitution. I felt the outrage deeply, and would gladly have given my life to redress the wrongs of the people. As Esther said: "How can I see the desolation of my people? If I perish, I perish." (Esther 4:16.) As Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty or give me death."

I finally came to the "Carey Hotel," next to which was called the Carey Annex or Bar. The first thing that struck me was the life-size picture of a naked woman, opposite the mirror. This was an oil painting

with a glass over it, and was a very fine painting hired from the artist who painted it, to be put in that place for a vile purpose. I called to the bartender; told him he was insulting his own mother by having her form stripped naked and hung up in a place where it was not even decent for a woman to be in when she had her clothes on. I told him he was a law-breaker and that he should be behind prison bars, instead of saloon bars. He said nothing to me but walked to the back of his saloon. It is very significant that the picture of naked women are in saloons. Women are stripped of everything by them. Her husband is torn from her, she is robbed of her sons, her home, her food and her virtue, and then they strip her clothes off and hang her up bare in these dens of robbery and murder. Truly does a saloon make a woman bare of all things! The motive for doing this is to suggest vice, animating the animal in man and degrading the respect he should have for the sex to whom he owes his being, yes, his Savior also!

I decided to go to the Carey for several reasons. It was the most dangerous, being the finest. The low doggery will take the low and keep them low, but these so-called respectable ones will take the respectable, make them low, then kick them out. A poor vagabond applied to a bar-tender in one of these hells glittering with crystalized tears and fine fixtures. The man behind the bar said: "You get out, you disgrace my place." The poor creature, who had been his mother's greatest treasure, shuffled out toward the door. Another customer came in, a nice looking young man, with a good suit, a white collar, and looking as if he

had plenty of money. The smiling bar-tender mixed a drink and was handing it to him. The poor vagabond from the door called out. "Five years ago, I came into your place, looking just like that young man. You have made me what you see me now. Give that drink to me and finish your work. Don't begin on him."

I went back to the hotel and bound the rod and cane together, then wrapped paper around the top of it. I slept but little that night, spending most of the night in prayer. I wore a large cape. I took the cane and walked down the back stairs the next morning, and out into the alley, I picked up as many rocks as I could carry under my cape. I walked into the Carey barroom, and threw two rocks at the picture; then turned and smashed the mirror that covered almost the entire side of the large room. Some men drinking at the bar ran out; the bar-tender was wiping a glass and he seemed transfixed to the spot and never moved. I took the cane and broke up the sideboard, which had on it all kinds of intoxicating drinks. Then I ran out across the street to destroy another one. I was arrested at 8:30 A. M., my rocks and cane taken from me, and I was taken to the police headquarters, where I was treated very nicely by the Chief of Police, Mr. Cubbin, who seemed to be amused at what I had done. This man was not very popular with the administration, and was soon put out. I was kept in the office until 6:30 P. M. Gov. Stanley was in town at that time, and I telephoned to several places for him. I saw that he was dodging me, so I called a messenger boy and sent a note to Gov. Stanley, telling him that I was unlawful-

ly restrained of my liberty; that I wished him to call and see me, or try to relieve me in some way. The messenger told me, when he came back, that he caught him at his home, that he read the message over three times, then said: "I have nothing to say," and went in, and closed the door. This is the man who taught Sunday school in Wichita for twenty years, where they were letting these murder shops run in violation of the law. Strange that this man should pull wool over the eyes of the voters of Kansas. I never did have any confidence in him.

Kansas has learned some dear lessons, and she will be wise indeed when she learns that only Prohibitionists will enforce prohibition laws.

At 6:30 P. M., I was tried and taken to Wichita jail; found guilty of malicious mischief, Sam Amidon being the prosecuting attorney, and the friend of every joint keeper in the city. He called me a "spotter," when I wanted to give evidence against the jointists.

The legislature was to convene in a few days and it was understood that the question of re-submitting the Prohibition Amendment would come up. Being a part of the constitution, the people had to vote on it, and it was frustrating their plans to have such agitation at this time, and these republican leaders were determined to put a quietus upon me, if possible. The scheme was to get me in an insane asylum, and they wished to increase my insanity, as they called my zeal, so as to have me out of their way, for I was calling too much attention to their lawlessness, at this time, when it might prove disastrous to their plots. Two sheriffs conducted me to my cell. The sensation of being locked in

JUST BEFORE I LEFT WICHITA JAIL A PHOTOGRAPHER CAME TO MY CELL AND ASKED TO TAKE MY PICTURE. HERE IT IS, IN THE POSITION OF KNEELING, READING MY BIBLE, WHICH WAS MY USUAL ATTITUDE.

such a place for the first time is not like any other, and never occurs the second time. These men watched me after the door was locked. I tried to be brave, but the tears were running down my face. I took hold of the iron bars of my door, and tried to shake them and said: "Never mind, you put me in here a cub, but I will go out a roaring lion and I will make all hell howl." I wanted to let them know that I was going to grow while in there.

Three days after, on the 30th, there was brought in and put next to my cell an old man named Isaiah Cooper, a lunatic, who raved, cursed and tore his clothes and bedding. There were some cigarette smokers in the jail and the fumes came in my cell, for I had nothing but a barred door. I begged that I might not be compelled to smell this poison, but, instead of diminishing, the smoke increased. Two prisoners from another part of the jail were put in cells next to mine.

What an outrage, to tax the citizens of Sedgwick county to build such a jail as that in Wichita. It holds one hundred and sixty prisoners. There were thirteen there when I was put in. I have been in many jails, but in none other did I ever see a rotary, a large iron cage, with one door, the little cells the shape of a piece of pie. Perhaps there were a dozen in this one. The cage rotated within a cylinder. This was for the worst criminals, and the cells were only large enough for a small cot, a chair and a table about a foot square.

Mr. Simmons was the sheriff and he told the prisoners to "smoke all they pleased," that he would keep them in material, and he kept his word. Tobacco smoke is poison to me and cigarettes are worse. The

health board belonged to this republican whiskey ring, and was in conspiracy to make me insane, so they put a quarantine on the jail for three weeks, and I was a lone woman in there, with two cigarette smokers, and a maniac, next to my cell. John, the Trusty, smoked a horrid strong pipe, and he was next to my cell. Strange to say, when that jail had so many apartments, and so few in them, that four inmates should have been put next to me; but there was "a cause." Mr. Dick Dodd was the jailer, and for three weeks he was the only one who came in my cell and I was not allowed to see anyone in that time, but Dr. Jordan who called once. I cried and begged to be relieved of the smoke, for I do not think Mr. Dodd realized how poisonous it was to me. I would have to keep my windows up in the cold January weather, and the fire would go down at night. I had two blankets, no pillow and a bed that the criminals had slept on for years perhaps. I would shiver with cold, and often would lay on the cement floor with my head in my hands to keep out of the draught. Oh! the physical agony! I had a strong voice for singing, which I lost, and have never been able to sing, much since. Hour after hour I would lay on the floor, listening to the ravings of this poor old man, who would fall on his iron bed and hard floor, cursing and calling out names. One night I thought I could not live to see day. I had in my cell sweetest of all companions, my Bible. I read and studied it, and this particular night I told the Lord he must come to my aid. As I often do, I opened my Bible at random and read the first place I opened to, the 144th Psalm. I have often read the book through, but this

chapter seemed entirely new. It reads, Verse 1: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight. 2. My God and my fortress my high tower and my deliverer; my shield and He in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me."

God told me in this chapter that He led me to "fight with my fingers and war with my hands;" that He would be my *refuge* and *deliverer*; that He would use me to bring the people to Him.

David had just such enemies as these when he says in this chapter: 6. "Cast forth thy lightnings and scatter them; shoot out thine arrows and destroy them."

7. "Send thine hand from above; rid me and deliver me out of great waters from the hand of strange children."

8. "Whose mouth speaketh vanity; and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood."

12. "That our sons may be plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Here is the motive: The drink murders our sons, and do not allow them to grow to be healthy, brave, strong men. The greatest enemy of woman and her offspring and her virtue is the licensed hell-holes or saloons.

13. "That our garners may be full affording all manner of store."

Our grain is used to poison; our bread-stuff is turned to the venom of asps and the bread winner is burdened with disease of drunkeness, where health should be the result, of raising that which, when rotted

and made into alcohol, perpetrates ruin and death; our garners or grain houses are spoiled or robbed.

14. "That there be no breaking in or going out; that there be no complaining in our street."

What is it causing the breaking into jails, prisons, asylums, penitentiaries, alms-houses? The going out of the homes, of hearts; going out into the cold; going into drunkards' graves and a drunkards' hell?

"Complaining in our streets." Oh! the cold and hungry little children! Oh! the weeping wives and mothers! Oh! the misery and desolation of the drunkards! All from this drink of sorrow and death.

15. "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

"People whose God is the Lord," will not allow this evil. They will smash it out in one way or another. This blessed word was a "lamp to my feet and light to my pathway." (Ps. 119.) I rejoiced for the comfort it gave me; for the Lord truly talked to my soul while I read and reread this. I must say that "Little Dodds," the turnkey as I called him, was often kind to me, but he was completely the servant of Simmons and his wife.

John, the Dutch trusty, said to me one day: "There is something in the wind; people are coming and going and talking to Dodds." Mr. Dodds was supposed to be quarantined in the jail, but he went in and out of the office and he would also go to his home; the prisoners saw him from the window time and time again.

One night the poor old man fell so hard on the floor, or bed that he lay as one dead, for some time. The jailer and others were aroused and before they dare

have a physician come in, they had to scrub and clean the cell. Then Dr. Jordan came, and the old man was finally brought to life. This doctor was in the conspiracy to have me adjudged insane. A woman fifty-five years old, who never broke a statute of Kansas.

Mr. Dodds told me that Sam Amidon, county attorney, would have a cab at the back door of the jail and would take me out. I consented. John, the Trusty, said to me, "Don't you leave this jail, there is some plotting going on, and they mean mischief." I asked him to get me a wire to fasten my door, which he did, and I wound it around the open places in the door and to the iron beam it shut on, and then John brought me the leg of a cot. I watched all night, listening for some one to come in my cell to drag me out. With the cot leg I was going to strike their hands if they attempted to open the door. I know what it is to expect murder in my cell. God said: "He would stand by me, and who but He, has."

I got so many letters from poor, distracted mothers, who wrote so often: "For God's sake come here." In some letters there was money. One letter from a United Brethren church in Winfield, Kansas; the minister, Brother Hendershot, wrote me that he took up a collection in their church for me of $7.38. How I cried over that letter and kissed it! I knew that I had some friends who understood me; and just after this letter, one from a Catholic priest came, which was a great comfort. The many letters I got from all kinds of vicious people was a great encouragement to me. I must say: "All hell got hit, when I smashed the saloons." For I never, until then, knew that people

thought, or could write such vile things; letter after letter, of the most horrible infidelity, cursing God, calling me every vile name, and threatening me.

I was not allowed a pillow; I begged for one, for I had La Grippe, and my head was very sore, my body was filled with excruciating pains. Mr. Dodd frequently brought me the papers, and nearly every time the *Wichita Eagle* would have some falsehoods concerning me, always giving out that I "was crazy," "was in a padded cell," "only a matter of time when I would be in the insane asylum;" that I used "obscene language" and "was raving." The Bible says: "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire." (Rev. 21:8); so the Murdocks of Wichita ought to tremble. I associate the name "Murdock" with murder. The real depravity of such people was shown, when a lone old woman with a love of humanity, was in a cell suffering so unjustly, that these people should have left nothing undone to prejudice the people against her. Even when my brother died, this Murdock paper spoke of me "raving in jail," and I was not privileged to go to him in his dying hours. Such people drove the nails in the hands and the spear in the side of Jesus.

This *Wichita Eagle* is the rum-bought sheet that has made Wichita one of the most lawless places in Kansas.

When first arrested in Wichita, in violation of the Constitution, I was denied bail and compelled to bring a habeas corpus proceeding in the supreme court to get a trial or bail. Sam Amidon, as attorney for Simmons proposed a return of the writ, and filed a false

certificate from Dr. Shults, president of the board of health, stating that the board had quarantined the jail. Rather than face the supreme court with a false return, the case was dismissed. I do not believe that history ever recorded a quarantine of a jail before, for public buildings, such as postoffices, court houses or jails cannot be made pest houses, and such buildings are cleansed. There was not a meeting of the health board. This was a conspiracy, signed by Dr. Shults and the sheriff, for the purpose of keeping me in jail, preventing me from seeing my friends or lawyers, and by persecution to get me in an insane asylum. Below is a copy of this fraudulent notice:

ORIGINAL NOTICE TO O. D. KIRK, JUDGE, HARDEN EBEY, CLERK, CHAS. W. SIMMONS, SHERIFF.

Served Tuesday, January 15, 1901.

To O. D. Kirk, Judge; Harden Ebey, Clerk; and Charles W. Simmons, Sheriff:

You, and each of you, are hereby notified that the following is a copy of a paper purporting to be a statement made by J. W. Shults, President of the Board of Health, of Wichita, Kansas, and attached to the return of Charles W. Simmons in the matter of the application of CARRIE NATION for a Writ of Habeas Corpus now pending in the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas, viz:

"WICHITA, KANSAS, December 29, 1900.

"At special meeting of the Board of Health, held in the City of Wichita, Kansas, on the 29th day of De-

cember, 1900, at the office of Dr. J. W. Shults, president of the board of Health, the following resolution was adopted and ordered spread upon the minutes kept by the said board. 'Whereas it has come to the knowledge of the board of health that the inhabitants of the jail of Sedgwick county, Kansas, have been exposed to small pox and that one Isaiah Cooper confined therein has been exposed to smallpox and is infected with said disease and that the said Isaiah Cooper is a violently insane man and it is impossible to move him from said jail and that all of the said jail have been exposed to the same and that one W. A. Jordan, who as county physician of Sedgwick county and city physician of the city of Wichita, Kansas, asked and desired and demanded that said jail be quarantined or that said Isaiah Cooper be removed therefrom and that said jail be fumigated, and whereas it is impossible to remove the said Isaiah Cooper therefrom, the action of said W. A. Jordan in recommending the quarantine of the said county jail and in quarantining the same is hereby approved and the said county jail is hereby declared quarantined and ordered quarantined for the space of twenty-one days from this date and all persons in charge of said jail and the health officer of said city are hereby directed to enforce this said quarantine and the order of the said W. A. Jordan.

J. W. SHULTS, M. D.,
President of Board of Health."

and that the above statement is not true; that there was no meeting of the Board of Health on the 29th day of December, 1900, and that the said jail has never

been quarantined by the said Board of Health on the said 29th day of December or at any other time.

Dated at Wichita, Kansas, January 14, 1901.

W. S. ALLEN,
RAY & KEITH,
ROBT. BROWN,
Attorneys for Carrie Nation, an inmate of said jail.

Served on O. B. Kirk, 9:20 a. m., Tuesday, January 15, 1901;

Harden Ebey, 9:20 a. m., Tuesday, January 15, 1901;

Chas. W. Simmons, 9:35 a. m., Tuesday, January 15, 1901.

I could tell of many interesting incidents in jail. There were five singers, one a graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Boston, and Mr. Dodd was a fine singer himself; he would often sing with the prisoners, and it was a great pleasure to me. One song he would have the boys sing was: "My Old Kentucky Home." We had a genuine poet there, and I here give you a poem he sent up to me one day, by the trusty:

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

'Twas an aged and Christian martyr,
Sat alone in a prison cell,
Where the law of state had brought her,
For wrecking an earthly hell.

Day by day, and night she dwelt there,
Singing songs of Christ's dear love;
At His cross she pray'd and knelt there,
As an angel from above.

In the cells and 'round about her,
Prisoners stood, deep stained in sin;
Listening to the prayers she'd offer,
Looking for her Christ within.

Some who'd never known a mother,
Ne'er had learned to kneel and pray,
Raised their hands, their face to cover,
Till her words had died away.

In the silent midnight hours,
Came a voice in heavenly strain,
Floating o'er in peaceful showers,
Bringing sunshine after rain.

Each one rose from out his slumber,
Listening to her songs of cheer,
Then the stillness rent asunder,
With their praises loud and clear.

Praise from those whose crimes had led them,
O'er a dark and stormy sea,
Where its waves had lashed and tossed them
into "hell's" captivity.

Wine it was, the drink that led them,
From the tender Shepherd's fold,
Now they hear His voice that calls them,
With His precious words of gold.

Like the sheep that went astray,
Twice we've heard the story told,
They heard His voice, they saw the way,
That leads into His pastured fold.

The first time I was put in jail, after everything was quiet, I heard some prisoner down below, swearing, and I called out: "What do you mean boys by asking God to damn this place? I think he has done so and we don't want any more damns here. Get down on your knees and ask God to bless you." And all the rest of the time I never heard an oath. In a week or so I heard them singing hymns; and I called to them: "How are you boys?"

"We have all been converted since the first of January," was their reply.

One of those young men got out while I was there, and came to my cell and told me that it was true about their conversion.

Oh! the sad hearts behind the bars! Oh! the injustice! I am glad I have been a prisoner for one thing, I never see a face behind the bars that my heart does not pity. I have heard so many tales of ruined lives; have seen men with muscles and brain, bowed into tears. Oh! if we would only love each other more; if we would feel as Paul: "To owe love" to all we meet, and pay the debt. 'Tis the most pleasant debt to pay and the indebtedness blesses both parties, especially the one who pays. I used to think that birth and other circumstances made one person better than another. I do not see it that way now. The man with many opportunities is not entitled to as much consideration as one with fewer. I am the defender of the one who needs help most. The great need of the world is Love.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF JAIL FIRST TIME.—EGGS AND STONES.—SMASHING STILLING'S JOINT AT ENTERPRISE, KANSAS.—WHIPPED BY HIRED PROSTITUTES.—PLOT AT HOLT, KANSAS BY HOTEL KEEPER AND JOINTIST TO POISON AND SLUG ME.—MY HAND BROKEN AND HANDCUFFS USED.—FAINT FROM HUNGER.—HOW I CAME TO USE HATCHETS AS SOUVENIRS.

I got out of Wichita jail about the last week in January, 1901, under a writ of habeas corpus. I got bail, a Mr. Jones of Wichita went my bail, God bless him. I left on the evening train.

While in jail I got a letter asking me to come to Enterprise, Dickinson county, and break up saloons there. I said the name *Enterprise,* is good and I will go; so I left jail with the intention of going there. It was dark when I started for the train. Many of the Salvation Army were near me. The streets were almost impassable, and the whole city seemed to be on the streets marching down to the station, in expectation of something.

Many said: "Are you not afraid?" "Perfect love casteth out all fear." (I John 4:18.) I love the people I do not fear them.

There walked by my side, a man keeping the crowd back. "Are you one of the Salvation Army?" I said to him. He said: "No, I am only a tin horn gambler."

I asked him: "Why do you seem to be such a friend of mine."

He answered: "Because I intend that no one shall hurt you, for you are a good woman, and I will see you safe." He carried my valise and put me on the train.

There were several hundred people at the depot and the crowding was dangerous. I wanted to see the crowd, so I raised the window, waved my hand and as the train pulled out, the eggs began to come; the window fell down and I did not get a spatter. God said: "I'll stand by you." explains this. In two minutes a rock the size of my fist came crashing in at the window; shivered the glass, and the rock fell down at my side; which was a miracle. Not once did I feel alarmed but smiled; while all the passengers were on their feet with fright.

AT ENTERPRISE.

I stayed all night with a Mrs. Hoffman and next morning, I went down to a dive kept by a man named Stillings. He had closed to go to a baseball game. The door was locked, so I broke the front glass and climbed in. Several women were on the outside, and were friendly to smashing. I broke the place up. There were twelve cases of beer and I destroyed them and piled them up in the center of the room on the floor. At the close, the marshal came in, took me out and would not let me break up the other dive near by. Neither did he arrest me.

I came down on the corner of the street that night, to tell the people why I did this, when Stillings passed, cursing and shaking his fist at me, saying: "My wife will settle you." Just then a furious woman came

around the corner, rushed up to me and struck me a fearful blow in the eye, then ran to her husband, Stillings, and in a frantic manner said: "I have done what you asked me, now let us go home." I stopped speaking long enough to go into a meat shop and have a piece of fresh meat bound on my eye, which was already very dark and painful. Then I finished my address, and we organized a society to smash saloons, if they did not close. Next morning we went down the street in a body, Mrs. Hoffman and other women, and the other dive keeper talked to us and promised to go out of business. This Stillings came to me again cursing and threatening, saying: "His wife would fix me." Although this man was disturbing the peace, disorderly and dangerous, no one offered to arrest him. He held me, while four women ran from some place with whips and sticks. One beat me with her fist, another with a whip, one with a raw-hide, while one pulled my hair and kicked me into the gutter, nearly killing me.

I said: "Women, will you let me be murdered." For although there were men and women present, not one did a thing, until at last, an old lady, the mother of the saloon-keeper's wife, picked up a brick and said: "If any one strikes that woman again I will hit them with this." Then all rushed to defend me.

I was almost breathless. My hair was down, much of it being pulled out. I went home with my friend, Mrs. Hoffman. These women who attacked me were arrested. The trial brought out the fact that this dive-keeper, Stillings, had hired these women. To the gambler's wife he was to give twenty-five dollars, to use the raw-hide. Two women were prostitutes, whom

this Stillings had brought to town for this purpose. They were fined a small sum, and the whole of them given a few hours to leave town.

My body was bruised and sore. My limbs were striped with bruises; but I was only disabled two days.

While in Enterprise I got a telegram from Holt, signed by the "Temperance Committee," it read: "Come here and help us break up dives." This little town was only twelve miles from Enterprise. In going to the train that night there seemed to have been some one hiding on every corner throwing eggs. My dress was covered with them. I got to Holt at midnight. When I got off the train, I began to fear it was a plot to injure me for no one was there to meet me, and I saw some suspicious men keeping in the dark. I got into a hack and went to a hotel. I asked for the house-keeper, but every one had retired. I went up to my room, which was very small. It had one window which was raised an inch with a lath under it, and I thought it strange at the time that the landlord should have let the window down, but I was very tired and dropped asleep almost as soon as I touched the bed. About two o'clock I was awakened with a smothered feeling, struggling for breath. I jumped for the window, which I threw up, for the room was full of the most poisonous odor, as of cigarettes, and other smells. I knew that there were persons at the door puffing the poison in. I sat at the window and listened and in about fifteen minutes I heard some one whistling and saw through the transom that a light was coming. A man stopped at my door and knocked.

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to you," he replied.

"What is it?"

"I want to speak to you."

God showed me in a vision two men crouched on each side of the door ready to either catch or slug me, if the door was opened.

"I see you sluggers on each side of the door. You villain, you have tried to murder me by throwing poison in my room and now you are trying something else."

"There is a mob here after you."

"You are a liar," I answered.

"There is a committee wants to speak to you."

"You are telling lies in order to have me open my door."

He left and went down below, and for ten minutes there was a great tramping of feet and I could hear the landlord pretending to disperse a crowd. I watched from my window and saw two men walking away. I certainly was thankful for a lock on my door. Next morning when ready to leave my room, I looked up and down the passages well; then I hurried and did not feel safe, until I got on the outside. I asked a little boy if there were any Christians in Holt.

"No, but there are some in the country."

I got my breakfast at a restaurant, and I called out on the streets that I would hold a meeting in front of the hotel where I had stopped. There was a crowd, and I then told of the telegram and of how I was treated. I pointed to the landlord, who was the picture of a villain, and a coward. The two dive-keepers

of Holt were at this meeting. They asked me if I intended to smash the saloons there.

"Of course, I didn't come to Holt to do anything else."

One man told me that he would shoot me if I came into his place. "I am not afraid of your gun. Maybe it would be a good thing for a saloon-keeper to kill Carry Nation. It might be the means of causing the people to smash the dives."

The one that talked to me was white with fear and anger, but at last the color came back to his face, and soon he was in good humor; he told me he never expected to open that saloon again. In less than ten days from that time, the people of the county became so aroused, that the prosecuting attorney closed every saloon in the county, which were twelve in number.

From Holt I went to Topeka. I stopped with the United Brethren minister there, and spoke in his church. The saloons were all over Topeka. I went down town after dark, to see the condition of things. It was soon learned that I was on the streets, and a crowd gathered. I went to some dives and joints. I could not get in. One had his mistress stationed at the door with a broomstick. She gave me four blows before I could get away, poor creature. I met her niece after that, who told how the saloon-keeper cast her off and that she died a miserable death.

While I was there the State Temperance Union had a meeting in the First Presbyterian church. Capt. Cook, from Chetopa, got up in the meeting and said: "Here is ten dollars towards giving a medal to the

bravest woman in Kansas, Carry Nation." One hundred and twenty dollars was raised.

I said: "I would prefer that the money be used to pay my lawyers, rather than be put into a medal as I did not wear gold in any way."

But the medal was purchased. On it is, "To the bravest woman in Kansas."

We held a good many meetings. I spoke in several churches and held meetings in Dr. Eva Harding's office, where we prepared to take measures to break up saloons in Topeka, where sworn officials were perjuring themselves from governor down to constable. About this time a certain woman pretended to be a friend of mine, but was a spy and a traitor. I believe she was hired by the jointists to find out our plans. She told me she knew where every saloon in the city was and would show them to me. It was understood by a few of us that we would make a raid one morning in February, 1901, and I called on this woman to show us where the places were. We wandered around from street to street, and I soon discovered that she was keeping me away from them. One young boy said: "I'll show you a place."

I came to one dive. I lifted my hatchet to smash the door and this woman grabbed at my hatchet and so did the man. He slammed the door and left his hat in my hand. I passed on down to the "Senate" saloon and went in. This was about daylight. The bar-tender ran towards me with a yell, wrenched my hatchet out of my hand and shot off his pistol toward the ceiling; he then ran out of the back door, and I got another hatchet from a woman companion. I ran behind

the bar, smashed the mirror and all the bottles under it; picked up the cash register, threw it down; then broke the faucets of the refrigerator, opened the door and cut the rubber tubes that conducted the beer. It began to fly all over the house. I threw over the slot machine, breaking it up and got from it a sharp piece of iron with which I opened the bungs of the beer kegs, and opened the faucets of the barrels, and then the beer flew in every direction and I was completely saturated. A policeman came in and very good-naturedly arrested me. For this I was fined $100 and put in jail. Mr. Cook was sheriff and I was treated very nicely by him and Mrs. Cook. Mrs. Cook's mother was visiting them at this time, a woman thoroughly in sympathy with my work, and I believe that the influence of this good woman was the cause of my being treated so well, for after she left things were very different.

That republican conspiracy in Topeka determined to put me in the insane asylum. One of them, Judge Magaw, swore on the witness stand that he believed me insane. His examination brought out the fact that I compelled him to turn some obscene pictures to the wall once, when I called to see him in his office.

I had received ever so many letters from all over the country justifying smashing as being reasonable, right and legal. I also saw that the republican newspapers of Kansas, and other states, were determined to put me in a false light before the people. I conceived the idea of publishing a paper. I tried to get the *Journal* to edit the paper, but I could not get anyone to take hold of it. Some one suggested to me Nick Chiles, a negro, who had a printing outfit. I knew but little of this

man. I sent for him to come and see me at my cell. All the money I had in the world was from the sale of ten cows which was $240. This negro, Chiles talked very fair and promised to print my paper in a creditable way. I gave him the $240. I wrote the editorials while in the jail, and also gave him bundles of letters which I had received and a great many poems that had been written on Carry Nation and smashing. This negro finally cheated me out of my money and papers, also. I closed with him after three weeks, he put the papers out, collected for them and never paid me a cent.

My paper was called THE SMASHER'S MAIL. I called it this for it was largely composed of letters which I had received on the subject of smashing. I had no one to read the proofs and was at the mercy of this negro, who was not in smypathy with my cause. I was often humiliated at the way my articles were tortured. I afterwards got *The Kansas Farmer* to publish the paper and I then bought a press of my own, but found that I could not conduct a paper and lecture, so after the 13th edition, I closed. The paper accomplished this much; that the public could see by my editorials that I was not insane.

PROPHECIES THAT I CAME TO FULFILL.

No age ever accepted the messenger that God sent out for that age. When people ask me who gave me this authority or by what authority I do these things, I say, "It is written." God has said a great deal concerning the liquor traffic. Jeremiah says, "Oh, that my head were waters, and my eyes fountains of tears

that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." He saw the dead and dying all over the land, in alleys, in streets, in prison-houses, in homes and the mourning wives and sisters and daughters. Daniel called it "the abomination of desolation." "Standing where it ought not to stand and standing in the Holy place." If you go into a saloon and ask a man why he makes that firey drink; that is made by rotting good grain and good fruit, and anything that is rotten is poisonous, and it will rot the man's brain and will rot his body, will rot his soul, will rot the shirt off his back, will rot the shoes off his feet, and make a rotten mess of everything. That man behind the bar, in defending himself will tell you to "quarrel with the government," he has his license. You ask him where he got his license from, he will tell you from the Internal Revenue Office. Where is that situated? In Washington City. Who controls that? The party in power. Who licenses every saloon in the United States, Alaska and the Philippines? The Republican party. Who runs the saloons of the United States? The Republican party. Who runs the Republican party? The Republican voters. Which is the more dangerous, the saloon keeper or the Republican voter? You will have to acknowledge that it is the *voter.* Therefore the saloon exists by the authority and privilege of the party in power. The Democratic party does not run the saloons because it hasn't the opportunity. If two thieves come to town and one gets an opportunity to steal and the other one doesn't, we would not arrest the party that does not get the opportunity, but the party caught with the goods.

And "standing in the Holy place," the minister will leave his pulpit, the saloon keeper will leave his bar; they both go to the ballot box and put in a vote and you cannot tell one from the other. The liquor traffic stands in the church, "in the Holy place." In the 28th chapter of Isaiah, the saloon is spoken of, and also the destruction of it is prophesied. God starts off by saying, "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys, of them that are overcome with wine." Woe! means curse, and the interpretation of that verse is curses on the head of the government that will make drunkards, their glorious beauty being the revenue from the liquor men, the fat valleys being the capital. Sodom and Gomorrah were fat valleys. Now the second verse is a prophecy of my mission. "Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm; as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand." The Lord had *one,* this one was to be mighty and strong. I have felt this might and this strength when I would go in the saloons, when I would pick up the cases of beer and dash them down, and throw over the slot machines and smash them with my hatchet, and get a little sharp instrument and knock out the bungs. Also, "the tempest of hail," (smasher,) the smashing sounds like a hail storm. This is to be a "destroying storm," the smashing and destruction of saloons makes it like "a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing."

"Shall cast down to the earth with a hand," I chal-

lenge any interpretation of this scripture other than that of smashing saloons. "The crown of pride," the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot." The Bible goes on to tell that God will be honored in this smashing, that He is going to sit at the head, and strengthen them that "turn the battle to the gate." (vs. 5.) He speaks of the prophets and priests erring through drink, says "all tables are full of vomit and filthiness." (vs. 8.) This refers to the filthy tobacco that so many ministers are addicted to, which makes them tobacco drunk, makes them filthy. No christian should listen to a minister addicted to tobacco drunkenness for he is living in willful violation of several of God's commands. He speaks of the revolution coming through the little children educated by these mothers, says it must be "line upon line, precept upon precept," (Isa. 28:10) which is the secret of all agitation. Then he says that, "the scornful men that rule these people will say, 'we have made a covenant with death and with hell, we are at agreement when the overflowing scourge shall pass through it shall not come unto us for we have made lies our refuge and unto falsehood have we hid ourselves." (Isa. 28:15.) The license saloon is a covenant with death, being the death of all things. The death of respectability, the death of motherhood, the death of love, the death of the soul. And with hell it is an agreement, it does not agree with a school, a home, or a church. It agrees only with hell. The most significant is the "refuge of lies," An administration calling itself a government and murdering a hundred thousand every year is not a government, it is a lie. An administration that perpetuates

crime at the rate of 75 per cent. is not a government, it is a lie. An administration that makes widows and orphans all over the country is not a government, it is a refuge of lies. God says the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies; the smashing roused the people as nothing else has ever done, and God says: "Your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." "When the overflowing scourge (the Prohibition ballot), shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it. From the time that it goeth forth it shall take you; for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report." (Isa. 28:18-19.) This means the morning and evening papers that carry the news of the smashing around the world. It was indeed a vexation to the liquor traffic to "understand the report." They had nothing to fear from the old parties, but they were not prepared for a furious woman and a hatchet. (vs. 20.) "For their bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and their covering narrower than that he can wrap himself up in it." This shows dissatisfaction among the people. The bed and covering does not protect them, neither does the government.

When I was in Wichita I was begging some women to go with me and Sister Lucy Wilhoite was one of them, she asked God for direction in this matter, whether I was called of God to do this or not, and God pointed her to the 54 chapter of Isaiah. I will repeat the last two verses here: "Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument for his work; and I have

created the waster to destroy. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." Here is the hatchet prophesied and here is the protection to the one that used it, and here is condemnation against the one that condemns it.

THE SECOND TIME IN JAIL AT WICHITA.

I was in a meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Wichita, of which Mrs. Summers was president. I wanted to have these women go with me and destroy the places there that were murdering their sons. Many present were in favor of it, but Mrs. Summers was bitterly opposed. I had not up to this time taken a hatchet in my work, nor did I do so until I reached Sister Evans' house, just before starting in my second raid in Wichita. Three went out in the hall with me, Mrs. Lucy Wilhoite, Miss Muntz and Mrs. Julia Evans. The husband of the latter was a great drunkard, otherwise a capable physician. Those three women said they would go with me. We went to Mrs. Evans' home. I took a hatchet and Mrs. Evans carried a piece of iron. We marched down to the first place, kept by John Burns. We walked in and began to smash right and left. With my hatchet I smashed in the large plate glass windows and also the door. Sister Evans and then attacked the show case, went behind the bar and we smashed everything in sight. The bar-tender came running up to me with his hands up, "Don't come near

my hatchet, it might fall on you and I will not be responsible for the results."

After we were through for no one resisted us, Mr. Burns was asked. "Why did you not knock that woman down?" He replied: "God forbid that I should strike a woman." ("A man's a man for a' that.")

I heard Sister Wilhoite talking to the crowd and telling why we had done this.

We were put in one cell, the one I occupied before and were given a cot apiece. This was one of the glorious heavenly and refreshing times. We sang hymns, repeated scripture, would often laugh and cry by turns for joy to think we were worthy to suffer for His sake. "The table was prepared before us in the presence of our enemies, our cup runneth over." This happy condition was not what our persecutors wished, and Mrs. Simmons and her husband, whom we called "Jezebel" and "Ahab," were determined to separate us.

These two were very much interested in having me adjudged insane, for Mr. Simmons had in several ways laid himself liable to criminal prosecution, especially in the matter of the quarantine. Mrs. Simmons came to our cell door, and in the presence of Sister Wilhoite, to whom she had told that I used "obscene language," I asked her if she said this? She had to acknowledge that she did. I told her she spoke a "lie," for I had never done such a thing. She sent her husband and son up to the cell and they dragged me into the rotary and put me in one of those little triangular cells, which was indeed a place of filth. The faucet leaked, and kept a continual spatter, which made my cot wet. I stayed there five days and while it was not as bad as

Jeremiah's dungeon, it was similar. The dampness and poison of this cell added to the already deep cold on my lungs. Dear Bro. Schollenberger! Who has not heard of this great hearted man of Wichita? He brought us little treats and in many ways relieved us. I was not allowed to be with my loving sisters again while in prison. They would write notes and send them by a "trusty," for they were very uneasy about me, fearing I had met with foul play.

As soon as the sisters could get bail, they got out, but I was not allowed to give bond. I was not a meek prisoner, did not act like a criminal. This vexed my persecutors and they tried to humble me, but I felt that I was right and that God would stand by me and I wanted Him to look down and always find me brave and true and "in nothing to be terrified by my adversaries." (Phil. 1:28.)

I had some money sent me while in jail and this I divided, often to the last, with my fellow prisoners. To one I gave four dollars, for his poor wife was soon to be confined. To the "trusty" John, I gave three dollars for his destitute wife, and often bought little treats, such as fruits and butter. The meals were meat and beans one day, then potatoes and meat all cooked up into a mush. I became very much attached to my fellow prisoners and I found some with noble sentiments. What do people do who have no hope of heaven, I often ask. What a joy to have a place in view where there is no sickness, no death, no jails, no suffering of any kind.

THE THIRD TIME IN TOPEKA JAIL.

I had become so disgusted with jail food that my

stomach refused it. As soon as I was put in jail I told Mr. Cook to send the milkman to my cell. He came and was very kind. He agreed to bring me some bread and milk, ten cents worth a day. This I lived on for the eighteen days. In the cell with me was a woman named Mrs. Mahanna, who was put in for selling beer. She did not happen to have a government license. Poor creature! She had been the mother of fifteen children; had a broken hip caused by the kick of a drunken husband. She was very ignorant but kind-hearted. The heat was intense and we were next to the roof. Sometimes I would feel as if I was suffocating. The windows slanted so that but little air came in. One pane of glass was partly out and we would sit by that to get a breath of air. While in this jail I had many offers from different theatrical, circus, and museum managers, who tried to tempt me with all kinds of offers; one as high as $800 a week, and a palace car and a maid. I never for one moment thought of taking any of them until two managers came from New York City. The sheriff, Mr. Cook, brought their cards up. I said: "Tell them to wait until morning." I prayed over the matter nearly all night and before day all seemed settled. (This was a test to try my faith.) The cloud was lifted and I told Mr. Cook to tell the men that a "million a minute would not catch me." My dear friends especially Mrs. Goodwin, Dr. Eva Harding and others used their influence to have Stanley, the governor pardon me, this he refused to do, the joint-keepers were those he favored.

I had never thought of going before the public as a

lecturer. I knew those people only wanted me as they would a white elephant. I did not, at this time, see the stage as a missionary field.

At this time I was entirely out of money, I was in debt and the dunning letters I got while in jail were a terrible trouble to me. The ten cents I paid for my bread and milk came in almost daily for copies of my papers. I paid my milkman sometimes in stamps.

I never wanted to get out of jail so badly in my life, as I did at this time, when the offers of engagements were so many. Two days after the New York managers were there, I got a letter from James E. Furlong, a Lyceum Manager of Rochester, N. Y., who had managed Patti and many of the great singers. He told me if I would give him "some dates," he would assist me in getting out of jail. I hardly knew what he meant by "dates." Mrs. Goodwin of Topeka, called to see me, I showed the letter to her and asked what this man meant by "dates?" She said: "He may want you to lecture and tell of your experiences."

"I wonder if the people would like to hear me," I said. I asked her to tell Mr. Duminel, my lawyer, to come to my cell. I told him of it, and he said he would call the commissioners together and would have them let me out by paying my fines by monthly installments. This he did. In about a week from that I spoke at Atlantic City for the *Philadelphia American,* the proceeds being used to give the poor children an outing. Thousands of people were present. I never made a note or wrote a sentence for the platform in my life. I have spoken extemporaneously from the first and often went on the platform when I could not have told

what I was to say, to save my life, and for several weeks God compelled me to open my Bible at random and speak from what my eyes fell on. I have literally proved that: "You shall not think of what you shall speak, but it shall be given in that same hour." The best thoughts have come to me after being asleep, waking in the night or in the morning.

Mrs. Dr. Harding and Mrs. Goodwin went my bond and also collected seventy dollars to help me to pay some debts so I could fill the dates. I had to rush matters in order to get my clothes together and other things fixed for this long journey to Clarksburg, Ohio, where I was billed to speak at a chautauqua. I did not stop for dinner or supper, got to the Union depot in time to catch the mid-night train. When I went to purchase my ticket I lacked just fifty cents; I had never begged, but there I was, train would leave in a short time and I would miss my date. The man at the fruit stand was locking up his booth and I went to him with fear and trembling, asked him to loan me fifty cents, which he did. I got my ticket and took my train in time, was very faint from work and from lack of food. I had lived on five cents worth of bread and five cents worth of milk for eighteen days and I would not spend anything before I purchased my ticket, but I had not a penny to get me even a cracker. The next morning I tried to rise from my seat to get me a drink but everything would become dark and I found I would faint. The fasting and excitement had told on my strength. I was wondering what I would do when a dear sweet faced woman turned to me and said: "Will you have a lunch?" I answered her the

best I could, I certainly was overcome with gratitude, the lunch seemed manna from heaven. Nice beaten biscuit sandwiches. I wish I knew who she was, and I wish she knew who she gave this lunch to. God said He would "stand by me," and here are the proofs.

I was speaking in the street near the postoffice in Topeka, one afternoon and a man ran out from a candy store and said: "Carry here are some little hatchets, you sell them to this crowd and you can pay your costs and fines this month." The hatchets were little worthless, pewter things, but the crowd seemed crazy for them. This gave me an idea. Since that time the little hatchets have been my faithful little defenders, they have paid railroad fares, hotel bills, they aided me in paying for the home for drunkards' wives, besides they are my little messengers. They cause the people to talk, to think, to act. They carry a message with them, it is the heart of the mother crying, "Carry A. Nation for my baby, for my loved ones, Carry A. Nation against the saloons." Never was there a greater advertisement of a great cause. God has blest the mission of the hatchet. I tell mothers to get these little hatchets, put them on their boys and girls clothes. With these hatchets goes the facts of my life which will be an inspiration to the heart of the young.

The summer of 1902 I was at Coney Island, speaking in Steeple-Chase Park, and a man was very insulting to me, and always took occasion to say something against women. I can scarcely remember how it was, but I broke or smashed his show case of cigars and cigarettes. I knew I would have to pay for it, but I did not mind paying for the object lesson that it would

be, for tobacco is a poison, and the use of it is a vice. I was arrested, stood my trial and was being sent to jail, when Mr. Tilyou, Manager of Steeple-Chase Park, took me from the "Black Maria." The policeman who had the prisoners in charge was purple and bloated from beer drinking, he wanted me to go in a place in the front that was already crowded with women. I refused and he struck me on the hand that was holding to the iron bars of the little window and broke a bone, causing it to swell up. I said: "Never mind, you beer-swelled, whiskey-soaked saturn faced man, God will strike you." In six weeks from that time this man fell dead on the streets of Coney Island. This was the first time I every had handcuffs on. I saw in this experience in Police Courts in Coney Island what I never saw before, eight or ten women sentenced for drunkenness; one the mother of five children, and the others nice looking young women, and most of them were weeping. When they received their sentences there would be a smothered laugh from the audience of bloated men present, and I turned and said: "Shame on you, for laughing at the sorrows of these poor women." I thought how heartless it was for men to laugh at the disgrace of women. I got out by paying for the destruction of the cigar case.

I was very successful and made enough money to pay $125 a month to have my SMASHER'S MAIL published in the form of a magazine, but having no one in Topeka that could edit the magazine, and do justice to me, I returned and closed up the business.

CHAPTER X.

LEGAL STATUS OF PROHIBITION AND JOINT SMASHING.

The very highest judicial authority, the Supreme Court of the Nation, has made a most radical ruling, to wit: "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."—101 U. S. 816.

No state, therefore, can license or legalize immorality, vice or crime. All such efforts are treason to society and organized government.

Again, the Supreme Court of the United States has declared: "If the public safety or the public morals require the discontinuance of any manufacture or traffic, the hand of the legislature cannot be stayed from providing for its discontinuance, by any incidental inconvenience which individuals or corporations may suffer."—97 U. S. 32. Thus the legislature of any state can confiscate property by wholesale if necessary for the protection of the community. Powder mills, slaughter houses and pest houses, necessary institutions, are frequently so condemned and rendered absolutely worthless.

There is not a lawful saloon in the world. Law is as eternal and unchangeable as God himself, who says that, "Sin is the transgression of the law." (I John 3:4.) Anything that is sinful cannot be lawful, and

anything that is lawful cannot be sinful. The saloon is not lawful because it is sinful. Blackstone's definition of law is this, "Law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power of the state, *commanding* that which is right and *prohibiting* that which is wrong." We should not send men to Congress to make law, law is already made, it is that men may find out what law is and see that it is enforced. Saloons are unconstitutional. Our forefathers gave us the Constitution of the United States which is a guarantee to the people to make perfect union, "domestic tranquillity," "common good" and "public defence." A saloon destroys every one of these guarantees. It is treason to enforce law that prohibits crime and at the same time licenses saloons that would prohibit law from prohibiting crime.

There are just two great spiritual leaders of the human family. Humanity will be the servant of one or the other. God made man and is the Creator of all things. He says: "I make peace and create evil." (Isa. 45:7.)

We would never have had any use for law if there was no possibility of sinning. We would never have had an opportunity to show our loyalty to God if it was not possible to be disloyal. There was a tree in the midst of the Garden that God forbade Adam to eat of, this tree was some kind of lust, the Devil by falsehood and cunning, made the woman believe that God had told her a lie. Made her believe the fruit was "good for food," that it was "pleasant to the eye," and a tree to be "desired to make one wise;" and she and Adam broke this first law that God had given to man-

kind. Whatever this tree was, it changed their pure natures into one that was conscious of sin. The very effect of this sin upon their natures would lead us to infer that their genital organs were involved, for these were covered for the first time. In this Paradise the Devil was the author of this sin as he had been in heaven and in the war with Michael and the angels he was beaten and they were hurled over the battlements. He fell upon the earth. We cannot say when this was but we find him still the implacable foe of God's works. He accomplished his purpose in causing our parents to sin, all sin is the breaking of God's Word. God is the law giver. The enmity between God and man is always the result of sin, as in the case of God and Adam and Cain and Abel. Anarchy is the reverse of law. The seeds are children of law and anarchy begun from these. Their crowds have been increasing as the centuries go by. God has His crowd and the Devil has his, and every man and woman is in one or the other. The question is often asked, "Why did God make the Devil," or "Why does God allow the Devil to live," or "Why is there such a thing as sin?" There was war in heaven once, of course there was sin there. God says that nothing that defileth or maketh a lie shall ever enter there again, and to prevent any trouble of this kind, He must have people prepared. This earth is God's laboratory, the Devil is his fire, we are the metal. Job says: "He knoweth the way that I take, when He has tried me I shall come forth as gold." (Job 23:10.) David said: "Thou hast tried us as silver is tried." (Ps. 12:6.) James says: "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations (trials.") Peter

says: "The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." (1 Peter 1:7.) Could the chemical prepare the gold for us and beautify it without the fire. So God is using the Devil to purify us for use and beauty and pleasure in heaven. Should God allow an impure soul to get into heaven there would be sin there, besides were there no Devil to tempt us how could we show God that we are worthy of heaven. What credit would we have as an over-comer if there was nothing to over-come? Life is a battle in which we will win or loose. It depends upon our fighting sin, which will give us victory over sin.

Politics is a science of government, therefore God was the first politician. He governs the human family by restraining and prohibiting sin that will enslave and kill the soul. The Devil is a politician also, his policies are to bring slavery and death.

Obedience to law is man's strength, his royalty that made him like God. The Devil and his crowd have ever been an enemy to law as he was from the beginning. He persuaded the first pair to take license to sin, promising them a deceitful revenue, so he does now. "He tempts through the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life." (1 John 2:16.)

God thundered prohibition from Mt. Sinai, and, "thou shalt not" is at the door of every man's conscience. Heaven is the result of man's obedience to God. Prohibition law, and hell is the doom of the license crowd. Our revolutionary fathers were prohibi-

tionists, and would not submit to the unjust and unlawful authority of King George. They smashed the tea and went to war against tremendous odds, but God was with them and they smashed loose from Anarchy.

In 1862 when the saloon was licensed by the Republican Congress at Washington, the halls of hell rang with a song of triumph. The conspiracy against prosperity and happiness, domestic tranquillity and public defence was no longer a guarantee. All these were gone, and the reign of death began, until now it is not possible to count or measure the ruin, but God lives and rules.

It is not only the privilege of the patriotic citizen to abate a dangerous nuisance but it is commendable. Bishop on Criminal Law, paragraph 1081, says: "This doctrine (of abatement of a public nuisance by an individual) is an expression of the better instincts of our natures, which lead men to watch over and shield one another from harm."

1 Bishop's Criminal Law 828; 1 Hilliard on Torts, 605.

"At common law it was always the right of a citizen, without official authority, to abate a public nuisance, and without waiting to have it adjudged such by legal tribunal. His right to do so depended upon the fact of its being a nuisance.

In abating it, property may be destroyed, and the owner deprived of it without trial,without notice and without compensation. Such destruction for public safety or health is not a taking of private property for public uses without compensation, or due process of law, in the sense of the constitution. It is simply the

prevention of its noxious and unlawful use, and depends upon the principle that every man must so use his property as not to injure his neighbors, and that the safety of the public is the paramount law. These principles are legal maxims or axioms essential to the existence of regulated society. Written constitutions pre-suppose them, are subordinate to them, and cannot set them aside."

Judge Baker sums up the case thus: "The women who destroyed such property are not criminals. They have the same right to abate such common nuisances as men have to defend their persons or domiciles when unlawfully assailed. As the women of that state are denied the right to vote or hold office, I think they are fully justified, morally and legally, in protecting their homes, their families, and themselves from the ravages of these demons of vice in the summary manner which the law permits."

By Bible authority and by the common law of our land I have proved to the satisfaction of all who will see the right, that I am a loyal American, a loving Home Defender, doing the will of Him whom I serve and whose I am.

CHAPTER XI.

MY TRIAL FOR DIVORCE.—THE LICENSED RUM TRAFFIC THE CAUSE OF SO MANY DIVORCES.—DIFFERENT TIMES AND PLACES I HAVE BEEN IN JAIL.—AT THE CAPITOL OF CALIFORNIA.—WIDE OPEN TREASON.—AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.—WOOLLEY CLUB AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.—CATHOLIC PRIEST AND CIGARETTES.

One of the greatest sorrows at this time was my husband getting a divorce from me; we had lived together twenty-four years. We never agreed on but few things, but I never thought we would come to a separation. He said to me, "You will have to stop and come back to Medicine Lodge or I will get a divorce from you." I said: "Mr. Nation, God has given me a mission, I dare not turn back. Shall I hearken unto God or unto man? Judge ye." I begged him not to bring this reproach on me that it would hinder my work, but he was over persuaded by other parties and he served the papers on me when I was in jail. The good people of Medicine Lodge were shocked by these proceedings and came to court and testified of their own free will of my duties as a wife. There was not a witness to deny it. Mr. Nation got his divorce on the ground of desertion. He claimed cruelty and desertion. I said I could never afterwards live with him as his wife. I got the home which I sold for eight hundred dollars. I said I would not put any of that money in fines, but would lay it up in heaven. I made the first payment on the home for drunkards' wives

with this check. Since that time I have paid seven-thousand five hundred dollars ($7,500) on the purchase of that home, and have presented it to the Associated Charities in Kansas City, Kansas, to be used forever as a home for drunkards' wives. I desire to see this home in the hands of the W. C. T. U. of the state of Kansas, believing that no one can make it as useful as they can.

We hear, "A woman's place is at home." That is true, but what and where is home. Not the walls of a house. Not furniture, food or clothes. Home is where the heart is, where our loved ones are. If my son is in a drinking place, my place is there. If my daughter, or the daughter of any one else, my family or any other family is in trouble, my place is there. That woman would be selfish or cowardly who would refuse to leave her home to relieve suffering or trouble. Jesus said: "Go out into the highways and hedges." He said this to women, as well as men. If the women of Galilee had not left their homes they would not have followed Jesus. If Phoebe had not left her home, she would not have gone on the business of the church to Jerusalem. We would have no woman missionaries —women now, are forced to go out to save the home.

D. L. Moody once said, a saying which I hardly understood at the time: "When a wife knew that the man that should be her husband was unfaithful and corrupt, she was as bad as he if she continued to live with him." I have thought much of the meaning of the name husband. A husband is a man who provides for and loves his family, as much as it is in his power to do, but when he refuses and will not do this, he breaks his

MY HOME IN MEDICINE LODGE, WHERE I HEARD THESE WORDS, "GO TO KIOWA" (AND MY RIGHT HAND THROWN DOWN) "AND I'LL STAND BY YOU." THIS IS THE HOME I SOLD AND MADE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON THE HOME FOR DRUNKARDS' WIVES.

marriage vow and becomes his wife's enemy. A true husband is not an enemy. This will place many women in the roll of living with men who are not their husbands, and this is so. I do not favor divorce, but it is better for husband and wife to separate, than to continue to bring into the world children born of a drunken or licentious father. This would be aiding the propagation of sin, and the spreading of disease its result. There is nothing which is making so much enmity between the sexes as intoxicating drink. This is the cause of so many divorces. Men who go into saloons generally visit houses of prostitution. The women they meet there have been deceived and lost their self respect, become discouraged because men have made them their victims through treachery, and in turn these women revenge themselves by taking all means to drag men down. Prostitutes do not like men; they often hate them. The man who goes there generally loses respect for the virtues of women, and from associating with bad women they judge all women to be vile. These men hate the very women they go to see. Married men who drink are bad husbands, for they deceive their wives, who soon find it out; and the husbands and wives cannot be happy. A woman leaves all others for one man and she longs for his society. In the evening the clubs and drinking places and lodges take up men's time when their families should have it. These things destroy love and confidence between husbands and wives. 'Tis not all men's fault, for there are many drinking women.

A man came to me just before I went on the stage at Newport, Rhode Island, and said: "Carry Nation,

step aside here, I must speak to you. I am in so much trouble. Give me some advice. My wife is at home drunk; she is that way most of the time. We have six children and they feel disgraced. What can I do? I am almost wild."

I asked: "Did you ever drink with your wife?"

He looked confused. I said: "Women do not usually go to saloons but you men bring it home and use it on the table and women are just as apt to catch the disease of alcoholism as men. This may be the way your wife learned to be a drunkard. Wives have been nursing their drunken husbands for years; now the chickens have come home to roost, and you are nursing your druken wife."

Poor man! I comforted him all I could. He, indeed, seemed distracted; and he is not alone, there are hundreds of cases.

I met a lovely creature on the train, who had been married a few months. Her husband was a lumber merchant in Chicago. She sat by me and told me her sad story. She had been a poor girl and dearly loved a man whose mother opposed the match and prevented the marriage. The young lumber merchant, left rich by the death of his father, proposed and she married him. In a month, the mother of the man she loved first, died and the obstacle was removed. In telling me this story I smelled liquor on her breath. She would say a few sentences and then say: "Oh, Carry Nation I am so miserable! If Charlie would only be true to me I would not grieve for the man I loved, but Charlie drinks and he goes with other women, and leaves me alone. He gives me all the money

I want. I have everything that money can buy; but, Oh! I almost hate these things! I would rather have a hut with some one to love me." She kept talking this way until it was enough to break my heart. She said: "Charlie will be in from the smoking car, and please Mrs. Nation speak to him. I want to be a good wife and I will do all I can to make him a good man. But he laughs at me when I talk to him, he never takes me in earnest. Go speak to him."

So I did. I found him to be a young man about twenty-three, with the marks of dissipation on his face. I said: "I have something to say to you privately. You have a beautiful young wife. If you wish to make her happy you can do so. There is one thing that will ruin the happiness of both. That is intoxicating drink. Did you know your wife is under the influence of some drug?" He said: "Oh, don't say a word to her about that, I am the cause of it. I drink and have persuaded her to, because she has a right to do what I do."

I told him of the fatal results and asked him to quit or it would be the ruin of both. Here were these two on the brink of ruin, so young, so attractive. I never shall forget the pathos of that woman's story. The yearning of that heart for love. In her unhappiness she would turn to the benumbing fascination of the poisonous drug.

On every hand I see the desolation of homes and hearts. There are no five things that make so much enmity between the sexes as this one—the licensed saloon. The home life is destroyed. Men and boys are taken from home at the very time they ought to be

there, after their work is done. Families should gather in the evening to enjoy each other's society. It is said that Germans are the cruelest husbands on earth. Their beer gardens have taken the place of firesides. There are more insane and suicides in Germany than any nation on earth. Alcoholism is a disease. Men go to the Keeley cure and take different treatments to get cured. This disease is killing more every year than the deadliest epidemic, and still not one of the senators or representatives will discuss this. Roosevelt toured this country moralizing on different questions. He wished to reproach women for not raising larger families. What protection has a mother if she does? She has to produce the grist to make these murder-mills grind, and I for one, say to women, refuse to be mothers, if the government will not close these murder-shops that are preying on our hearts, for our darling sons are dearer to us than life.

If I had a family to raise and had to live in a city, I know of no place as desirable as Topeka. A wife said to her husband, "Let us take our boy and go to Topeka." So they came. The husband was D. L. Whitney, manager of the Square Deal Realty Co., of Topeka, Kansas, and both he and his wife have been a great help to me. I say to fathers and mothers, move to Kansas, where your sons are taught that it takes a *sneak* to sell, and a *sneak* to drink, intoxicating liquors in that state.

I was arrested in Topeka for going into the dives. The officials were determined to keep them open, and the police arrested me for even going in. They did not arrest the keepers. I was thrown out and called names

by the proprietors, in the hearing of the police, still they were let go. This was during the time that Parker was mayor.

The voting citizens of Kansas will soon find out that no one but prohibition officers can be trusted to enforce prohibition statutes. I am glad at the present writing there is said to be not a dive in the beautiful city of Topeka, and that she has passed the Rubicon. God grant that no more criminal dens be opened by Republicans, Democrats or any other Anarchists.

I was arrested in Wheeling, West Virginia, winter of 1902, for going in a saloon and telling the man he was in a business that would send him to hell as well as his customers. The facts are that the police never knew what I was going to do and they were so frightened and rattled that they of course thought they would arrest me to prevent trouble. I have been a terror to evil doers. I was in jail there two nights. No pillow. The bed bugs bad. Col Arnett, my lawyer, said I had a good case of malicious prosecution. I have begun several suits, but the "laws's delay" and the condition of dishonest courts have prevented me.

I was arrested in Bayonne, N. J., because I was trying to aid a poor drunkard's wife to get her husband to go home with her. A policeman came up and ordered me to "walk on." I said: "I have a right to speak to any one on the street." He said: "I will arrest you if you do not move on." I said: "You do not wish this poor man to have one warning word to keep him out of a drunkard's hell." He arrested me, took me to the police headquarters, where I was sentenced for disturbing the peace. I was put in a cell

with a hard board, no cover. There were only two other prisoners, both put there for getting drunk. The partition door was by accident left unlocked and I heard some one creeping, looked up and there was one of the poor creatures in my cell. I called loudly. He ran back. The turnkey came and fastened the door. All night through I was handing water to these poor creatures. The bed bugs were thick and they kept me quite busy knocking them out of my face. I lay on the plank but could not sleep a wink. Next morning I was called in court. That police officer in order to make it a case of disturbing the peace said there were one hundred and fifty people around. There was but five and I so testified. I never have seen such false swearing as there is with the police. Got a fine of ten dollars. Of course this judge was a republican.

I have been arrested: In Wichita three times; sentenced December, 1900, thirty days; January 21st, 1901, twenty-one days and January 22nd two days. Topeka, seven times; once thirty days; twice each eighteen days; then twelve days; fifteen days, seven days and three days; Kansas City once, part of a day; Coney Island once, part of a day; Los Angeles once; San Francisco once; Scranton twice, one night and part of two days; Bayonne, New Jersey, a day and night; Pittsburg three times, one night and part of two days; Philadelphia once, one night. In another chapter I will give account of other arrests.

I was also put in jail in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and in 1904, when five of us attacked the wholesale liquor house of Mahan Bros., in Wichita, of which I speak elsewhere.

I spoke at Sacramento, California to the legislature when in session. I got a letter from one of the officers in the capitol, telling of the joints run in the capitol building and patronized by the members of the legislature. A reporter went with me. He tried to gét me an opportunity to speak, but he was told I could not do so, and that I had better leave as the crowd prevented them doing business. I did not leave. The reporter said: "You will not be able to speak." I said: "I will speak." I waited until the speaker adjourned for noon, and as quick as a flash I took the stand, and began my address. I saw impatience in the faces of many, but there was a great cheer from visitors and pages. I spoke about as follows: "I am glad to speak to the law-makers of California. I not only believe in making laws, but enforcing them. I called their attention to the most need legislation on the lines of prohibition of evil. I could see that all seemed rather pleased. At this point, I drew out the letter which read as follows: "Dear Madam: I see you are to visit the capitol tomorrow, I wish to call your attention to the flagrant violations under the dome of California's capitol. In the Bill Filing room is a place where liquors are kept, also in the sergeant-at-arm's room in the senate chamber, behind a screen, is stored beer and whiskey, in room 56 there is a safe where bottles of beer and whiskey are kept. These unlicensed bars are patronized by the members, and with their full knowledge and consent. It was certainly a sight to see the faces of these men. After reading each charge, I would stop and say: "Now gentlemen this must be a grave slander, and I want you as a body to rise and

deny this outrage." I waited, no one rose up. I said: "Certainly there must be a mistake, is it possible that the law-makers of this state are the law-breakers? if so, then who is capable of punishing the criminals?" I continued, "I hope that at least there are some of the members of this body that are ignorant of this and that some one if only one will rise and say, 'I know nothing of this;'" not one arose. Both the houses were adjourned and the aisles and lobbies were packed. These men looked at each other grinning and looking silly, some heartily enjoying it, reminding me of a lot of bad boys that were caught stealing watermelons. The pages and visitors yelled and waved and clapped their hands, but was this not a shame? This is but a sample of the legislatures of the states. Washington's capitol is a reproach to common decency, this government, like a dead fish, "stinks worst at the head."

I spoke in Austin, Texas, at the State University. When I arrived in the city I was met by "Uncle Tom" Murrah. "Uncle Tom" is a true type of the old fashion gentleman. Had it not been for the chivalry of this dear friend I expect I would have had some trouble with the police of Austin.

I went into a saloon and was led out in very forcible manner by the proprietor, who was one of the city council. I stood in front of this man's man-trap and cried out against this outrageous business. The man kept a phonograph going to drown my voice. The police would have interfered but "Uncle Tom" told me to say what I pleased, and he would stand by me. I went up to the State University with students who

tried to get a hall for me to speak to them, but they could not. I spoke from the steps. In the midst of the speech and the cheers from the boys I heard a voice at my side. I looked and there stood the Principal, Prexley Prather. He was white with excitement, saying: "Madam, we do not allow such." I said: "I am speaking for the good of these boys." "We do not allow speaking on the campus." I said: "I have spoken to the students at Ann Arbor, at Harvard, at Yale, and I will speak to the boys of Texas." The boys gave a yell. The mail man was driving up at this time. The horse took fright, the letters and papers flew in every direction. The man jumped from the sulky; the horse ran up against a tree and was stopped. I offered to pay for the broken shafts but the mail carrier would take nothing. There was not serious damage and all had a good laugh, except, perhaps, the dignified Principal.

When I visited the students at Ann Arbor, Mich., I was given a banquet by the Woolley club of the university. It gave me new life to look at such men of intellectual and moral force. Oh! for such men to be the fathers of the rising generation. Just such men as these will save the Nation. *These are the hatchets* that will smash up evil and build up good.

One cannot help but compare the tobacco smoking dull brained sottish students with these giants of moral and physical manhood. These young men were the greatest argument in favor of prohibition. God will bless the Woolley club of Ann Arbor and their kind.

AT HIGH MASS, BUFFALO, OCTOBER 27.

I attended High Mass in St. Joseph Cathedral. One of the priests, Mr. Percell, was taking up the collection. He came to where I was sitting but the smell of cigarette smoke was so strong about him that I could not refrain from a rebuke, so I said: "You smell so bad from cigarette smoke."

He said: "Who?"

I said: "You!"

He said: "You are a liar!"

I said: "No I am not, you do smell bad!"

He said: "I will have you put out of this church."

I said: "I dare you! You are the one that should be put out!"

He passed on and after Mass I went into the house of the priests and asked for him. He could not be found but two priests tried to make excuses and treated me well. They said they smoked. I told them God said for them to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh. That they were making provisions for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof. I said: "What a shame for a man to dress like a saint and to smell like a devil!"

One thing I have noticed—that the Catholic schools taught by the Brothers are saturated with vile tobacco smoke. I would not like to send a son to such a place for that reason alone. There are many things I like about the Catholic church, but why, oh, why is it so silent as a general thing on the liquor traffic? Why are so many of its members in this devil's work? Oh! what a retribution will be theirs when it will be proven that instead of clothing the naked they have robbed

children of clothes. Instead of feeding the hungry they have allowed them to starve because their bread was taken to buy drink. They send souls to prison and do not minister to them!

CHAPTER XII.

WOMAN'S MISSION FROM BIBLE STANDPOINT.

God said: "It is not good that the man should be alone, I will make an help meet for him." (Gen. 2:18.) A companion, a partner, a guardian. The woman was made from the man. She was made from the flesh of his side, and her place is where she belongs, at his side. "She is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh." "Man was not made for the woman, but woman for the man." (Gen. 2:23.).

They were placed in the Garden; the woman yielded to Satan's temptation, and Adam and his wife had their natures changed, and spiritual death followed. God dealing out the penalty, said: "Man was to labor among the thorns and thistles." (Gen. 3:18.) Woman, or Eve, which means, "mother of all living," was, "to have the pains of child birth, and also her husband was to rule over her, and she was to be in bondage to her husband." (Gen. 3:15) That will cause a woman to forget her duty to herself, and follow a man who is sometimes her bitter enemy.

This is part of her punishment for her sin of disobeying God and being beguiled and deceived by Satan. Man enslaves women, Christ smashes this yoke. But there is a blessing given to women even in the pains of child birth, for, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." (Gen. 3:15.) Four thousand years after this prophecy Jesus was born, as the "seed of the woman," not the seed of man. The only child that was ever born that was not the seed of man. Man was taken from earth; woman was taken from man; Jesus was taken from woman; Eternal life taken from Jesus. In all ages woman has taken an active part in the defense of man; as in the case of Sarah, God told Abraham in regard to their trouble about Hagar, "In all that (thy wife) Sarah has said unto thee, hearken unto her voice." (Gen. 21:12.) In the case of Rebecca, who obeyed the will of God in opposition to the will of her husband. Huldah and Deborah were judges, and the latter, lead Israel to battle at one time, she was victorious and sang this song, "The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel until that I, Deborah arose. That I arose a mother in Israel." Judges 5:7.) Here is the warrior and mother in heart of woman. God gives these impulses with the pure motherhood. The bear fights for her cubs, never running from them in danger. She puts them behind her and then plants herself between them and danger, and until she is wounded, or killed nothing can get her little ones while she lives. The mother hen is a beautiful example of motherhood. She set on her eggs for three weeks, and the first food given her after this long fast is given to her little ones. Let

her see a dog or a hawk, and she shrieks and fights and flies with a vengeance at these foes. She drives them away then she clucks and gathers her little brood under her wings. She does not go back on her nest, neither does she leave her brood to the care of the rooster. Oh! that mothers had the courage of even hens in the time of danger to their off-spring; but women hide away, and the dogs of vice and the hawks of saloons come to their very door and take their children from their arms to hell, because of cowardice.

Proverbs 31, gives God's ideal of a woman. She teaches her boy to avoid bad women, to be a prohibitionist, to be good to the dependents, to be merciful; then the value of a virtuous woman is placed above all wealth. Tells that the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. (The husband if a Mason dare not trust in his wife.) Tells of confidence in each other, of the holy bonds of wedlock. She is industrious and works with her hands, she is like the merchant's ship, she brings unto her family the valuables of wisdom and knowledge for husband and children. She is a business woman. She considers a field and buys it. How essential it is for a woman to have business knowledge, she is often left alone and is a prey to the schemes of grafters. "She girdeth her loins with strength." (Prob. 31:17.) Not with the cursed corset. She is a good judge of merchandise, she does not buy the trash which takes her time to arrange and dust. She is charitably reaching out her hands to the needy. "Her husband is known where he sitteth among the elders or good men," (Prov. 31:23) not a tobacco or whiskey drunkard or a gambler. "She looks well to

the ways of her household." (Prov. 31:27. What is a woman's household here? Her husband, her children, her servants. She is to be the overseer in her house to see that her husband is instructed in good ways, she is not the one to set a bad example by going to balls and theaters and card parties. "Let your women be teachers of good things." (Titus 2:3.) She sees that her son and daughter go in good company and are not out late and that their clothes are appropriate for health and modesty, no rich foods or drinks to inflame the animal nature and passions, no thin extravagant dresses, no "peek-a-boo" waists, no intoxicants, no card parties. "Her children will rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excelleth them all. Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates." "Prov. 31: 28-31. The cities were then walled cities and the gates were where the judges and chief persons met," so let the works of a woman praise her not only in her home but at the chief places of justice. Give her the fruit of her hands; the ballot is now the best fruit of the hands of woman.

Why work with might and main to raise children to have them murdered and mangled and sent to hell. Let us work might and main to close saloons before it is safe to give birth to children. A woman that feareth the Lord, she *shall* be *praised.* There is nothing so sweet as the heart of a woman filled with the grace of God. Oh mother, dear mother, I have never heard a man tell of his fashionable or stylish mother, of a mother who had silver chains or who entertained

the "four-hundred." No these are the characteristics that they cherish. "My mother was a Christian, she wore the white ribbon," or "She was a Sunday school teacher," or "She was a good old fashioned shouting Methodist." "She never allowed cards in the house." "She never allowed me to use tobacco." "My mother was a praying woman and taught me to pray." Where is there not a mother that would not rejoice to have a son say that of her. God expressly commands women not to wear expensive or showy clothing. He says to "despise the garments spotted with the flesh." (Jude 23.) Thousands of homes have been broken up and women gone to hell from the love of dress.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIGHTS OF MOTHERS TO PROTECT THEIR CHILDREN.

If a man starts a ranch to raise cattle he protects the females in raising their young. He will kill the animals that will destroy his stock, and if he produces the pelt or scalp of these animals the state pays him a bounty. How is it with the human mothers? They produce the most valuable offspring, while children are murdered before our eyes and our hands are tied so we cannot rescue them. No one will say but that woman represents more morality than man, also that the mother is more interested in the children than the father; then of course, the party who has the most care and love should be allowed the largest privilege to exercise it.

America claims more civilization than any other nation on earth. In the main this is so. But certainly she does not protect motherhood, and *this is her peril.* Some of the best reigns have been those of queens. All nations have had their women rulers, but the mothers of America are not allowed to say who shall be the ones to help them make good citizens of their own children, while their bitter foes prey upon their offspring as cannibals. A widow with six sons has a little home. She is taxed the same in proportion as the brewer, who carries on the human butcher-shop that grinds up the six sons of the widow. He and his crowd (republicans and democrats) have the ballot that smashes the poor widow's boys and takes her substance to prose-

cute them after they are made criminals, to pay for their arrest, to build a jail for them. Her heart is broken, home is gone, and disgrace is hers. To accomplish this she is rendered helpless by having no voice or ballot to protect herself. God never made an animal that he did not give it some means of defense. While I am writing this I am in Bridgeport, Connecticut. I find this a city of eighty-two thousand. *The president of the board of education* is P. W. Wren, who is president of the Conneticut Breweries and owner of one of the largest wholesale whiskey houses in the state. This is as consistent as if one were to start a ranch to raise chickens, ducks, pigs and calves and then place a wolf to guard them from harm. The business of the brewer is to sell beer. No animal but mankind will use this rotten slop, for the others by instinct know it is poison. No man would let his horses drink it, for they would be dangerous instead of being useful. The only way to make the brewer's business profitable is to have boys and girls as consumers. The brewer is not entirely to blame. It is the voter. Mothers would never vote for such a man to be the public guardian of the morals of their children. All liquor men, or liquor license men, are opposed to "woman suffrage," for the reason that should women vote, we would have prohibition or abolition of the vice. The women saved prohibition in Topeka in the year 1903 by five hundred majority, while it would have been lost by two hundred if men only had voted. The contest was between the *wet* and *dry* mayors. Where women have the ballot, even in municipal affairs, no state has re-submitted or brought back the saloon. When

man elevates a woman he elevates himself. A degraded woman means many degraded men. Free men must be the sons of free women. This land cannot be the land of the free or home of the brave, until woman gets her freedom and men are brave and just to award it to her. No man can have the true impulse of liberty and want his mother to be a slave.

The constitution of the United States starts out by saying: "We, the people of the United States." Women are people as well as men. Therefore, I advise all women to go to the polls and vote in spring and fall elections. We want the moral, intellectual electorate. The brewer, distiller, saloon man, their agents, even the colored man, who never asked for it, was given a vote. The foreigners in a few months, or a year, after landing, are given the ballot, but the loving, true defenders of God, home and all the best interests of humanity, are compelled to see their sons, husbands, and fathers, murdered before their eyes, without the sign of a protest from the government under which they live. The outrageous unfairness of this is quite evident when we consider that the ballot is represented and controlled by the worst element, when it should be by the best. The women are more affected by oppression than man. She is the mother, the rest are the children.

The mother would vote to save the boy, and make a good citizen of him.

The saloon man votes to make drunkards, to injure, to destroy and ruin the citizen.

The best voters for President are cast out, the vil-

est put in, no wonder we have Theodore Roosevelt, the Dutch brewers' choice.

Jacob sent for Rachel and Leah to consult with them before he left Laban, and he took their advice. Moses, Aaron and Miriam were chosen by God to lead the people out of Egypt. The Bible so states it. Huldah and Deborah were prophets. Rahab was the first convert in Canaan; she and her family were all that was blessed in that cursed city of Jericho. Esther saved the whole Jewish nation. A woman smashed the head of the wicked Abimelech as did Jael the wife of Heber, also. In the Psalms, 68:11, the original says: "The Lord gave the word; great was the army of women who published it."

Jesus did his first miracle at the request of a woman, still he rebuked her. He felt her powerful influence and would know no higher will except his heavenly Father's. Christ defended woman, saying: "Why trouble ye the woman, she hath wrought a good work on me," hereby rebuking men to interfere with any woman's work when it is good. Christ never rebuked even the harlot. There was not a greater preacher than the woman at the well that brought out the city of Samaria to see Jesus. Philip had four daughters that prophesied. Women were the first disciples, they followed Christ from Galilee. He chose the men, the women chose Him. Pheobe was a deaconess of the church of Cenchrea. The Bible records no act or word of woman against Christ. With all His sufferings not one was caused by a woman. The poor prostitute bestowed the most loving service when she wept at His feet, kissing them.

This gives some of the Bible women. There have been others in all ages. One instance in the early history of Rome. There was a band of men who first settled Rome. They wished to get wives for themselves and this was the plan by which they got them.

The Romans made a great feast; had games; invited the Sabine nation to come with their wives and daughters, which they did. In the height of the foot-races and archery, the Romans rushed in among their invited guests and each snatched a woman. The Sabines returned and prepared for war. The lines of battle were drawn. The stolen women had a conference and decided to stop the war. They rushed in between the Sabine men, their former husbands and fathers, and the Romans, their last husbands, and forebade bloodshed by saying: "You will have to kill each other over our dead bodies."

If those heathen women by their act could reconcile two nations, is it not a rebuke to women in this Christian age for their cowardice in not coming forward and demanding recognition in the matter of being a go-between, for one class of men are arrayed against another.

A hundred thousand of our sons are being sent to drunkard's graves and a drunkard's hell every year. By a bold stand for the right, to defend our loved ones, let us rush between and stop this deadly strife, with the same heroism of the women of Rome, "over our dead bodies." Women will get the ballot in time, but it can be hastened only by women themselves. It will be a great victory for mankind when women can veto the curse of mankind. The mother impulse is the

strongest within women, and when she can protect her offspring, she will make a greater effort to do so than now. She will not then do as many now do, make her body a manikin to hang the fashions of the day on. She will not then display her form to attract the vulgar gaze of the world. She will not place the corpses of cats or birds on her head. She will not wear mops at the bottom of her dress to sweep up the filth of the earth. She will not wear shoes that injure her, as the heathen do. She will not put her body in the vice of a corset, displacing the organs of her body, unfitting her to be a mother, causing more than half the surgical operations in the hospitals. She will then discuss character more than fashion. She will be ashamed of her silly, giggling and meaningless conversation. God said: "A man shall not wear that which pertains to a woman neither shall a woman put on a man's garment for all that do such things are an abomination unto God." Women will then see the vulgarity and immodesty and sin in dressing in male attire or in any other form of indecent exposure of her person.

Young men often say to me: "Mrs. Nation, if I go to see young ladies I can learn nothing from them. They are not interested in the subjects that are improving to young men. They read only trash." Also they say: "I cannot afford to marry. I cannot support a woman. Their wants are so many." Dress is a remnant of barbarism. The Indians delight in different colors, the plumage of birds, the skins of animals, even rattle-snakes. We retrograde to their level when we attract the vulgar gaze to such vanities.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The life of a soul moved on by the Holy Spirit is beyond human expression, as well as human understanding. "He that is spiritual judgeth" (examines) all things, but he himself is judged (or examined) of no man." (1 Cor. 2:15.) The spiritual man can see the condition of the unregenerate for he was once in darkness, but the unregenerate can never understand the condition of the regenerate. The impulses that move one born of God is one of the puzzles not possible to be known by the wisdom of the wise of this world. 'Tis a secret, 'tis hidden, and can come only by Divine Revelation and is always a miracle, the greatest ever performed. It raises from the dead, never to die again. It opens the eyes never to be closed again, 'tis an armor that causes us to handle serpents (devils) without harm and we can hear or drink poisons, or doctrines but they will not kill our soul. "These signs shall follow them that believe." (Mark 16:17.) The real Christ life is and always will be hateful to the world. I have often heard it said of me: "I cannot bear that Carry Nation!" I wanted only to do the people good. I do not blame these as I once did; "For the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. 8:7.) "Marvel not that the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you." (I John 3:13; John 15:18.) I know that when I was ten years

old I felt the movings of God's spirit—got an answer of peace, but like a little infant pined away, for lack of care and nourishment. Nothing but the divine mercy of Almighty God could have directed the affairs of my tempest-tossed life. I now know there are no accidents. A sparrow falls by a special providence. There are no sins or temptations that I can not say: "My God delivered, saved and forgave me for that." I go to prisons and all kinds of houses of sin. I say: "I can tell you of one who can save and forgive you for that, he forgave me, and he will forgive you, for I was as bad, or worse, than you." I have never seen anyone whom I thought had committed more sin than I. Many will lift up horrified hands at this but 'tis true. I never saw the corruption of but one life, one heart,—that was mine. I was never so shocked, so disgusted, so distracted with remorse over any life, so much as my own. My heart was the foulest place I ever saw. I do not know what is in other people's hearts. Paul meant this when he said: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief." (I Tim. 1:98.) Said, "This is worthy of all acceptation," or was, a good testimony. (I Tim. 1:15.) Because one can never see how bad the heart is, until God sheds the light to see it. So many people are deceived, as a blind man. They may be in filth, and do not know it. It is there, but not seen, for lack of light.

I was first condemned by reading the Psalms. I said: "If Christians have impulses to "rejoice," clap their hands, and "shout," I do not know what it is. I find no response of gladness in my heart." I trem-

bled with fear to think of God and the judgment day. This continued from youth up to the age of forty. At this time I received from Christ the "Gift of the Holy Ghost," the "Unction," that which "leads unto all truth." (John 16:13.) There are many names for this; I call it the Bible name. "Hold fast the form of sound words." (II Tim. 1:13.) Before this I had never spoken a word for God or prayed in public. At one time I was called on to do so, and was terrified and mumbled out something, that was no prayer. Now all was changed: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." I was anxious for my time to come to tell how good Jesus was to me. When I met my neighbors I would be heavy-hearted, because they talked of servants, house cleaning, the new fashions, and these seemed so vain, so frivolous. I liked to direct their minds to speak of the Scriptures, and of the ways of doing work for God. I soon found out I was not welcome, I was looked upon as an intruder, was often avoided, I could see the frowns and glances of impatience at my presence. These would cause me many a cry and mortification. My best companion was the Bible. I then knew what David meant when he said: "More to be desired are they, than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than the honey and the honey comb." (Ps. 19:10.) I often kiss and caress my Bible; 'tis the most precious of all earthly treasures.

I wonder how people can live any kind of Christian life without reading the Scriptures and prayer. If I neglect this one day I feel impatient, restless,—a soul hunger. Spurgeon is my favorite of all ministers. I

read where he said, "Being a Christian was something like taking a sea bath. You go in up to the ankles and there is no pleasure, then to the knees is not much better, but if you wish to know the pleasure of a bath take a *'header'* and plunge. Then you can say, 'how glorious.'" Christian life is like a journey. There are flowers and fruit and streams; thorns, dark valleys and fires; rocky steeps from whose summits you can see beautiful prospects. There is rest, refreshment, sleep and bitter tearful watchings. 'Tis a great pleasure to me to be in a spiritual meeting. To know by the testimony how far they have traveled. Some one in the garden of delights; he wonders why that one tells of the dark valley. One at the base of the hill cannot understand why others see what he cannot. The young beginner tells of the beautiful sights and songs; and maybe the one who has been on the road almost a life time will tell of the "continual heaviness, hours of darkness, and the smoking furnace, and the lamp." I have found that the warrior is never as bouyant as the new recruit, in his dress parade. We humor children, and call on men to labor. Few, comparatively, get to the place where they prefer hard labor; to endure desolation of heart; to seek self in nothing: to see all loved but himself; to see others exalted, but only abasement for self; to "endure hardness as a good soldier;" (II Tim. 2:3), to lay on the ground; to eat hard tack; to make long, weary marches; footsore and still fight on; to suffer traveling over rocks and thorns; to endure the loss of all things." I will take this last for mine. 'Tis the best, Oh my God, give me this! "He that goeth forth and *weepeth* bearing precious seeds shall

doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Ps. 126:6.) I do not ask this because I enjoy suffering but to prove my love and gratitude to Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me.

After we moved to Medicine Lodge the Free Methodists came there and held a meeting. I had never heard the doctrine of the "second blessing" or "sanctification" taught. It was very interesting to me. Three women called to see me in my home, to ask me if I had ever "had the Gift." I told them I had something peculiar given me from God in Texas; asked them to pray to God to give this great blessing to me or a witness that he had done so. These sisters were Mrs. Painter, Green and Marvin. I also prayed for myself. In about ten days from that time I was in my sitting room. It was raining. A minister and his daughter were at our house, (Mr. Laurance, a Baptist.) We were all quietly reading in the room. I was in meditation, praying and saying: "Just now, blessed Father, give me the witness." Then a wonderful thing took place, which it is not "lawful" or possible for me to utter. II Cor. 12:4.) Something was poured on top of my head, running all over and through me, which I call divine electricity. The two persons who were in the room, Mr. Laurance and his daughter, were very much startled, for I jumped up, clapped my hands, saying: "I have this from God, this divine Gift." I went below in the basement that I might give vent to my gratitude, and under my breath I walked up and down, thanking, praising, crying and laughing.

Like the woman that found the piece of silver that was lost, I had to tell my neighbors. I wrapped myself

up to be protected from the rain, and ran to Sister Painter, near by, then to Sister Dollar's and Marvin's and several others, to tell them of my great blessing.

When I returned I opened my Bible. Every word and every letter was surrounded with a bright light. I turned over the leaves, and I saw the meaning on the pages at a glance. There was a new light and meaning. I have never been able to express that experience in any other way than to say I was "eating" the word of God. I could now understand why we do not understand the figures and expressions used in the Bible, because I have had several experiences, that were impossible to explain by human language.

I told Mr. Nation that the Bible was a new book to me, tried to explain to him; told him I now saw the meaning of everything. He said: "Explain Lazarus and the rich man." I turned to it instantly. The divine light gave a new meaning to me. I commented thus as I read it: "This rich man is the Jewish nation, with its gorgeous temple service. The poor man is the Gentile nations called dogs, no temple, no altar, no God, no healing; like a man with an incurable loathsome disease. These begged from the Jews the crumbs that fell to their dogs. This rich man had much goods. He could have shared to bless, but through lack of charity he withheld.

The beggar died, and angels took him to Abraham's bosom, the very place the Jews thought was only for them. This is a figure of the death to sin, and the life to righteousness. The natural must die before the spiritual can live. The rich man died, and was buried. The Jewish nation died as it is here predicted, and in

hell, he lifted up his eyes, being in torments. It is not said that the Gentiles, or Lazarus were buried. The Jews as a nation are dead, never to be resurrected. They have been scattered abroad in torments, a people without a land, a hiss and a byword, as God said. The Jew sees the Gentiles with the good things, he once had. Has time and time again begged relief from them. The Jews wish no companionship in their misery, have no missionaries. Five is a number applied to humanity,—five senses, five fingers, five toes. The gulf spoken of as being impassable, is the separateness of the Jews from all others.

The rich man wants one from the dead to go to his five brethren, or humanity. Abraham or the Gospel reminds the Jew that Moses and the prophets were as convincing; they would not believe them. Christ said: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets—for they wrote of me—neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." (Luke 16:31.) Christ in this parable prophesied of his own death and resurrection, they did not believe when he arose from the dead.

Scripture was given a meaning I had never heard of before. This light continued for about three days. Oh! if I had devoted all my time then to reading while I had this divine light! We never know the value of any blessing, until it is gone. Persons almost universally say of me: "You have studied and remember so much of the Bible," but this is a gift from God. I know why God gave this to me. Because I have always been a reader and a student of holy teachings, even when it was sealed, and often to me, contradictory. "If any will do His will, they shall know of the

doctrine." (John 7:17.) Jesus said: "Search the Scriptures." (John 5:39.) "Study to show thyself a workman well approved unto God, that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 'Tis a sweet love letter by an independent God to a dependent people. "Oh! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out." (Rom. 11:33.) Yet His love can be felt and known by all. Not one of the severe judgments of God but they reflect this tender love of God, in destroying that which love hates, because sin is the enemy of love, the bitter foe to the happiness of mankind; therefore 'tis an evidence of the intensity of love to destroy sin. Take for instance the destruction of the Amalekites. This people was a curse to the earth and the enemy of all good. "Remember what Amalek did unto thee, by the way, when ye were come forth out of Egypt. How he met thee by the way, and smote the hindmost of thee, even all that were feeble behind thee when thou wast faint and weary; and he feared not God. Therefore it shall be when the Lord thy God hath given thee rest from thine enemies, thou shalt blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven." (Deut. 25:17-19.) God waited four hundred years from this time. They still were murderers. Then he told Saul to utterly destroy this cruel nation. (I Sam. 15:3.) The state kills a man now. This is not a cruelty but a mercy, "And those which remain shall hear and fear and shall henceforth commit no more any such evil." "'Tis righteous retribution with God to recompense tribulation to those who trouble you." (II Thes. 1:6.)

Persons often argue that the books of the Bible are written by man and cannot be said to be written by God. I illustrate the way God wrote the Bible by this: You have a package of letters from your mother. Some are written with red ink, some with black, some with a stub pen, some with a fine point, some with a pencil, etc. You do not say, the pen wrote me this letter and the pencil wrote me that. No, this is not spoken of or considered. You say: "My mother wrote these letters to me." Just so, Moses is God's pen, with which he wrote the five books of the pentateuch. Joshua was also a pen, and Ezra, Job, David, Solomon, and so with the writers of the New Testament. God guided them as we do our pen. The Bible carries within itself its own evidence of divinity. It requires no proof. It but weakens its own evidence, to appeal to human aid. The fulfilled prophesy, its inimitable poetry, is proof to the natural man to know it to be above the *human* mind, and to a child of God it speaks with life, and love more potent than an earthly parent to their child. The Holy Spirit only can interpret his own words: "'Tis foolishness to those who perish, but unto us who are saved it is the power of God." (I Cor. 1:18.)

CHAPTER XV.

SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY FOR MY CHRISTIAN WORK.

I have a great benediction on my work. Wherever I go the dear mothers shake my hand and kiss my face, saying: "God bless you. I want to help you. You did what I wanted to do." It is the heart of motherhood running over with love. "The gentle are the brave, the loving are the daring."

I got a telegram from a man saying: "Your article in *Physical Culture* on the use of tobacco has cured me of the vice." One man from Omaha, Nebraska, wrote: "Three years ago I was a drunkard. I had a drug store. I was losing business and going to ruin generally. When I heard of what you did, I said: 'If that woman can do that to save others, I ought to do something for myself.' So now I am a changed man. My wife is a changed woman. I have to thank you and Almighty God. My business is growing every day."

Upon several occasions I have had people to put five dollars in my hand. While I was lecturing in Pasadena, California, for the Y. M. C. A. one young man put in my hand what I thought was a silver dollar, but on looking it was a twenty dollar gold piece. I said: "I will lay that up in heaven for you." And so I have. I never learned his name but he will certainly find that twenty dollars in the bank of heaven with interest.

When I first started out in this crusade I was called

crazy and a "freak" by my enemies, but now they say: "No, Carry Nation, you are not crazy, but you are sharp. You started out to accomplish something and you did. You are a grafter. It is the money you are after." Jesus said: "John came neither eating or drinking and ye say, Behold a wine bibber and a glutton." So it is the world never did understand an unselfish life. Paul said: "It is a very small thing that I shall be judged of man's judgment, I judge not mine ownself, for I know nothing by myself." (Cor. 4:3.)

There have been from the first time I started out, persons who understood that God moved me. These were students of the Old Scriptures. Jesus told the people before the New Testament was written to "search the Scriptures—these are they that testify of me. *All* Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect *thoroughly furnished* unto every good work." (II Tim. 3:16.) To be thorough one must know the old as well as the new. In all the sermons of Paul, Peter and the rest, they quote from old Scripture. So did Jesus. Read Peter's first sermon on the day of Pentecost. There is a tendency to study the New Testament more than the Old. It is not possible to understand the New, unless we first study the Old. One of my favorite books is Deuteronomy, the dying words of Moses. He here repeats the great mercy, consideration and power of God's dealings with his people. Tells the kind of characters God will bless. How God loves the pure and good. How He hates the wicked. We here see that God creates good and

evil, and holds us responsible for the choosing. While God rules in all things we have the power to bring on ourselves blessings or cursings. (Deut. 30:19.) This book declares the man or woman invincible that abandons himself or herself to do God's will.

"True merit lies in braving the unequal.
True glory comes from daring to begin.
God loves the man or woman, who reckless
of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether they lose or win."

In the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, God commanded the children of Israel to "destroy the images," "break down" the altars and "burn the graven images" of the gods of the heathen. This was smashing! Also said to them: "If you do not drive them out they shall be thorns in your sides." (Num. 33:55.) God gave them power and ability to do this, then he required them to do it. God supplies man's "cannots," not his "will nots." In Numbers twenty-fifth chapter, Phineas was given God's covenant of peace and the priesthood, because he slew the woman and man that were committing sin: "Because he was jealous for his God and made an atonement for the children of Israel." (Num. 25:13.) This was smashing. God himself smashed up Sodom and Gomorrah. In the seventeenth chapter of Deuteronomy, verses five and seven God says: "The idolator shall be stoned with stones till he die. So shalt thou put the evil away from you." This is smashing! I could write a book recounting the incidents recorded in God's Word.

"What is in thine hand, Abel?"

"Nothing but one wee lamb, O God, taken from the flock. I purpose offering it to thee, a willing sacrifice."

And so he did. And the sweet smell of that burning has been filling the air ever since, and constantly going up to God as a perpetual sacrifice of praise.

"What is it thou hast in thine hand, Moses?"

"Nothing but a staff, O God, with which I tend my flocks."

"Take it and use it for me."

And he did; and with it wrought more wondrous things than Egypt and her proud king had seen before.

"Mary, what is that thou hast in thine hand?"

"Nothing but a pot of sweet-smelling ointment, O God, wherewith I would anoint thine only One called Jesus."

And so she did; and not only did the perfume fill all the house in which they were, but the Bible-reading world has been fragrant with the memory of this blessed act of love, which has ever been spoken of "for a memorial of her."

"Poor woman, what is it that thou hast in thine hand?"

"Only two mites, Lord. It is very little; but then it is all I have, and I would put it into thy treasury."

And so she did; and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a charm, prompting others to give to the Lord.

"What is it that thou hast in thine hand, Dorcas?"

"Only a needle, Lord."

"Take it and use it for me."

And so she did; and not only were the suffering poor of Joppa warmly clad, but inspired by her loving life.

"Dorcas Societies" even now continue their benign mission to the poor throughout the earth.

"What is it in thine hand, Shamgar?"

"Only an ox goad, a stick with which to drive oxen. I slew six hundred enemies of God, and man delivering from slavery God's people."

"What is it in thine hand Samson?"

"The jaw bone of an ass which was a power in the hand used by God, to slay a thousand wicked cruel infidels."

"David why do you lay aside the armor of Saul and meet the giant, with only a sling?"

"My God will give the power to slay the foe to mercy and truth."

"What is in thine hands Gideon?"

"Nothing but an empty pitcher, a lamp and a trumpet. I blew with my trumpet and smashed the pitchers."

"Carry Nation, what have you in your hand?"

Sometimes a rock; sometimes a hatchet; God told me to use these to smash that which has smashed and will smash hearts and souls. The sound of this loving deed will stir conscience and hearts and while I cannot finish the smashing, the voter of this nation will use their ballots that will, and this impulse will Carry A. Nation.

God sent an angel from heaven to tell Gideon to smash up the altar and image of Baal. By divine command Achan and family were smashed. God would not give Joshua victory until this was done. Saul was commanded by God (through his prophet

Samuel,) to utterly destroy the Amalekite nation, and all their substance. He was disobedient and saved the king. Samuel hacked or smashed up Agag, although Saul was the regularly appointed one. This is a case directly in point. The officers in Kansas were oath-bound to do what Carry A. Nation did.

Our Savior's mission on earth was to "break (smash) every yoke and let the oppressed go free." Isa. 58:6. Upon two occasions he made a scourge, of small cords and laid it on the backs of wicked men who were doing unlawful things. He came into this world "to destroy the works of the devil." (I John 3:8.) "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." (Rom. 16:20.) We are told to "Abhor that which is evil," (Rom. 12:9,) to "Resist (or fight) the devil and he will flee." (Jas. 4:7.) We are not to be "Overcome with evil but to overcome evil with good." (Rom. 12:21.) How? Resist the devil. God blessed the church at Ephesus, because they "hated the evil workers, tried them and found them liars." The hatred of sin is one mark of a Christian. Just in proportion to your love for God will be your hatred of evil. I will here give you a Bible reading on the subject. These are some instances of smashing. The ten plagues of Egypt and the overthrow of Pharaoh, were smashing. The death of the first born also:

Gen. 19:24, 9:5, 6, 4:7-11; Lev. 19:17; Num. 33:55, 56; Deut. 7:2-5, 21:1-9; 21:18-21, 13:12-18, 17:5-7, 19:13-20, 25:17-19, 30:15-19; Josh. 7:25, 26, 7:10-12, 10:24-26, 23:7; Judges 3:31, 4:21, 6:25, 7:20, 15:15, 9:53; 1 Sam. 15:33; 2 Chron. 34:4, 5, 7; Neh. 13:8-25;

Isa. 28:21, 54:16; Matt. 21:12; John 2:13-23; Acts 13:8-11.

If I could I would turn the key on every church in the land for six months, so as to teach some preachers to go out, and not stay in, and compel poor sinners to stay out. I yield no territory to the devil. Let us take every saloon, every house of prostitution of men and women for God. "There shall not a hoof be left behind." (Exod. 10:26.) "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the *violent* take it by force," (Matt. 11:12,) which means that where the evil is aggressive, we must be more so, and take, compelling surrender by the determination never to yield.

I feel that I have been peculiarly favored to go into these places, to "cry aloud and spare not and show my people their sins." (Isa. 58:1.) I find this class so hungry for something better. These poor actresses, who dress in tights and sing indecent songs, are a weary, tired, heart-sick lot of slaves. I mingle with them as a sister. When I can say a warning word I say it. I call them affectionate names and mean it. God will judge both of us. He knows who loved much; he can forgive much. Christ said to a lot of men who took the amen pews: "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." (Matt. 21:31.) Why? They "repented when they heard." "How are they to hear without a preacher?" I never see a man or woman so low but I say, as a sculptor said of the marble: "There is an angel there." Oh, God, help me to bring it out!

Jesus received sinners and ate with them. He left a command that Christians should invite these to feasts

in their homes. Oh! what a revival of religion there would be if the homes of Christians were opened to the lost and sinful, who are dying for some demonstration of love. If the Son of God, the lovely, the pure, the blessed ate with sinners, ought it not to be a privilege to follow Him. We are commanded to "reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long suffering and doctrine." (II Tim. 4:2.) People will work in a revival to get sinners saved, and will pass them day after day on the street and not a word of Scripture, do they use to remind them of God's judgments. Jesus said: "The world hateth me because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." (John 7:7.) I have had men to swear at me, call me names and threaten to knock me down. At first this caused me to feel mortified but that passed off. These very men have afterward told me I was right and they were wrong. The devil "threw some on the ground and they foamed at the mouth" before he was cast out. I have often taken cigars and cigarettes out of men's and boy's mouths. I wished to show them the wrong and that I was a friend. Would you let one you love take a knife to open a vein or cut himself? Oh! the sweetness and force of that promise: "Your *labor* is never in vain in the Lord." (Isa. 65:23.) This covers all cases, if you, for the love of God, do anything. I often say to myself, after rebuking for sin: "You made a mistake in the way you did this or that, and are you sure it was done for the love of God and your neighbor?" "Yes." Then "your labor is never in vain in the Lord." It is not *what we do that* prospers, but what *God blesses.* "He that planteth is nothing and he that watereth is

nothing, but it is God that giveth the increase." (I Cor. 3:7.) And it matters not how awkward the work, if it be done from love of God, it will prosper. Like other things, the more you do, the better you can do.

All the Christian work I ever did seemed to meet with severe opposition from church members. This is a great stumbling block to some. The church crucified our blessed Christ, that is, it was the hypocrites; for the church is the light and salt, the body of Christ. "If I yet please men, I should not be the servant of Christ." (Gal. 1:10.) There is no other organization but the church of Christ that persecutes its own followers. The hierarchy in the church told Christ "He had a devil," but they could not meet the argument when He said: "A kingdom divided against itself will not stand." If I, by the spirit of Beelzebub, cast out devils, by what kind of a spirit do your children cast them out." The devil never destroys his own work. If the saloon is of the devil, the power that destroys it is the opposite. If a mother should see a gun pointed at her son would she break the law to snatch the gun and smash it? The gun was not hers. It may have been worth a thousand dollars. The saloon is worse than the gun which could only destroy the body.

It is a great blessing to know your mission in life. I know why Christians are waiting with folded hands, not being able to see their mission. They are not willing to pay the great price for their commission. The rich young man could have been a follower of Jesus, the greatest honor in earth or heaven, and could have had eternal treasure in heaven for the transient gain of earth. He would not pay the price. You must give

all, to get all. The effect of smashing has always been to cause the people to arouse themselves. The Levite that severed his dead concubine and sent parts of her body to the different tribes of Israel was to cause the people to "consider, take advice and speak." Then they acted and four hundred thousand men presented themselves to redress this wrong.

The smashing in Kansas was to arouse the people. If some ordinary means had been used, people would have heard and forgotten, but the "strange act" demanded an explanation and the people wanted that, and they never will stop talking about this until the question is settled.

Let us consider the character of Moses. It is said this man disobeyed God but once, and he was the "meekest of all men." We are first attracted to him peculiarly because he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, rather suffering afflictions with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." (Heb. 11:25.) Rather be counted with the poor despised, afflicted slaves under the taskmaster's lash than be a king or an absolute monarch. This brought out his characteristic prohibition of sin,—the renouncing of every worldly ambition, He here made the choice, at the time when the temptations were the greatest, for all that the world could offer was his. He gave all and paid the price it requires to get all. On the banks of the Nile he sees one man oppressing another. That spirit of prohibition of this great wrong caused him to strike (smash) the oppressor.

Here is a lovable trait of this great man. Moses, could not look on and see the helpless suffer at the

hands of another, even though it brought death to himself. Forgetful of his own safety, defying the absolute power and authority of this despot, so far as it lay in his power, against all these odds he redressed the wrong of a fellow creature. God saw in Moses a man whom He could use. From the golden throne he sought a retreat, and for forty years was an humble shepherd, learning the lesson of caring for the flocks of Jethro, before he should be called to take the oversight of the flock of God. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is much." God called this man out of the wilderness to go to the greatest court on earth as His ambassador. Not one compromise would he make, still true to his prohibition principles. God never used or blessed any man or woman that was not a prohibitionist. Eli was one of those conservatives and said only, "Nay verily my sons." And he got his neck broken and both of his sons got killed because he restrained not his sons in the iniquity which he knew." Moses, although the meekest of all men, he said to Pharaoh, "There shall not a hoof be left behind." (Exod. 10:26.) True to the uncompromising spirit of a great leader. When in the Mount, seeing the idolatry, smashed the two tables of stone. Why? He would not deliver the holy laws to a people who were insulting God. This smashing was a demonstration of Moses' jealously for his God. After this I can see him striding down to the place of this "ball" or "hugging." The round dance of the present day is but a repetition of those lascivious plays, and with his ax or hatchet he hacked up that malicious property, shaped into a golden calf.

This did not belong to Moses. It was very valuable but he smashed it and ground it to powder and then to further humiliate these rebels, he made them drink the dust mixed with water, then to absolutely destroy and stamp with a vengeance this insult to God, he divided the people and those who were "on the Lord's side" fought with these rebels and slew (smashed) three thousand men. In one of the apocryphal books of the Catholic Bible we have the story of the holy woman Judeth who cut off the head of Hollifernese to save God's people. Esther the gentle loving queen had the wicked sons of Haman hanged. Our supremest idea of justice is a reward for the good and a punishment for the wicked. We amputate the arm to save the body. David says: "I will not know a wicked person; he that telleth lies shall not dwell in my sight." (Ps. 101:4.)

The devil has his agents in the churches, and among those who are doing his work the best, are a class of professors who testify that you must not speak ill of any one, not even the devil. They are the "non-resistives." The devil is delighted to be respected, and not fought. He gets his work in just as he wants to and he can imitate true conversion, if he can place in the church those who hinder a warfare against sin. Paul said: "I tell you even weeping they are enemies of the cross of Christ." (Phil. 3:18.) They are the devils in light. "But there must needs be heresies among you that they who are approved may be manifest." Persons often propose to *do* something. I may not see the advisability, but because there is action in it, I never object. Oh! for somebody to "*do* with their might

what their hands find to do." (Eccles. 9:10.) "Well done" is the best commendation. Faith is like the wind, we cannot see it, but by the quantity of motion and commotion. There are workers, "jerkers" and "shirkers;" but through much tribulation and temptation must we enter into the kingdom of heaven. The counterfeit proves the genuine dollar; counterfeits are not counterfeited. So hypocrites prove the genuine Christians. If there were not a genuine there would not be a hypocrite. Our mothers and grandmothers who went into saloons praying and spilling the poisoned slop of these houses of crime and tears were blessed in their *deeds*. Oh! that the W. C. T. U. would do as they did, what a reform would take place. I love the organization of mothers. I love their holy impulses, but I am heart-sick at their conventionality, their red tape. This organization could put out of existence every drinking hell in the United States if they would demand it and use the power they have even without the ballot.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN NEBRASKA.—WHAT I DID WITH THE FIRST MONEY I GAVE TO THE LORD.—AT CONEY ISLAND.—WHAT I SAID OF MR. MCKINLEY.—IN CALIFORNIA.—"CRIBS" AT LOS ANGELES.—ARREST IN SAN FRANCISCO.—CONDEMNED BY SOME MINISTERS.—WHISKEY AND TOBACCO ADVERTISEMENTS.

When I began lecturing I tried to get into churches, but only a few would open to me. I had many inducements financially to go on the stage, but I refused to do so for sometime. Like a little child I have had to sit alone, creep and walk. I paid my fines by monthly installments and in December of 1902, I settled with the court at Topeka for the "Malicious destruction of property," when, in fact, it was the "Destruction of malicious property."

In the spring of 1902, I went to Nebraska, under the management of Mrs. M. A. S. Monegan. She had also made dates for J. G. Woolley and other prominent prohibition lecturers. She was a thorough prohibitionist and by conversing with her I for the first time found the remedy for the licensed saloon. This is "National Prohibition."

I held a debate in Lincoln with Bixbee, of the *Journal,* a rank republican, who used only ridicule and satire, for he had no argument of course. I lectured for and with the "Red Ribbon Alliance" there, who were so faithfully working and praying for the abolition of the saloon. The spring election in Lincoln was

for prohibition, but lost by sixty votes. William Jennings Bryan lives there and if he, the man who poses as a friend of the people, had opened his mouth against the saloon he could have made this great cause more than the sixty votes. From that time forth I knew Bryan was for Bryan and what Bryan could get for Bryan.

I lectured at the parks and chautauquas in the summer and at fairs in the fall, and at the end of the year of 1902, I had the sum of five thousand dollars which I used to build a mission on Central Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. In that vicinity were several dives and I told those poor criminals that we would soon run them out. I had my brother, Campbell Moore, to manage the erection of this brick building. The liquor men tried to buy the ground to hinder the work, but at last the building was finished. I was offered seventy-five dollars rent for the hall but refused it. Then I went to the Salvation Army barracks in Kansas City, Mo., and offered to give it to them free of rent if they would start a mission. They did not see their way clear to accept it. My brother told me of a property that would suit me better for the purpose of a "Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers," which I was trying to arrive at through the mission. I went to see this property, and found it to be about two acres, with a twenty room brick house and a good brick stable on it, nice drives and forest trees, and while it is in the city, it is on a high elevation and as much retired from the dust and crowd as in the country. Mr. Simpson, the owner, sent me ten dollars while I was in jail at Wichita, and he was anxious to let me have this home

WHEN MR. NATION SUED AND OBTAINED A DIVORCE FROM ME I WAS GIVEN THE HOME, WHICH I SOLD FOR $800. THIS I GAVE AS FIRST PAYMENT ON THE ABOVE HOME FOR DRUNKARDS' WIVES, GRANDVIEW AND REYNOLDS AVENUE, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS. I PAID $7,500 FOR THIS PLACE AND DEEDED IT TO THE CHARITIES OF KANSAS CITY, KANSAS TO BE USED FOREVER AS A HOME FOR THE DESTITUTE WIVES, MOTHERS AND CHILDREN OF DRUNKARDS.

of his that he had improved himself. I purchased this with the money I got from the other place, paying him five thousand five hundred dollars, owing the rest. This place is situated on Reynolds and Grandview avenues. It was not possible for me to begin this enterprise myself, and in speaking to Myron A. Waterman, of the Savings Bank of Kansas City, Kansas, he suggested that the "Associated Charities" of Kansas City, Kansas, would put it to the use I intended. I liked the idea. The society became incorporated so they could receive the deed, which was a trust, for should the property be used for other than what it was given for, it will revert to its former owner.

The society took possession in December, 1903, and at this writing, February 1904, it is full, the Home of many poor and destitute who now have a good shelter, warmth and light free They are expected to make their own living when they can. Mr. Simpson gave forty dollars to furnish one room. The local W. C. T. U. have furnished their room and have two women the wives of drunkards in it. I here make a plea of help to enlarge this Home. As stated there are two acres of ground and one who would give money to this would fulfill the command to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; these are the orphans and the widows; every dollar will be put in the bank of Heaven.

My motive for doing this was twofold. I wanted to furnish a home for these, the innocent results of the saloon, whose sad condition is beyond words to describe. The people burden themselves with taxes to build jails, penitentiaries, alms houses, insane asylums, and reformatories to care for the guilty results of the

saloon. They pay millions to prosecute these criminals, the result of the saloon, but no one has ever thought of a building, or shelter for these women who are worse than widows, who are free from any fault in this matter, but are the greatest sufferers.

I have been asked by my friends not to call it a "Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers," for it would be a reflection on the inmates. Not at all. The condemnation is on the party which makes a demand for such a home, by voting for saloons. The question, "Why?" will arise in the minds of all who see on the arch over the entrance to this place, "Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers." Why? "Because of the saloon. Let us smash the saloon and not these women's homes and hearts." Miss Edith Short is the secretary and is at the home all the time, and she is the right woman in the right place.

There are many persons who would like to donate to such a place. We are waiting for funds to enlarge the place, making rooms or flats for these dear ones. A letter directed to "Drunkards' Wives Home," Kansas City, Kansas, will reach the place, for there is no other of the kind in the world. It was such a relief to me when I saw that what means I could control was used in a manner God would bless, and it was a great source of joy to me to do something for this class. I have been a drunkard's wife myself and I know the desolation of heart they have. This is a worse sorrow than to have one's husband die. A wife always feels that she might have done something to cause her husband to drink or to quit. I believe that some men have been led to drink by women, but it is a cowardly resort,

or excuse, and the man who would make this as an excuse is as bad as the woman who caused him to drink, if not worse. The thief, the murderer, or any other class of criminals could just as well blame others for their own wrong doings.

When I was at Coney Island, I was asked, what I thought of William McKinley's administration? I said: "I was glad when McKinley was elected for I had heard that he was opposed to the liquor traffic. I did not know then that he rented his wife's property in Canton, Ohio for saloon purposes, and after his election he had been a constant disappointment to me; that he was the Brewers' president and did their bidding; that we as W. C. T. U. workers, sent petitions, thousands of them to Mr. McKinley to have him refuse to let the canteen run. That we were willing to give our boys to fight the battles of this nation, to die in a foreign land, but we were not willing that a murderer should follow them from their home shores to kill their bodies and souls." This was said at the time that he was thought to be convalescent from his death-wound. I said: "I had no tears for McKinley, neither have I any for his assassin. That no one's life was safe with such a murderer at large." This roused hisses; some left the hall and there was a murmer of confusion. One man threw a wad of paper at me, but I said: "My loyality to the homes of America demand that I denounce such a president and his crowd." It was a common thing to be hissed. Once I spoke in Sioux City, Iowa, in the church where the martyred Haddock preached. The crowd was so large, the church was filled and emptied three times. I had cheers and

hisses at the same time. At the first meeting I was talking at the top of my voice, the audience was clapping and hissing and a good evangelistic brother by my side kept pounding his fist of one hand into the palm of the other and shouting: "She is right! She is right!" That was a great meeting, and I shall never forget it, neither will anyone who was there. I spoke three times to audiences that night. I have been hissed, and after giving the people time to think, have been applauded by the same parties. "Oh, fools and slow of heart to understand," Jesus said. (Luke 24: 25.)

Murat Halstead, who wrote the book called, "Our Martyred President or the Illustrious Life of William McKinley," wrote some positive falsehoods concerning me. This Halstead has always been a defender of anarchy or the licensed saloon.

William McKinley was no martyr. He was murdered by a man who was the result of a saloon and could not tell why he murdered the President.

I could tell of many amusing incidents. Indeed I could fill a book of interesting anecdotes. In the summer of 1902, while traveling among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, I met a woman on the boat who wore a very low cut dress, with a very long train. Her face was painted, she wore flashy jewelry, with as much exposure of person as she dared. She came to me in an affected manner, and handed me a roll saying: "I am a temperance lecturer, here is one of my bills."

I replied: "If you are such, you had better make a practical application of temperance, and cover your-

self up." The change of her countenance was instantaneous and she with a queer almost startled look said: "You go to Hell."

Once in Elmira, N. Y. the streets were so crowded that we had to leave the Salvation Army Hall. I climbed in a farmer's two horse wagon. He came out of a saloon and gathered up the reins and laid the whip to his horses, which were caught so as to let me out.

Mr. Furlong, my manager, had a keen sense of the ridiculous and would let me alone when I started out. He said he knew I could take care of myself. Often when I would rise to speak to the thousands in the parks, there would be yells and groans, and a manager at Youngstown, Ohio, said to Mr. Furlong: "She will not get a chance to speak." Mr. Furlong said: "You watch how she will handle them." I would always quiet them for a time at least. Once they were determined not to let me talk. I at last went to one side of the stage and began talking very explanatory to some parties in front. The rest wanted to hear, so they were quiet. Then I gave them the hot-shots of truth. I always invited interruptions by questions. I had no set speech and these questions would bring out what the crowd wanted to hear. I like especially the questions from those who oppose me. I have had men to shake their fists at me saying: "You are an anarchist and ought to be in the lunatic asylum." One agent of a brewer in Hartford, Connecticut, kept on disturbing the meeting; at last he said: "Why did Christ make wine?" I said: "The wine that He made did not rot. His was the unfermented juice of the grape. God made healthly fruit and grain. The devil rots them

and makes alcohol, which rots the brain, rots the body and rots the soul, and that is what is the matter with you."

When I first began my lectures I was not taken seriously by the people. They did not see the great principle back of the work. My manager said: "We must make all the dates this year, for next year it will not be so easy." I said: "You will find it easier, for I will be more popular." He shook his head, but sure enough it was easier. We could not fill the dates, and now the calls are more and more all over the country.

In the winter and spring of 1903, I was in California. I was employed by the theatrical manager of the "Chutes." Beer was sold at this resort. Some W. C. T. U.'s were very much horrified that I would go to such a place. Mrs. Hester T. Griffith, the president of the Federation of Unions in Los Angeles, came to see me. She had been a staunch friend of mine from the first and she went with me to the "Chutes" and introduced me. This she did time and again saying: "If she had the opportunity to speak at the "Chutes" she would do as Carry Nation does." This woman was a blessing to me. She helped me to see that the stage was a mission field. I was severely criticised by the newspapers, and especially by some of the ministers. One from Rockford, Illinois, a Rev. Dr. Van Horn, wrote a very slanderous article which I heard of through my friends there. I was arrested in Los Angeles for some advertising my manager did which was contrary to a city ordinance.

In Los Angeles I saw what was called the "Cribs," one of the most disgraceful conditions. No one stayed

there during the day; they were there just for the night only. These poor degraded girls would pay two dollars a night to the owners. I said to the women: "These city officials are at the bottom of this. Let us go to the Chief of Police," whose name was Yelton. He would not talk to me at first. He said: "If we close these places, these degraded girls will be over the town," when in fact the girls were in town during the day and only stay there at night. I have seen so much of the corruption of the officials that when conditions are bad in any place I know it to be their fault.

We went as a band of missionaries to these dens of vice. At first an officer would go before us and have the girls pull their blinds down to prevent us from seeing or speaking to them. We found hundreds of them who could not speak the English language, they had been brought over by procurers for the purpose of swelling the ranks of this vice. Mrs. Charlton Edholm who wrote "Traffic in Girls," was there helping to rid the city of this disgrace. Her book should be in the hands of every girl in the world. This grand woman has devoted her life work to the rescue of girls. She is in Oakland, California, where she has a "Rescue Home." Anyone can get the book by writing her. I also met Mrs. Sobieski, wife of Col. John Sobieski. Sister Sobieski is one who never tires in the work for God. She is a terror to evil doers. God bless these women for their zeal. I found some of the most aggressive Christian W. C. T. U. women I have ever seen in Los Angeles, California. I am glad to say that in less than a year from the time I was there the "Cribs" were closed.

I was arrested in San Francisco and spent most of the night in jail. I was put in for destroying a bottle of whiskey in this way: A certain saloon-keeper had just finished a very fine "criminal factory" and he wanted to advertise it. He sent me word by my manager to call and smash this place up. He had a fine mirror he paid one hundred and fifty dollars for, that he wanted me to smash. I knew that all he wanted was an advertisement, but I went, not saying what I would do. He had reporters and the house was crowded. I got up on a table to make a speech, which, I did in this fashion: "This man has opened a place to drug and rob poor victims. There are no clothes, no food, no books here, nothing but what degrades men and women." Some one handed me a large empty bottle. I said: 'No I want a bottle that has some of that fiery poison in it." I was given a quart of whiskey. I held it up and said: "None but God knows the sorrows in this bottle, the headaches, the heartaches, the desolation, but there is no blessing or happiness connected with it. I will do with this what ought to be done with all its kind." So I threw it as quickly as I could behind the bar on the floor. It fell in with some others and made a great smash. I said: "The man wished me to make a hole in that large mirror so that curiosity would draw others into this snare to catch our boys." I gave the best rebuke for the occasion I could, then I went to my hotel, retired, and about twelve o'clock an officer came to my door. I dressed and went with him to the station. I stayed there until nearly three in the morning. While there I saw one continual stream of poor, drunken wretches, men and women,

brought in. My manager came and took me out on bail. Next morning I appeared in court, was my own lawyer. The case was put off two days, then I was discharged. The saloon keeper withdrew the charge. This was done to advertise this man but the way that I advertise has never done the whiskey business any good.

There is a great art in advertising. Jacob was the first one I read of in the Bible who was aware of this art and science, when he placed the rods before the cattle. The eye is the window by which no business in America is so much advertised as the whiskey and tobacco business. Both are destructive in their influence on the morals and the health of the people. We would be better off without these articles. The interest of these manufactories are built up in proportion as they can catch the unwary who see these signs that are suggestive. One of the most notorious signs is "Wilson's Whiskey That's All." Yes that is *all* it takes to ruin your homes. That is *all* it takes to break a mother's heart. That is *all* that is needed to build houses of prostitution, and that is *all* that it requires to break up every impulse of justice, love and happiness. That is *all* that it takes to fill hell. How my heart is stirred when I see this, "Remember me, Oh, my God!"

Whiskey or tobacco never introduce their products by reason or arguments, they never appeal to thought, but suggestion or temptation, and as oft as the eye is lifted, as one walks up the streets of our cities there are hundreds of advertisements to meet the gaze; most every one has a false basis. For instance there is a

sign: "Old Crow Whiskey." This is slandering the crow, for there is not a crow or vulture that will use a drop of this slop. There is: "Chew Bull-dog Twist," and "Bull Durham Tobacco." There is not a dog or bull that uses tobacco. There is the, "Royal Bengal Tiger Cigarettes." This is taking advantage of these animals because they cannot defend themselves. There is the "Robert Burns and Tom Moore cigars." There was not a cigar in England when Burns or Tom Moore lived. I have seen a life-size picture of Abraham Lincoln advertising cigars, when Lincoln was a teetotaler from cigars or any intoxicating drink. He promised his mother that he would never use them and kept his promise to his death. This is slandering the dead. I never remember seeing the "Grant Cigar." His name not used, because he died with tobacco cancer. It is said that Mr. McKinley would have recovered, but his blood was bad from nicotine.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY VISIT TO WASHINGTON, D. C.—ARRESTED IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.—TAKEN OUT BY OFFICERS.—THE VICES OF COLLEGES, ESPECIALLY YALE.—ROOSEVELT A DIVE-KEEPER.

In February of 1904, I went to Washington, purposely to call on Mr. Roosevelt, the President. I was refused an audience. While in the office of Secretary Loeb, a delegation of politicians, republicans and democrats, came out of the president's apartments bowing and smiling at one another as if they were the best of friends.

I asked them what difference there was in their parties? They looked silly and said nothing. Mr. Loeb said: "We do not wish any questions on the subject." I said: "It is a civil question, it ought to have a civil answer." Mr. Loeb called to a policeman to take me out. I said: "If I was a brewer or distiller I could have an interview. As a representative mother, I ought to be received." I wished to ask Mr. Roosevelt why he practiced the vice of smoking cigarettes? Why he has never said a word against the licensed saloon when it is the greatest question that ever confronted the homes of America?" Why he had a coat of arms on his flag? Why he brought a dive into Kansas?" I was taken outside in a very orderly manner by two policemen, something unusual, for I am hustled and dragged generally.

Then I went to the Capitol. I called to see Senator

Cockrell from Missouri. I asked him his opinion on the liquor traffic. He got excited immediately. He said: "I want no one to mention that subject to me." I said: "It is strange to me that you do not want to converse on the greatest subject before the American people." He became so indignant that he stamped his foot and threatened to have me put out of the building. I also became indignant, and stamped my foot, and said: "Down with your treason! Down with your saloons! You are sent here to represent the interests of the mothers and their children, and you insult a representative mother because you are representing the interests of the brewers and distillers." During this speech of mine he was making tracks up the corridor. Then I went to the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber. My "spirit was stirred within me," (Acts 17:16,) to see at the head of the American people the bitterest enemies to the defense of the homes of America, the homes our forefathers intended to secure to this people. I wanted to do some "Hatchetation," that not being possible, I thought I would do some agitation. I took a position in a lobby near a door. I rose to my feet, and with a volume of voice that was distinctly heard all over the halls I cried aloud: "Treason, anarchy and conspiracy! Discuss these!" I knew that I would be put out, but I selected these three words to call the attention to the fact that these were more necessary to be discussed than any other subjects. And these were the very ones they were avoiding most. I was taken down to the police station. Court was in session. I had my trial and was fined twenty-five dollars. I made my own plea before

Judge Kimball, as I had no lawyer. I justified myself upon the same principle that a man would to give a fire alarm. The Judge said that he sympathized with my cause but he gave me the maximum fine. I have had just such sympathy as this from all republican judges. The kind of sympathy that a cat has for a mouse when she crushes its bones between her teeth.

I am a loyal American. We want true Americans to represent the principles of Americans. I had my prejudice increased against Mr. Roosevelt when I heard of the "coat of arms" on his flag, in violation of every principle of American citizenship. We have no "my lords" in this country. The people rule here and not the president, for he is the servant. The brewers of America are mostly German and Dutch, and of course the Dutch president is their friend. Roosevelt is a Mason, a Red Man and also a member of the Order of Eagles, the strongest liquor organization in the United States. Oh, shade of American heroes look down and condemn this outrage to your ashes. I have it from three eye witnesses that Roosevelt smokes and did smoke cigarettes. His secretary, Mr. Loeb, denied this to Mrs. Dye Ellis, but Mr. Roosevelt dare not deny it. The minister for Mr. McKinley denied he rented his property for saloon purposes, but the Chicago *New Voice* proved he did. I am so true a Daughter of the Revolution that such a president as Theodore Roosevelt is an insult to my sires. And last March when he came to Topeka, Kansas, he outraged every loyal citizen of the state by bringing into it a dive in his private car and all who wished an intoxicating drink could get it by tipping the waiter. Let

Roosevelt's ministers deny this for him also. He ought to have been arrested as any other dive-keeper.

This President who enjoys the sport of killing innocent animals, this man who costs the people more than any other president, who has so little regard for the people's treasury that he spent a quarter of a million to look at the American fleet and took the treasured relics of the people and sold them to a Junk shop. Vandalism!

MY VISIT TO YALE UNIVERSITY.

I have been to all the principal Universities of the United States. At Cambridge, where Harvard is situated, there are no saloons allowed, but in Ann Arbor the places are thick where manhood is drugged and destroyed. Also Yale, the latter being the worst I have ever seen. I will insert two letters which I got on March 1st, 1904, and have received several more of the same kind from the students:

"Dear Mrs. Nation:—As an ardent prohibitionist and an enemy of the liquor traffic, I feel obliged to bring to your notice some of the things that are served to the young men at Yale Dining Hall by the college authorities." (In this letter were several bills of fare.) "You will see how many of the dishes are served with intoxicating liquors as sauces. Yale is supposed to be a Christian College, but to give these poisons by consent of the college authorities is nothing more or less than starting them on the road to hell! Please give this matter your earnest attention and see if you can not stamp this serpent out."

"Dear Mrs. Nation:—Although it pains me deeply,

I feel it my duty to inform you that even after your soul-stirring address of warning and reproof, the Devil still grins at Yale Dining Hall. The enclosed menus tell the story. The hateful practice of serving intoxicating liquors has not ceased. Capt. Smoke holds open wide the gates of hell. Oh, this is terrible! Satan loves to shoot at brightest marks.

"Here are eight hundred shining young souls, the cream of the nation's manhood, on the broad road which leadeth to destruction. God help us. Assist us, Mrs. Nation; aid us; pray for us. Let the world know of this awful condition and rouse the public indignation until it has ceased. Publicity will do it. Let the world know that Yale is being made a training school for Drunkards, and Capt. Smoke will never dare to serve liquors again. ALONE BUT FRIEND OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE."

I spoke to the students at the entrance of their dining hall. They spoke up and told me that "Champagne" was served on their ham three times a week. They gave me the menus, and on them were: "Claret Wine Punch," "Cherry Wine Sauce," "Apple Dumpling and Brandy Sauce," "Roast Ham and Champagne Sauce," and "Wine Jelly." While I was talking to the young men, many were smoking cigarettes in the entrance of the dining hall, which was contrary to rules; but Capt. Smoke only laughed at this practice of vice. There should be an investigation, and that quick. Students are crying for it. Faculties should demand of students a high standard. At Yale the students are pleading for a moral faculty.

I then went to the Y. M. C. A., and found on the

first floor, billiard tables, cigars and cigarettes; they also have a "smoking room." A poor mother wrote to a friend of mine in New Haven to please use her influence to save the boys. That her boy wrote her that the brandy was so strong on the food that it made his head dizzy. One poor boy said that he did not wish such food but that he had no other to eat. Students are crying out against this outrage. While I was there a "Smoker" was advertised to be held by the law students. A student told me that a beer wagon was engaged by the Seniors of Sheffield School of Yale for their wrestling match procession. These Seniors upon application can get a tin cup and help themselves to this rotten slop that will destroy their will-power and make them slaves of the drink habit. What can be expected of Freshmen if Seniors set such an example? This will show what it leads to.

The demoralization of the students is talked of universally. They have what is called Freshman "Games," which are as follows: "Upon appointed evenings they will meet at a select hotel. They take their places at the table, then, each one at the table, "sets them up" for all the rest. If there are twelve at the table each one gets twelve drinks. You can imagine the "games" after such a debauch. I saw some young men there from Kansas and I asked them: "Why do you come to Yale?" I would never send a boy of mine to Yale. If I had a hundred I would send them to a state, that made such things a crime. Here is a college that has received denations of millions lately, that young men may be prepared and fitted for stations of moral, mental and physical eminence and it is

a school of vice to a great extent. The distillers and brewers dominate the republican party and they are the controlling party at Yale and will desolate and enslave our darling boys. I went to see the president of Yale, Professor Hadley, and I asked him about these things. He said he thought the intoxicants were "fruit juices." I spoke of the smoking. He said he used to think it was wrong but when he went to Germany he saw they smoked there. He was taught it was wrong in America, but when he saw it in Germany he thought better of the vice and is now teaching it to our boys. People ought to demand another faculty or refuse to patronize such a school.

While I was at Harvard I saw Professors smoking cigarettes. Parents should demand that the teachers in these colleges and schools should be free from the practice of the vices of drinking intoxicating liquors and the use of tobacco. I hope we will have some generous hearted man who will donate to build a college in Kansas with the capacity of Yale. What a shame to have professors in our schools aping the vices of foreigners.

These same professors are the followers of Huxley and Herbert Spencer, who did far more to make the world ignorant than wise. Huxley saw in man only the elements of a weed. Herbert Spencer would have destroyed all family life. Such men as these degrade thought and see only the animal. "For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, yet it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. But God hath chosen the

foolish things of this world to confound the wise." (1 Cor. 21, 27.)

The great controversy between Yale and Harvard now, is, which shall excel in brute force, and foot-ball seems to be the test. Colleges were founded for the purpose of educating the young, on moral, intellectual, and spiritual lines. The test of these is oratory, debate, intellectual contests. It used to be conceded, that the mind made the man, now the forces of the mule and ox are preferred.

Taft, of the noted 'Taft' Cigar has position of lecturer, and the inference is, there will be more vile cigars smoked than ever, under such patronage.

Oh, mothers and fathers! Rise in protest against these outrages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROHIBITION OR ABOLITION.—WHAT IT MEANS.

God is a politician; so is the devil. God's politics are to protect and defend mankind, bringing to them the highest good and finally heaven. The devil's politics are to deceive, degrade and to make miserable, finally ending in hell. The Bible fully explains this. The two kinds of seed started out from Abel and Cain, then Ishmael and Isaac, Esau and Jacob. There are but these two kinds of people. God's crowd and the Devil's crowd. The first law given and broken in Eden was a prohibition law. God said: "Thou shalt not." The devil tempted and persuaded the first pair to disobey. He did it by deceiving the woman. The fact of redemption now is to bring them back to the law of God. What is law? God says that sin is a transgression of law. Blackstone says: "Law commands that which is right and prohibits that which is wrong." Law is one, as truth is one. It is not possible to make a bad law. If it is bad, is is not a law. We have bad statutes. Law is always right. Nothing is wrong that is legal, and wrong may be licensed, but never legalized. I find lawyers who do not understand this. I often hear the term "legalized saloon." When I was passing the building of the supreme court in New York City, on Madison Avenue, I read an inscription on one of the marble statutes representing a judge with a book on either side of the door: "Every law not based on wisdom is a menace to the state."

This is a false, misleading sentence for all law is wisdom. It might have read: "All statutes not based on wisdom, are a menace to the state." Then at the base of the statue of a soldier, on the other side of the entrance, was this statement: "We do not use force until good laws are defied." Which ought to read: "We do not use force until laws are defied." Such ideas as these are corrupting courts, and biasing the public mind, and the injury is more than apparent to the observer. If law is not a standard, what standard can we have? We must have one. We repeat again: "Law commands that which is right and prohibits that which is wrong." Any statute that does this is lawful. Any that does not, is anarchy.

God is truly the author of law. The theocratic form of government was perfect and the only perfect government that ever existed, we need no other statutes than those that God gave. He said: "We must not kill a bird sitting on her young; must not see our enemy's beast fall under his burden and not help him rise." And the refinement of mercy was taught in the statute that said. "You must not kill the mother and lamb in one day; must not seethe a kid in its mother's milk; must not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." The use, and the only use, of law is to prevent and punish for sin. All law has a penalty for those who violate it. Governments that are the greatest blessing to its citizens are those who can prohibit, or abolish the most sin or crime. Crime is not prevented by toleration, but by prohibition. Nine of the ten commandments are prohibitive and begin with, "Thou shalt not."

The success of life, the formation of character, is in proportion to the courage one has to say to one's own-self: "Thou shalt not." (Exod. 20.) It is not the man or woman who has no temptation to sin, who has the strong character, but the man or woman who has the desire but will not yield to sin. Some people ask: Why did God make the Devil? the Devil is God's fire. Like an alchemist God is purifying souls. The Devil is an agent in salvation. Every Devil in hell is harnessed up to push every saint into heaven.

Those who are counted worthy to enter into the delights of that heavenly land are those who have had their "fiery trials," (I Pet. 4:12) tried and made white. Man would have no credit and could not hear, "Good and faithful servant" if he had no temptations to do otherwise, man would be but a mere machine.

God has never used for his work, any but those who prohibit evil. The Pilgrim Fathers were forced from the mother country because this principle of prohibition burned in their hearts. When England would oppose the colonies, it was prohibition that smashed the tea, over in Boston harbor. George Washington was put at the head of the colonial armies that prohibited, by much bloodshed and suffering, the oppression from the mother country. Our Civil War was the result of the principle to abolish or prohibit the slavery of the colored race. Now we have a worse slavery than England threatened us with or the poor blacks suffered at the hands of their taskmasters. This slavery of soul and body, is one that leads to eternal death. The forces of darkness and death are with those who are willing to be led captive by the Devil at his will, and

to lead others under this grievous yoke of those who are trying to perpetuate the cause of evil.

There are men who desire to be loyal, who are voting for license or in license parties, because they do not stop to think. The people are generally right on all questions. They go wrong more for lack of thought, than for lack of heart. Edmund Burke, the greatest English statesman, said: "The people have as good government as they deserve." Because the people have always had the power, and in America especially, they are sovereign. The president and all others in office, are but servants of the people. In another chapter I have given what the supreme court says about the impossibility of licensing wrong by law, or according to law.

Hear the language of the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created free and equal, that they are endowed by their creator, with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." The licensing of intoxicating drink results in suicide and murder, whether or not the saloon-keeper or state be held responsible. Some one is. Who? The man who consents to or aids by his vote is most criminal. It is said that drink kills a man a minute. Suppose that we had a war that killed a man every five minutes. Would there not be howling for an end of bloodshed. This is more than ten times worse, for the soul is more valuable than the body.

Freedom or liberty in animals is following instinct and underlying appetite. Not so with man; to the reverse. It is the freedom of conscience and will, from the bondage of ignorance of the person, the gratification of appetite and passion. The body is a good servant, but a tryant when it is master. A man must be master or slave. One must first, like Daniel, "Purpose in his heart that he will not defile himself." (Dan. 1: 8.) Liberty or freedom is only attained by prohibition of opportunity to do wrong to ourselves or allow any one else to do so. Citizenship not only requires one to obey law but must see that others do so also.

The principles of government are founded on liberty and self-control. Drunkenness is a loss of self-control. Anything that animalizes men, is a menace to the life of the state and prevents the purpose of government. Thus placing the weapon of destruction in the hands of its foes and the danger is great, because so many citizens are under the domination of their own will and passion. This class is being multiplied by this licensed crime. These willing classes are an integral part of the nation. By licensing rum, we are fostering a power that is increasing the weakness, and preventing the self-control of its citizens. This is conspiracy, treason, black as night. Some plead the revenue of our wealth. Our wealth is in our citizens. The state cannot add to its treasury at the expense of its manhood without punishing herself. The state must guard the character of its citizens. It can not make them honest, but it must punish dishonesty; cannot make them humane, but it must prohibit an act of inhumanity; and should oppose and forbid every li-

cense that man would desire or try to obtain that which would allow such gratification of the animal over the moral.

The nation is what its homes are. The family first, then the nation. Nothing can injure an individual or a family that is not an injury to the state. The fight for firesides means a fight for our national life. Our revolutionary sires fought for this. This is the fight that Carry A. Nation is making. It is the heart of love, liberty and peace. Some of these thoughts I have copied from an article I read on a few leaves of a torn pamphlet, no name. But the writer has the true meaning of government. I am a prohibitionist because I am a christian. I want to get to heaven. None but prohibitionists ever do. Hell is made for those who take license to sin.

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. MCFARLAND'S PROTEST.—KICKED AND KNOCKED DOWN BY CHAPMAN OF BANGOR HOUSE.—MEDDLING WITH THE DEVIL.—TIMELY WARNING TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—BRUBAKER OF PEORIA.—WITCHCRAFT.—ARRESTED AND PUT IN JAIL IN PHILADELPHIA.—THIRD TIME IN JAIL IN PITTSBURG.

The determination of that rum anarchy in Topeka, Kansas, was such that three consecutive times I was put in jail because I went into these vile dens. Dr. McFarland, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Topeka, came down at my trial to see what the trouble was. The police, when put on the witness stand, swore positive falsehoods and Judge Magaw, the republican police judge, appointed there by the democratic Mayor, Parker, that these two might unite their force of corruption, knew that these police were swearing falsehood but were winking at the crime. I saw that the Doctor was getting ready to offer his protest when the time came, and it came when I was sentenced to jail for contempt of court, because I insisted on asking what kind of business these dive-keepers were carrying on, which the judge wanted to keep out of the witnesses' mouths. Dr. McFarland arose and said: "This is an infernal shame." "I say, this is an infernal shame," repeating it the second time. Judge Magaw said: "I will fine you twenty-five dollars." "You may make it a hundred." "Well, I will make it a hundred," said Judge Magaw. I was

taken to jail. Dr. McFarland was not, but walked out and said it was worth a hundred dollars to tell them what he thought of such travesty on justice. Dr. McFarland had plenty of friends who offered to pay the amount, but I believe he paid it himself. Then he began some investigation of the corruption at the police station. He preached a sermon telling of this. It was published. I was in jail next door to the room in which the mayor, Parker, and the police gathered to discuss a suit for slander against Dr. McFarland, but it was only a bluff. Before this all night long there was loud talking and swearing in the room under mine, as if around a card table. After Dr. McFarland's sermon I heard no more of it. There were several of these poor degraded girls in jail. I knew of actions and words that were not decent between the officers and these girls. This exposure of Dr. McFarland's was very salutary. Before that, officers would come into my room without knocking and address me in a rough manner. After this they knocked at the door and were respectful and even kind. The Reverend Doctor did a great work by that sermon which was to the point and effective.

I went to Bangor, Maine, to lecture once. I stopped at the Bangor House, run by Chapman. Roosevelt had stopped there just two weeks before. I heard this hotel had one of those traps, called "dives." When I went into the dining-room I asked a young lady waiting on me, if she could get me a bottle of beer? She said they kept it and that she would ask the head waiter to get it for me. She spoke to him. He left the dining-room and in a few minutes this man Chap-

man came out of the winding way to his dive; the proprietor rushed up to me in a drunken rage. He threw me against one of the pillars, then literally knocked me out into the hall in the presence of the guests, perhaps a hundred; then he kept knocking me down every time I rose to my feet. He would not allow me to get my things. I was invited to go home with a prohibitionist, Dr. Marshall. This Chapman was a noted dive-keeper, a rummy, and ran a representative rum-soaked republican hotel. He was angry, because I dared to expose him, in his sneaking way of drugging and robbing his guests. It was marvelous what rages these law-breakers used to have when I came around at first. It is not so now. Their bands have been smashed and they are not as bold; and more marvelous that I was not seriously hurt.

Once in Nebraska City, Nebraska, I was knocked in the temple by a saloon-keeper. I reeled and fell and while I knew he struck me with his clenched fists as hard as he could, so it seemed to me, I did not have a bruise.

I always prayed to God to take care of me, but to lead me into these tumults to rouse the people to think and to talk.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GRAVEYARD ASSOCIATION OF MEDICINE LODGE.

I used to ride out north of Medicine Lodge past the graveyard. It was situated on an elevated place, barren of trees, for trees could not well grow where it was so dry. Graveyards are not pleasant places at best, but to see one barren of trees or flowers, just the

graves, the white marble, the sunshine, rain and prairie grass, in sight of the pleasant yards and homes of the living, I feel a sense of reproach, as if the dead were complaining of this neglect. The only ground Abraham ever bought was a piece of ground to bury his dead and it had trees on it. I wanted to see a better condition of things. I knew this neglect was because no one would make a move. I felt I was not the one, but I wrote an article for the papers, "Index and Crescent," of Medicine Lodge, and I took it to a widow, Mrs. Young, who had recently lost a husband who was very dear to her. I told her she was the one to organize a graveyard association. That this letter would call the ladies together. After making a few changes in the language she published the letter, and the ladies met, organized, and in a few months all was changed. One will rarely find a more attractive resting place for our beloved dead than in the cemetery of Medicine Lodge. I could not have effected what Mrs. Young did, but there are more ways of doing things than one, and when people say: "I can never carry out any plans," I know they have not tact or perseverance.

MEDDLING WITH THE DEVIL.

I never saw anything that needed a rebuke, or exhortation, or warning, but that I felt it was my place to meddle with it. I have been called a "meddler." Yes I say: "It is my place to meddle with the devil's business. Jesus meddled with the law-breakers in the temple."

I will give you a few facts to prove what I mean and hope it will inspire my readers to do likewise.

What injures one is the interest of all. We are personally responsible for all wrong that we neglect to make right, when it is in our power to do it. If anything injures my neighbor it injures me. If my neighbor is blessed so am I.

A friend who lived a few miles in the country came to my house in Medicine Lodge, threw her arms around my neck and said: "Oh, Sister Nation, Mattie has gone to Wichita for a bad purpose. I am almost wild; can't you help me? She is in love with Will, and he does not care for her, but he has gotten her into trouble and does not intend to marry her." She told me that Will wrote her a note to go to the Goodyear Hotel. I wrote to Mattie and told her if she became the murderer of her child that a fearful judgment was in store for her. I also wrote to Will and told him to marry Mattie or I would expose him. Will's father got the letter, as it was directed to Medicine Lodge. His father came down to see me, weeping as if his heart would break; told me of the trouble this boy had given him; said that Will was preparing to marry another girl and could not marry Mattie, but that he had forwarded the letter to Will, as he had gone to Wichita. Will and Mattie got their letters at the same time and were filled with terror. Both came back to Medicine Lodge and in a few months poor Mattie was the mother of a little girl. Her mother sent for me. I stayed until the little angel died. From the time Mattie looked on the face of the little one she loved it with all the intensity of a true mother and grieved so when it died. In a few hours I went to the graveyard with the little coffin. This Will or his father never

spoke to me again. Will married the other girl. In a few years father and son were both killed. The sister of Will, who also treated me coldly, wrote me a letter after this and told me to tell Mattie it would have been a blessing if Will had married her. That he loved her the best and that she personally felt quite differently toward me.

TIMELY WARNING TO OUR GIRLS AND BOYS.

I was going down to a neighbor's one dark night. I heard voices, as if some people were sitting by the roadside. I went into the neighbor's house and got a lantern. I came up to them and found them to be a young man of Medicine Lodge and a young girl visiting there. I warned them, telling the young boy to act towards a girl as he would toward his sister. I told the girl that ruin would be her fate; and she hid her face and soon both of them ran down the alley. I knew they would think that I would expose them, so I wrote a letter to the young man and told him the injustice to himself and the girl, that would follow such actions, told him that no one would hear it from me. That it was not my desire to expose them only to warn and prevent trouble. That young man is in Medicine Lodge now and is a good friend of mine.

I often see actions, especially in the young, that I know will end in heartaches and woes. I get them out of hearing and speak to them. So often in traveling I see silly girls being led astray by men who for a vile purpose will fawn and flatter. I never let such a thing pass my eye without a little wholesome condemnation: "Thou shall not in any wise suffer sin upon thy brother but shall rebuke him." (Lev. 19:17.)

SOME OF MY TRIALS WITH MR. BRUBAKER OF PEORIA.

When I visited Chicago for the first time after the smashing a Mr. Brubaker called to see me. He was from Peoria and was hired by the *Peoria Journal* men to get me to edit that paper for one day. The arrangements were satisfactory to both parties. I went to Peoria. Mr. Brubaker met me, took me to a hotel run by a woman who owned one or two saloons, but had none in the hotel she kept. I had not one line of copy for the paper but I got up at four in the morning and wrote continuously that day. I know God helped me. Mr. Brubaker took the copy. I never saw any of the *Journal* men until after the paper was out. I went to see them, told them that only a small part of my copy that I wrote was in the paper. They said that several times they asked for my copy but Mr. Brubaker gave them his own. So he destroyed a great deal of my copy, supplying only what he wanted put in.

I spoke in the Opera House and this Mr. Brubaker was to give me fifty dollars for my lecture that night. After I had spoken I was asked to go into a noted saloon, Pete Weise's place. Mr. Brubaker said: "If you go I will not give you your fifty dollars," as the contract said I was to speak at no other place in the city. But as I had already spoken for him I did not feel bound. This man was posing as a prohibitionist, but he was as loyal to the cause as Judas was to Jesus. I went to Pete Weise's place, one of the most expensive dance halls I was ever in. I spoke for the hundreds of poor, drugged and depraved men and women. There was a large picture or rather statuary of naked women among trees which I said must be smashed,

Mr. Weise treated me very kindly and said: "I will have that boarded up," and so next day he did.

This Mr. Brubaker would not pay me a cent for my lecture and tried to garnishee the $100 the *Journal* was to pay me, and had it not been for a stroke of policy on the part of the *Journal* he would have taken every cent from me and left me to pay my expenses there and back. Jesus said: "Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing." In a month from this time the saloon keeper sent me $50. The prostitute loved more than Simon.

I saw in Peoria the largest distillery in the world. Not one of the hands are allowed to drink what they make. What would you think of a dry goods concern that would not allow its employes to use what they make? Mr. William McKinley was entertained here by Joe Greenhut, president of the "Whiskey Trust."

I was in Peoria when the prohibitionists held a convention there and was astonished that they would put up at a saloon or a hotel that run one. I never eat or sleep in one. My conscience will not allow me. I never saw so many ragged children or dirty streets, as in Peoria.

WITCHCRAFT.

I heard so much of the "Weltmer treatment" for disease. I sent twenty-five dollars for a "mail course" so I could see for myself. This man Weltmer had a large institution in Nevada, Missouri, for humbugging the people. I always like to investigate these things myself, as I did Dowie, who I found out to be a false prophet. This Weltmer's papers were a complete

treatise on witchcraft, spiritualism and hypnotism. I exposed this in every way I could. The Bible fully prepares people to expect such "lying wonders and miracles." The "Christian Science" is a witchcraft, but very subtile. The most dangerous counterfeit bill is nearest like the genuine.

IN JAIL IN PHILADELPHIA.

I went to Philadelphia to lecture between the acts of "The Heart of a Hero." There was a very vile saloon kept by a Mr. Donoghue. This man stationed police to arrest me if I went in his place. In going home from the theatre at night I would look in and call to the poor victims not to be drugged and robbed. This man had five or six bartenders handing out this poisonous drink to our boys, our mothers' treasures. He has amassed a fortune at this vile business and tries to pose as respectable, because he has a lot of this blood money. I was passing there on the 14th of January, 1904. I just opened the door when a two legged beer keg in the form of a policeman grabbed me and almost dragged me over the streets to the station. I was locked in and I spent the night in jail. Next morning I was discharged.

The next day when I went to the Pennsylvania railway depot to take the train a little boy came to me and asked for a hatchet, the depot police shook the little fellow and hurled him away. The little boy began to cry and I said to the police: "Let that child alone, he is doing no harm to any one." He told me in a very angry tone to mind my business, and would not let the little boy take the hatchet from me. After this I was

sitting on the bench waiting for my train, and a person came to me saying: "Let me see one of your hatchets." I opened my grip to show the little souvenirs, several came up to look at them. This same policeman was watching his chance to arrest me. He came up and said: "You will have to stop that." I said: "I am making no trouble, I have a right to meet people and talk to them and show my souvenirs too. You are the only one, making a disturbance here. Two policemen came up, and caught me one by each arm, dragging me through the depot and down the elevator and I was carried to the police station in a "black maria." This was done for spite and to show his authority. I spent a night in prison, and next morning I was fined ten dollars. I was my own lawyer. The magistrate before whom I was tried would not compel the officer to answer the questions I asked him.

THIRD TIME IN JAIL IN PITTSBURG.

In a few days I returned to Pittsburg and was invited by the Providence Mission to go out on the streets. Quite a crowd gathered and while I was speaking, I was arrested again by an officer who refused to tell me what I was arrested for. I was taken to the police headquarters. The kind hearted matron wanted to give me a pillow and some bedding for I had nothing but a hard board in the cell. The Chief of Police forbade the matron to give me anything to make myself comfortable. He said: "That woman is giving us a great deal of trouble and we want to get rid of her." The matron came to me when no one was looking and advised me to give a bond of thirteen

dollars and get out so that I might have a bed. I did this and went to my boarding house. I secured the services of a lawyer, Mr. Buckley. I was fined ten dollars which was afterwards remitted. This republican, rum-soaked police force make it a point to arrest me on every pretext. They have told me that if I win they will lose their jobs. Eighteen months before this I had been put in jail at Pittsburg, making three times in all, for doing my duty in that city.

CHAPTER XX.

WHY I WENT ON THE STAGE.—THE VICE OF TOBACCO.

I got hundreds of calls to go on the stage before I did. Gradually I got the light.

This is the largest missionary field in the world. No one ever got a call or was ever allowed to go there with a Bible but Carry Nation. That door never was opened to anyone but me. The hatchet opened it. God has given it to me. My managers have said: "This is a variety house at, Watson's and the Unique, of Brooklyn, or the Boston on the Bowery. You do not wish to go there." Yes, those need me more than the rest; never refuse a call even from the lowest. If Jesus ate with publicans and sinners I can talk to them. Francis Willard said: "The pulpit and stage must be taken for God."

Persons often say: "Why do you take the money of such?" I say: "I can do more good with the money than they can." After the battle the victor takes the spoils and is entitled to them. I will take all I can get in a good way. Money is a blessing, if used as such. I go on the stage to do good, I take their money for the same reason. The curse of it is when it is desired above the good of humanity. It is not the tainted money but the tainted motive. I am fishing. I go where the fish are, for they do not come to me. I thank God for this unspeakable gift. I take my Bible before every audience. I show them this hatchet, that destroys or smashes everything bad and builds up everything that is good. I tell them of their loving Deliverer who came to break every yoke and set the Captive free. When I look upon the hundreds of faces before me, I say: "Oh, these poor aching hearts! God give me a loving message." Words can not tell of the love I would like to bestow upon them. I often weep. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." (Matt. 23:37.) Then I say: "There is one that loves more than you. He can make all things right."

There are but a handful comparatively that try to obey the commands of Jesus. "A remnant shall be saved." Caleb and Joshua were only two in six hundred thousand, but they alone of this great multitude, lived to see and inherit the promised land. Christ said: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in that my house may be full." (Luke 14:23.) Where are the highways and hedges? They

are places where men and women are the most lost. How can they be compelled to come in? Love is the only compelling influence. If no one goes with love, how are these lost ones to know they are loved. Christ brought love down to us; He came down to do it. We must take His love to the low places—"Condescend to men of low estate." (Rom. 12:16.) I find the theatre stocked with boys of our country. They are not found in churches. I have not sought to get into the so-called "respectable set," but I have told my managers to get me into the worst class. They need me most. They are as brands snatched from the burning.

I am not only a reformer on the line of the licensed or unlicensed saloon, but on other evils. I believe that, on the whole, tobacco has done more harm than intoxicating drinks. The tobacco habit is followed by thirst for drink. The face of the smoker has lost the scintillations of intellect and soul it would have had if not marred by this vice. The odor of his person is vile, his blood is poisoned, his intellect is dulled.

A smoker is never a healthy man, either in body or mind, for nicotine is a poison. Nicotine poisons the blood, dulls the brain, and is the cause of disease. The lungs of the tobacco user are black from poison, his heart action is weak, and the worst thing to contemplate in the whole matter is that these tobacco users transmit nervous diseases, epilepsy, weakened constitutions, depraved appetites and deformities of all kinds to their offspring.

Deterioration of the race is upon us, and unless there is some reform, idiocy, imbecility and extinction will be the legacy of the future generations.

A man that uses tobacco cannot have the nice moral perceptions on any point that he should have. I find him to be dulled and sluggish. The Bible says: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body is full of light. If thine eye be evil, thy whole body is full of darkness." (Matt. 6:22.) The use of tobacco is a vice, and to the extent of that one vice, it degrades a man. It opens the gate for other vices, for it is the gratification for one form of lust. It is a filthy habit, and I care not how often the smoker changes his clothes or washes his person, he is filthy. The stench from his breath indicates that his body repudiates such uncleanliness.

The tobacco user can never be the father of a healthy child. Therefore he is dangerous for a woman to have as a husband. If I were a young woman, I would say to the men who use tobacco and who would wish to converse with me: "Use the telephone; come no closer!" I would as soon kiss a spittoon as to kiss such a mouth. When a man begins to smoke he is taking his first lessons in drink. The two habits travel together.

A man never can attain his majority and use tobacco. He never can realize his full capabilities or his possibilities. He can always attain to a better standard without nicotine.

There is one objection that, from a business standpoint, every business man ought to make to tobacco. When he employs a man that uses tobacco he gets only a certain per cent. of his employee's time and of his brain, because the employee must serve his tobacco master part of his time and when he is not smoking his mind is preoccupied because he is thinking of

smoking. Consequently, he cannot concentrate his mind upon his business.

I have heard poor, silly, empty-headed women say that it is manly to smoke. If it is manly to smoke, why isn't it womanly to smoke? The tobacco habit is the reverse of manhood and destroys manhood, for manhood means strength of character, not the gratification of lust.

If tobacco is good for men, it is also good for women. I do not suppose that one could find a man so degraded as to walk down the street with a woman who had a cigarette or cigar in her mouth. Women should make the same standard for men that men do for women. Many women would smoke in public if men did not denounce it. MEN WOULD QUIT SMOKING IN PUBLIC IF WOMEN DENOUNCED IT.

I have heard some women say, "I like the smell of a good cigar." I never smelled a good one. It is not made. They are like snakes; they are all bad. I never knew of but one good use that tobacco was put to, and that was to kill lice on cows and plants. My father used it for that purpose on his farm. It does kill that kind of germs.

The evil has become so common that whenever you go abroad you are compelled to breathe the contents of somebody else's mouth. It would be rude of me to take a piece of fruit out of my mouth and throw it into somebody else's mouth, but anyone may throw his poisonous breath and smoke into my mouth and I have no defense. A man has no more right to poison the air I breathe than the water I drink. Spitting is for-

bidden in the cars. Smoking is a great deal worse, but the reason why it is not denounced is that people can get a revenue from men's smoking, while they have to clean up after spitters, and there is no money in that.

I can prevent a man spitting into my mouth, but I can not avoid his smoke. A man seems to think that he is free to project his stinking breath in my face on the street, in hotels, in cars, coaches—indeed, in every public place. Now I would as soon smell a skunk. There is some excuse for a skunk; he can't help being one. But men have become so rank in their persons from this poisonous odor that they almost knock me down as they pass me. And when I say, "Man, don't throw that awful stench in my face," he answers, "You get away." I reply, "If I smelled as badly as you do, I would be the one to get away."

Oh, the vile cigarette! What smell can be worse and more poisonous? I feel outraged at being compelled to smell this poison on the street. I have the right to take cigars and cigarettes from men's mouths in self-defense, and they ought not to be allowed to injure themselves. "Liberty is the largest privilege to do that which is right, and the smallest to do that which is wrong." Governments are organized to take care of the governed. I believe it ought to be a crime to manufacture, barter, sell or give away cigars, cigarettes and tobacco in any form.

Dr. Jay W. Seaver, associated physical director of Yale University, says: "Among college students, the gain of growth, in general, is 12 per cent. greater among those who do not use tobacco than those who

smoke. It has also been proven by tests in the laboratory that the nicotine in a fairly mild cigar will reduce a man's muscular power from 25 to 40 per cent."

Were it not for the tobacco habit, we would need no smoking cars. Suppose women had a vice that required them a separate apartment from the men when they travel. Even in the cars where the women travel there are rooms fixed up in luxuriant style while poor mothers with their babies have to sit upright and smell this rank and poisonous odor. But of course women have no redress, or are made to think they have none. Shame to you men, a decent dog will not bite a female, while in men the impulse of protecting their females is lower than in a decent beast.

While I was in New York City last week, April the 2nd, a Mr. Thomas McGuire, treasurer of the Fourteenth Avenue Theatre had his tongue cut out to prevent tobacco cancer from spreading. This was from smoking cigars. General Grant's tongue rotted from the same cause.

Here is one of the best poems on the vice I ever read. Author unknown.

HE SMOKES.

"In the office, in the parlor;
On the sidewalk, on the street;
In the faces of the passers,
In the eyes of those he meets,
In the vestibule, the depot,
At the theatre or ball;
E'en at funerals and weddings,
And at christenings and all.

"Signs may threaten, men may warn him;
Babies cry and women coax;
But he cares not one iota,
For he calmly smokes and smokes.
Oh, he cares not whom he strangles,
Vexes, puts to flight, provokes;
And although they squirm and fidget,
He just smokes and smokes and smokes.

"Not a place is sacred to him;
Churchyards, where the flowers bloom;
Gardens, drives, in fact the world is
Just one mighty smoking room,
And when once he quits this mundane sphere,
And takes his outward flight,
From the world he made a hades,
Day he's turned to murky night.

"When he reaches his destination,
Finds 'tis not a dream or hoax,
And the judge deals out his sentence,
Then I'll wager that he smokes;
Oh, he'll care then whom he has vexed,
And their mercy he'll invoke;
But although he squirms and fidgets,
They'll just let him smoke and smoke and
smoke."

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIP ON FALL RIVER STEAMBOAT, FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK.—OFFICERS TRIED TO LOCK ME IN MY STATE-ROOM.—SEQUEL SATISFACTORY, MADE PLEASANT TRIP AND MANY FRIENDS.

In the summer of 1903, I took a Fall River boat from Boston to New York. These boats are said to be the finest in the world. There was quite a commotion among the several hundred passengers when I went aboard, and the door was blocked in the women's cabin to get a look at the "Crazy Smasher from Kansas."

Men were smoking pipes, cigars and cigarettes. I said: "Men, get away from the door with your smoke, you make me sick." They paid no attention to me. I went to the clerk and complained of being compelled to submit to the outrage of being subject to the poisonous fumes, in such a manner as to attract the attention of all to the matter. The clerk told me to be quiet and sit down. I said: "I will, if I have a decent place to stay, why do you not have these men get away from the door?" But they were men, we were only women and children. Oh, the outrage on poor mothers in delicate condition, to be subject to such treatment by selfish, dirty men. I believe every one who smokes in a public place should be fined. If men will smoke let it be where others can not be annoyed or injured. I have no right to bring a skunk into any public place.

People should be taught that others have the right to object to anything that is wrong.

While I persisted in my request to the men to leave the door, I was shown my stateroom, to which there were two doors, one leading from the corridor and the other opening out next the water. The captain, accompanied by the first and second mate appeared at the former, saying: "Madam, you are to keep your room this evening." I replied, while eating a sandwich: "I will do nothing of the sort." He said: "I will see that you do." At the same time telling the officers to lock the doors. I said: "You can lock the doors to restrain me of my liberty, but having paid my fare for the service of this company, I will tie up this boat, when we reach New York, and you will learn that I can turn a lock as well as yourself. I saw his countenance change. Mr. Furlong, my manager, who was on the boat, and almost shaking with fear, began to make excuses for me, but when I said, "Never mind, Mr. Furlong, I can attend to this little captain and myself too." He said no more. The three men walked out of the corridor, shutting the door after them, but did not lock it, in a few moments, they returned and opened both doors for fear I would think they were locked. This was about supper time. When I had finished my lunch, and had put on a clean tie and fixed my hair, I took from my valise a lot of little hatchets and put them in a little leather case I carry by a strap over my shoulder. Thus equipped I entered the ladies cabin, where there were perhaps fifty people sitting. When I went in, they began to look at one another, some smiled, I knew they had heard of the

captain's trying to prevent my coming out. Taking my seat on a sofa in the middle of the room, I was listening to the lovely string band when some one came up and began to talk to me. After a while I was quite surrounded and the cabin soon became crowded. Some one asked to see a little hatchet, so I opened my satchel to show them. One of the officers who had come to the stateroom with the captain, had been standing near the stairway, and when he saw the people begin to press round me to get the hatchets, he came up saying: "Madam, you are not allowed to sell these here." I replied: "You sell wine, beer, whiskey, tobacco, cigarettes and anything that will drug these people. Now these are my own little souvenirs, and they will advertise my cause, help me, and be a little keep sake from the hand that raised the hatchet, so I claim the right to sell them, where you have no right to sell bad things." He went up to see the captain, who said: "I am too busy to fool with that woman." So he came down, and called up Mr. Furlong, asking him to compel me to stop selling hatchets, but Mr. Furlong told him he could not prevent Mrs. Nation doing anything she made up her mind to do. We had a nice time. I repeated poetry on the evils of drink and smoking, all were happy, and at ten o'clock, I bade good-night to many friends who regarded me not as the wild vicious woman, but as one who meant well.

Next morning when we went ashore in New York, and were identifying our baggage, a small man passed, Mr. Furlong remarked in an undertone, "Our captain." He had changed his uniform to go ashore, and I had not recognized him. I extended my hand which

he took, and I said, "Captain, I know you were told I was a nuisance." "Yes, they said you would raise the devil, but if anyone thinks you are a fool they are very much mistaken." We parted in a very pleasant humor. Thus it is, my life is a constant contention, but there have been many laughable circumstances and none hurt. I can truly say that there is no ill will in my heart toward a creature God has made. It is a hatred for the enemies of mankind.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRIP TO CANADA, CORDIAL RECEPTION.—RETURN TO CHICAGO TO FILL ENGAGEMENT.—SECOND VISIT TO CANADA.—TRIP TO MARITIME PROVINCES.—VISIT CLUB IN CHARLOTTETOWN.—PREJUDICE AGAINST ME OWING TO MALICIOUS REPORTS.—SPOKE IN PARLIAMENT IN FREDERICTON.—VISIT TO SIDNEY.—SCOTT ACT.—MY ARREST AND RELEASE.—EPISODE IN JAIL.

Having a spare month in May of 1904 I made a trip to Canada, and never was so cordially received in my life, selling all the hatchets I had in three meetings.

I returned to fill a Chicago engagement of six weeks which was made by my manager, with Mr. Houseman, one of the Editors of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean,* who owned a theatre with which a museum was con-

nected. Realizing that this would provide an excuse for the papers to lie about me, I wrote my manager, if possible, to cancel the engagement. I was, however, persuaded to stay one week, with the result, that it was published all over the country that Carry A. Nation was in a Museum getting $300 a week just to be looked at, when in fact, I spoke in the theatre, not in the museum. I would not object to going into a museum or any place to bring my cause before the people, but resented the idea of being placed on exhibition.

As I had promised to return to Canada, I did so in the month of June, visiting the Maritime Provinces, where I was very much delighted with the people, finding in Prince Edward's Island the most intelligent and moral people, as a body, that I have ever met.

That Island has a Prohibition Law similar to Kansas, but the premier, Peters, told the former premier, Mr. Farguason, that the Club in Charlottetown, the Capitol, had to be an exception to the prohibitive amendment or he would vote against and ruin it. This condition is similar in our own government—conspiracy and treason. I visited this club, strange that I should get in, God opened the way. It was fitted up like other drinking clubs, where men congregate to act in a manner and talk of subjects they would be ashamed that their wives should know of. The back room was stacked with empty bottles and imported liquors of different brands. I went up into the parlor about nine o'clock in the morning, where I met one of these beer-swelled outlaws. I asked him, "Will you answer some questions about this place." His pomp-

ous and indignant reply was, "No, I will do nothing of the kind." I said: "I will tell you some things about it. You are a set of traitors, you pose as being the elite, but you are criminals. Shame on such villainy." He held his paper up before his face. I had the satisfaction of telling him the truth in plain language, such men are well dressed, gold fobbed, diamond studded rummies that are more hateful than those behind the prison bars. Their bodies are a reeking mass of corruption.

Prince Edward's Island is a large farm, one hundred miles long, by forty broad. It can only be reached by boat. A high grade of cheese is made and milk, butter, oats and turnips are raised there. Instead of weather-boarding the houses they have the sides shingled. They have nice, small, fat horses, which are fine travelers.

On this, my second visit to Canada, the people did not receive me as cordially as before, owing to a report that I had been in a museum in Chicago on exhibition. In order to counteract this prejudice against me, I offered a reward of $50.00 for any one who had ever seen me in a musuem or on exhibition, which had the desired effect. There are rum bought papers in Canada as there are in the States.

I was asked to speak in Parliament in Fredericton. There was a great laugh when I said that governments like fish, stink worse at the head.

On my visit to Sydney, Cape Breton, I found that, although they have the Scott Act, which makes it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicants, there are dives there

just as in Kansas, the officers and political wire pullers defending them in just the same way.

I went into a vile den, the Belmont Hotel. There was a crowd gathered around the place. When I went out in front an officer came to me, saying: "You will have to get off the street, you are collecting a crowd." I said, I am not disturbing anything, if you object to the crowd, disperse them, let me alone. He insisted, and so did I. He said nothing to the crowd no one was doing anything, but standing around when he walked up to me and arrested me in the King's name— Two got on either side of me and carried me to jail. When I was there, I found a young boy of about 14 or 15 years of age. I asked: "Why are you here?" He began to cry bitterly, said he was put in for calling names. "Oh, if I had a father or mother to help me out, but they are dead, and I have no friends." "What is your fine?" I asked. "Only a dollar." "My dear boy, I will do what mother would do, if she were here, kneel down here and let us pray. He did, weeping bitterly all the time. I asked God to make this a means of saving that dead mother's precious one. I said to him: "Now my boy, mother would say: 'My darling son, don't use bad language. Be good and love God. Now I will pay your fine just as mother would do." So I called the jailer, who seemed to be a kind man, and paid the dollar. The boy with his face glowing with happiness, fairly flew out. In a few minutes the door was opened, a friend went on my bond, and I left to fill my appointment. There were as many as twenty-five men who volunteered to testify to the unfair arrest. The case was tried the next day, and I was

acquitted, the judge saying that, "All Carry Nation wanted was advertising." "Man's inhumanity to woman." I was glad to open the prison door to the boy, and give him advice at a time when he would take it, for he promised me to be a good boy and serve God. I expect God sent me there for that purpose.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COWARDLY ASSAULT BY SALOON KEEPER, G. R. NEIGHBORS OF ELIZABETHTOWN, KY.—APATHY OF OFFICERS, BUT PEOPLE MUCH MOVED BY OUTRAGE, LECTURED AFTERWARDS, THO' VERY FAINT AND WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD.—CIGARETTE SMOKING IN HIGH PLACES DISCUSSED WITH MISS GASTON, PRESIDENT NATIONAL ANTI-CIGARETTE LEAGUE.

A saloon keeper, G. R. Neighbors, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, struck me over the head with a chair, July 23, 1904. In going up to the hall to fill an engagement. I passed this man and walking into his saloon, said: "Why are you in this business, drugging and robbing the people?" "Hush! You get out." I replied; "Yes you want a respectable woman to get out, but you will make any woman's boy a disgrace, you ought to be ashamed." I then passed out going to the hall. After the lecture I passed by his place again. He was sitting in a chair in front of the saloon, and I said, "Are

you the man that runs this business?" and in a moment with an oath he picked up the chair and with all his strength, sent it down with a crash on my head. I came near falling, caught myself, and he lifted the chair the second time, striking me over the back, the blood began to cover my face, and run down from a cut on my forehead. I cried out, "He has killed me." An officer caught the chair to prevent the third blow.

There were two officers in the crowd. I cried, "Is there no one to arrest this man?" No one appeared to do it. He went back in his saloon. I to the hotel. Some one sent for a doctor who came and dressed the wound on my forehead, my left arm was badly bruised, also my back. Had it not been for my bonnet, I should have suffered more. This outrageous act roused the people. Indignant women and men came to see me. saying this outrage would not be tolerated. The Methodist minister especially was deeply moved. There were two officers who saw this outrage, but there was no arrest.

Next morning, Mrs. Bettie James, came in two miles from the country, and had a warrant sworn out against Neighbors, but the case was laid over to await the action of the grand jury, in November, saloon keepers going on his bond.

I intended to go to Mammoth Cave, but remained over on account of trial, and spoke again that night. Elizabethtown is one of those bad rum towns in Kentucky, but there is a fine prohibition sentiment, and great indignation was felt and expressed that even a saloon-keeper could be so low and cowardly as to strike a woman, and still be tolerated. I was in bed

most of the day and nearly fainted during the lecture, but I thanked God that I was counted worthy to suffer so that others need not. I felt some mother might receive fewer blows, that if my head was bruised and bleeding it might prevent other hearts from being crushed and broken, souls from going to drunkards' graves, and drunkards' hells, and this outrage would reveal the enormous brutality of this curse; thus bringing a speedy remedy.

In the spring of 1904, I was in the office of Miss Lucy Gaston, the National President of the Anti-Cigarette League. I saw on the walls of her room Mr. Roosevelt's picture. I said, "My dear Miss Lucy, why do you have that picture in here? Don't you know he is a cigarette smoker?" She said, she did not know it. I said: "Let me tear that up." Did this man who is at the head of affairs in this nation ever say a word against this vice? Although he is sworn to protect from just such. This brave, good woman, whose heart, soul, and body is dedicated to saving the young men of our land did not seem to recognize the fact that Democrats and Republicans (so-called) were the head and front of all the corruption we have. At last, I said: "If you will write to Mr. Roosevelt and get his statement that he does not, nor ever did smoke cigarettes I will give you $50 for your work, she said she would. She wrote to the President, got no response from him, but Mr. Loeb, his secretary wrote that the President, did not and never had used tobacco in any form. She sent this to me, of course I was not to be caught with such chaff. I wrote her so, telling her of the time when Mr. McKinley wished to deny the fact,

that he rented his property in Canton, Ohio, for saloon purposes, his minister denied this, but the *Chicago Voice* proved that he did. I suppose Mr. Roosevelt got his minister to write what he dared not. I wrote her that old birds were not easily fooled with chaff, also stating, that if she would get a statement that Mr. Roosevelt was not a beer drinker, I would give her another $50.00. Of course she could not do this, but the Republican Press published all over the country that Miss Gaston got the evidence and I paid the $50.00, but not one word of this was true.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SISTER LUCY WILHOITE'S VISION.—WRITES TO ME FOR CO-OPERATION IN MAKING RAID ON MAHAN'S WHOLESALE LIQUOR HOUSE.—HESITATE ON ACCOUNT PRESSING ENGAGEMENTS AHEAD.—ANSWERS THE CALL.—RAID SET FOR 29TH.—W. C. T. U. CONVENTION IN SESSION.—FOUR SISTERS AND MYSELF START FROM M. E. CHURCH.—A CALL FOR THE POLICE BEFORE WE COULD EFFECT AN ENTRANCE.—TAKEN TO JAIL IN HOODLUM WAGON.—UNHEALTHY CONDITION OF CELL.—IN JAIL FROM FRIDAY TO MONDAY.—GOOD OLD PENTECOSTAL TIME ON SUNDAY.—COUNTY JAIL MONDAY.—TRIAL WEDNESDAY.—JAIL SENTENCE AND FINES.—APPEAL TO DISTRICT COURT.

In the Fall of 1904, I received a letter from Sister Lucy Wilhoite of Wichita, telling me of a vision, which I will relate here in her own words: "During a severe illness, last July, the Lord appeared unto me and revealed many wonderful things concerning our work in which I have been engaged for seven years. Temperance and Prohibition.

My life was despaired of by my friends and I knew I was very near the borderland, and as I lay on my bed of suffering in the still hour of mid-night, God showed me the awful desolation which our thirty eight saloons and five wholesale liquor houses were making in the homes of Wichita and surrounding country. The sight so overwhelmed me, I cried unto the Lord and said, 'Oh my God! Have I done all I could during this life

of mine to dam up this fearful tide? Then I said, show me Lord, what this means. Immediately a great cloud of human souls came rolling down a steep decline and as my eyes followed them, saw them rolling on and on until they finally fell into a pit from whence fire and smoke were ascending. Then my eyes were turned again up the ascent from whence the souls were coming. When, Lo! I saw the National Capitol, with its Senate and Congressmen. I saw the Legislative Halls, and our Educational Institutions. I saw our churches with their educated ministry, and their secret societies, our public libraries and reading rooms, our National, State and Local W. C. T. U's., all of them right in the track of this awful tide of human souls, yet they still rolled on and on until they reached the pit. Then I cried again unto the Lord and said: "Oh, Why do you show me these horrible things, when I am on the brink of the grave?" And still the picture or vision remained before me, growing more and more vivid every moment until I struggled to my knees, and said, 'Oh, God, if I can do anything to dam up this fearful tide, just heal this body, and let the healing be the seal that I can do something to help, and I shall do it if it costs my life.' Then a deep calm and soul rest settled over me and I sank into a deep sleep, when I awoke I realized the pain was gone and also the fever. I lay there, looking up to God, and I said, 'Now Lord, show me what you want me to do.' Immediately like a great scroll reaching across the sky, these words appeared, written in letters of gold. "Spill it out!" Then he showed me the very place I was to attack Mahan's Wholesale Liquor House.

"For many weeks I pondered upon this vision and prayed about it most earnestly, that I might not be mistaken and know of a truth that it was God's will. I never found any soul rest until I wrote to Mrs. Nation, and told her the time was ripe for God and that we must attack Mahan's Wholesale Liquor House, that was helping to degrade so many women and debase so many men. This resulted in an attempt to carry out God's purpose on Sept. 30, 1904.

I was true to the "Heavenly Vision," which is only the beginning of the fulfillment, for there are yet many things to be spilled out, not only the liquor, but also the hypocrites in the church, and the false prophets with sin of every kind, and our lives also.

The *Wichita Eagle* reporter, uttered a profound truth, whether he intended to or not, when he said, we walked into the court room like a poem, a sort of a 'Lead Kindly Light' poem, for we were lead of God, who is the light of the world. And we intend to follow on until this vision is fully realized."

Yours for God's love for Him and suffering humanity, MRS. LUCY WILHOITE."

I had dates ahead that I disliked to cancel, because of disappointing the people and entailing a great financial sacrifice. Sister Lydia Muntz, also wrote me to come to Wichita immediately. I knew it meant smashing and imprisonment, possibly, loss of life, for I wrote Sister Wilhoite, "I am coming to do all I can to destroy the works of the devil, and if need be to die." At first, I told her to keep things quiet. Then I thought it best to give all an opportunity to have a

part in this great work of saving life here and hereafter, so I wrote a letter to the Topeka *Journal* making a call for helpers setting September 28th as the day. When I arrived in Topeka, I learned that the W. C. T. U. would be in convention session on that day in Wichita, and also that there was a carnival going on in the place, and thought it providential to have a crowd. I arrived in Wichita the 28th, the raid was postponed until the 29th. I took hatchets with me and we also supplied ourselves with rocks, meeting at the M. E. church, where the W. C. T. U. Convention was being held. I announced to them what we intended doing and asked them to join us. Sister Lucy Wilhoite, Myra McHenry, Miss Lydia Muntz and Miss Blanch Boies, started for Mahan's wholesale liquor store. Three men were on the watch for us. We asked to go in to hold gospel services as was our intention before destroying this den of vice, for we wanted God to save their souls, and to give us ability and opportunity to destroy this soul damning business. They refused to let us come near the door. I said: "Women, we will have to use our hatchets." With this I threw a rock through the front, then we were all seized, and a call for the police was made. There was of course, a big crowd. Mrs. Myra McHenry was in the hands of a ruffian who shook her almost to pieces. One raised a piece of gas pipe to strike her, but was prevented from doing so. We were hustled into the hoodlum wagon, and driven through the streets amid the yells, execrations and grimaces of the liquor element. I watched their faces and could see that Satan was roused in them beyond their control, making the

most diabolical faces sticking out their tongues! At what? Just five women, who were doing with their might what their hands found to do. Just five living hearts that dared to give their lives to save them. Just gray-haired women, mothers, and grandmothers, who, for love they could not contain, rushed in to save their loved ones, from ruin.

There never was such a sight. Angels wept and devils yelled with diabolical glee. We were taken to Police Headquarters, that is, four of us, the Police had not taken Blanch Boies, who dodged them, and with her axe smashed out two windows, after which she went to Sister Wilhoite's home, and would not have been arrested had she not called to see us next day, and giving her name was immedately arrested and shut in with us. Water was standing in the low places in the cell we occupied, caused by a leakage in the pipes, I don't think this neglect was intentional, but it was none the less dangerous as it was below ground. The beds were shelves in the wall, very hard of course, but we might have had some degree of comfort if it had not been for the dirt and rats which seemed to delight in having some one to run around and over. It was so ordered that there was a Bible in the crowd, and as we were not in stocks we had far more to rejoice over than Paul and Silas, holding a continuous praise and prayer service, reading and repeating the word of God. We were kept there from Friday till Monday morning without a charge against us. Sunday morning we squeezed the juice out of some grapes, some kind friends had sent us, and reading for our lesson where Jesus washed the disciples feet and partook

of the sacrament, Sister McHenry sprang to her feet after partaking of the emblems, said she saw the most beautiful cross on the wall, surrounded by a divine halo, exclaiming: "Now I know what it is to have a vision, I thought it might be imagination." Our friends were not permitted to come into the jail or even to the door, so many of them came to the railing on the outside, where some of the officials threw water on them from the upper windows to keep them away. We were taken to the county jail on Monday and had a trial for malicious mischief on Wednesday. We plead our own cases, and never in the history of the world did a nation or people see mothers tried for trying to save their loved ones from the slaughter of a government whose business it is to protect women and their children. Tears were in the eyes of many when Sister Lucy Wilhoite and Sister McHenry told of their boys being led into vice by the officials of Wichita. Poor degraded Wichita with her corrupt officials and that vile *Wichita Eagle,* and its Murdocks. But God has a people there and they will be victors in this fight. We were convicted of course, I got thirty days in jail and $150, the rest $150, except Sister Muntz, who only got $50. We employed Judge Ray to take our cases to the District Court. At the present writing I am out on bail and so far as the jail is concerned, I do not dread it. God will liberate some when I am in bonds. Poor women, poor mothers. God who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," will come to their relief from a degradation worse than death.

AFTER TRIAL IN THE DISTRICT COURT.

I am out on parole under a jail sentence of four

months, and a fine of $250.00. This man Wilson, who is in the place of a judge, knows that it is a lawless outrage, but true to his party or trust he stands by the combine for as long as the Republican Liquor Power controls office motherhood is sacrificed to the greed of this boa constrictor that coils its huge body crushing out the life and soul of man, woman and child.

If Roosevelt had a sincere interest in increasing the population by urging women to bear children he would say something about what makes it a terror to do so.

CHAPTER XXV.

SKETCH BY WILL CARLTON, IN HIS MAGAZINE, "EVERYWHERE."

Some years ago, the American public, always longing for "something new," was treated to an absolutely unique sensation. A woman armed with a hatchet had gone into a Kansas liquor saloon and smashed up its appurtenances, in a very thorough and unconventional manner. After this, she went into and through another, and another; and it began to look as if all the bibulous paraphernalia of Kansas were about to be sent into the twilight.

When the smoke had somewhat cleared away, and time elapsed sufficient to garner these circumstances into authentic news, it transpired that the woman who had done this was Mrs. Carry A. Nation—utterly obscure and unknown until that week.

This raid among decanters was a very singular and startling act, for a woman; but, somehow, people found it refreshing. It represented precisely what many had imagined in their minds, what thousands of women had wished they themselves could or dared do, what myraids of confirmed drinkers, even, had wished might be done. News of Mrs. Nation's swift and decided action went all over the country, like a stiff, healthy gale. She was sharply criticised—but there lurked very often a "dry grin" behind the criticism. This smashing was all very direct and unique; and Americans are in general fond of directness and uniqueness.

It was, technically, illegal; but, even so, it was remarked that the saloons which Mrs. Nation wrecked, were themselves in brazen defiance of the laws of the state of Kansas—unenforced on account of the fear or venality of public officers.

The work of this determined woman went on with a thoroughness and promptness that made it ultra-interesting. She was imprisoned again and again, and became an inmate, at one time and another, of some thirty-two different jails. She had trial after trial—in which was developed the fact that her tongue was as sharp as her hatchet; she often addressing even the judge presiding, as "Your Dishonor," while prosecuting attorneys she treated with supreme scorn. Not much mercy was shown her in the county bastiles; she was often bestowed in cells next to insane people—in the hope, she thinks, that she might become really crazy, as well as reputedly so. One sheriff, finding that the fumes of cigarette smoking made her ill, treated all her fellow-inmates to the little white cylinders, and set them at work puffing vigorously. Chivalry and humanity seemed, for the time being, to have faded from men's minds.

In these different immurments, she had time to write her friends and even publish a paper, called, "The Smasher's Mail." She told how she came to do this work; it was, she claimed, by the direct command of God. She had promised Him that if He would forgive her many sins, she would work for Him in ways no one else would; and He took her at her word—ordering her to go and smash saloons. This, of course, provokes a smile, among most people, but Mrs. Nation

is not the first one that has worked under God's command—whether real or supposed.

At last, so many fines were heaped up against her, which must be paid before she could be liberated, that it seemed to her as if she would never get free; but in this dark hour, a lecture agent appeared, and said he would pay the amount if she would give him some "dates." She laughingly says now, that she did not know what he meant; and actually wondered if he thought she was a fruit dealer. But when he explained what he meant by "dates," a chance to go on the platform and give the people a reason for the hatchet that was in her hand, she saw the gates were opened; and enthusiastically went from jail to the lecture platform.

She became immediately a drawing card—in assembly halls in some churches, and even at county fairs. She worked, tirelessly and industriously, to pay back the lecture agent for the sums he had advanced; and after a time found surplus amounts on hand.

She did not hesitate very long as to the purpose for which they were to be applied. Her personal expenses were very small; she dresses plainly; and believes that God is entitled to her financial gains.

"A home for drunkards' wives," was her first thought, after paying the fine money, and she set about it, and is working for it now.

After her platform work had proceeded for a time, it was decided that she should star in the play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." As all know, who have witnessed this simple but powerful drama, every act of it is a prohibition lecture, and Mrs. Nation's part, that of the mother of the murdered boy, was a lecture of

itself. In one scene, she was represented as smashing a saloon, most thoroughly; and this business was the most popular of anything in the play—even at theatres that drew most of their patronage from habitues of saloons.

Mrs. Nation's reasons for stepping from the churches to the foot-lights, is not without its logic, in these days. "People go to the theatres more than they do the churches," she says, "and I want to go where there are plenty of people to hear me, and where they need me."

From the regular theatre she passed, and from the same reasons, to the vaudeville, and did her regular "stunts" along with the singers, the dancers, and harlequins, acrobats, and the burnt cork humorist. The writer of this has seen her in one of these performances, and considers it entirely unique and unmistakably commendable.

It was in one of the most "free and easy" vaudeville shows in Greater New York, and the audience, composed of men and boys, was a hilarious one, and could have even become a turbulent one, if anything had occurred that did not please them. Many were half drunk, or nearly so. "Smoke, if you want to," was lettered on a conspicuous sign, and most of this audience wanted to. In the midst of the exercises, an interlude occurred, in which the audience was invited to a saloon down stairs, where they could proceed still farther in the liquid burning out of their bodies. On the same stage of this same vaudeville theatre, John L. Sullivan, the retired prize fighter, had, only a week before, appeared "in monologue," and had sometimes

been so drunk that he could not go through with his part.

In the midst of all this, Carry Nation was announced, and she stepped upon the stage, unattended by any glare of colored lights or fanfare of music. A quiet, motherly looking woman, plainly dressed, with a Bible in her hand, she commanded almost immediately the respect of that large crowd—from the men in the orchestra stalls to the gallery gods. One half intoxicated fellow began to scoff at her, but was almost immediately hushed by the scarcely less drunken ones around him. It was a sight that hushed them all into respectful silence, for a respectable, earnest woman, with the Holy Book in her hands, will have a subduing effect upon almost any company of people.

Mrs. Nation announced her text, and preached a sermon, and delivered a temperance lecture, both within the half-hour. (The latter she calls a "prohibition lecture"—hating the word temperance, as applied to drink.)

She said words, such as had probably not been heard by most of those there, for a great many years. She told them what sots they were making of themselves, and made her points so emphatic that they cheered her—almost in spite of themselves. She commenced her speech as an experiment, so far as that day's audience was concerned; she closed a heroine. She did not remain idle during the time between her appearances on the stage, but cultivated the acquaintances of the actors and actresses, and, it is said, to their good.

That is what Mrs. Nation is doing now, on what is called the eastern vaudeville circuit; and it would be

hard to see how one woman could do more good in half an hour, than she does; and that among those that need it most.

Mrs. Nation's whole name is Carrie Amelia Nation, but having noticed from old records that her father wrote the first name "Carry," she now does the same, and considers the name portentous as concerns what she is trying and means to do. She believes, she says, that it is her mission to "carry a nation" from the darkness of drunken bestiality into the light of purity and sobriety; and if she can do this, or in any great measure contribute to it, there are millions of people in the world, that will bid her God speed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALCOHOL NOT A DRINK.—NOT A FOOD.—DR. N. S. DAVIS OF CHICAGO.—NANSEN OF NORWAY.—NOT A MEDICINE.—HOW IT ACTS ON THE HEART.—DOES NOT ALLAY PAIN.—CAUSES DISEASE.—ATWATER'S ERROR.—SCIENTIFIC TESTIMONY ON BEER.

A scientific article on the effects of alcohol on the human system. If any doctor should try to deceive you here is the proof of his malicious intent to drug you.

LIQUOR DRINKING IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE UPON THE PROGRESS MADE IN MEDICAL SCIENCE IN FAVOR OF TEMPERANCE DURING THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1, 1902.—A. W. GUTRIDGE, CHAIRMAN, READ AT THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. PAUL, AND ORDERED PUBLISHED BY THE CONVENTION.

In order to understand what progress has been made during the year, it is necessary to note the condition of affairs at the commencement of the period.

Long before this committee began work the leading physicians of every enlightened country, the men to whom the entire profession looks for guidance, had declared against the use of alcohol both in health and in disease.

IS ALCOHOL A DRINK?

One reason why all the greatest physicians believed it harmful was because it had been found that alcohol was not a drink. The most abundant substance found in the human body, is water. About 130 pounds of the weight of a 160-pound person is water, "Quite enough if rightly arranged to drown him." Man has been irreverently described as "about 30 pounds of solids set up in 13 gallons of water." So it is quite natural for us to hunger for water; "death by thirst is more rapid and distressing than by starvation." "It is through the medium of the water contained in the animal body that all its vital functions are carried on." Dr. W. B. Richardson of England has pointed out more than fifty characteristics of the action of a natural drink upon the system. The action of alcohol is the opposite of these in every particular, and therefore it is not a real or natural drink. Of course the water which is found in mixture in all alcoholic liquors serves to quench thirst, even though it is often foul water.

IS IT A FOOD?

We also found, upon taking up the work imposed upon us, that alcohol had been demonstrated not to be a food. Many classifications of foods have been made, but about the best is that which divides them broadly into two classes: to use homely language, flesh formers and body warmers; those which build up or repair the bodily waste, and those which sustain the animal warmth. The slow fire within us being necessary to life we hunger for that only which will replace the substance destroyed by the burning. "To the child of

nature all hurtful things are repulsive, all beautiful things attractive." As to flesh formers, it had been noted that all foods useful in repairing bodily waste contain the element nitrogen. Alcohol contains no nitrogen, and so could not be classed among body builders. The chief body warmer is sugar. Alcohol being a product of sugar, people were all misled for years into thinking that it does in some kind and degree feed the system. The mistake was easy, since after taking alcohol there is a temporary increase in vivacity of mind and manner and in surface temperature, and a lessened requirement for regular foods. These opinions had been tested in the light of truth and proved erroneous. Axel Gustafson, in his Foundation of Death, considers this subject at length. As early as 1840 French physicians discovered that alcohol actually reduced the temperature of the body. Prominent German and English medical men soon confirmed the statement, and in 1850, Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago, the founder of the American Medical Association, in speaking of a number of observations during the active period of digestion after ordinary food, whether nitrogenous or carbonaceous "the temperature of the body is always increased, but after taking alcohol, in either the form of the fermented or the distilled drinks, it begins to fall within half an hour and continues to decrease for from two to three hours. The extent and duration of the reduction was in direct proportion to the amount of alcohol taken." The most prominent physician in Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Russia reached similar conclusions shortly after this. In explorations in the Arctic regions

where the cold is intense, no alcoholic drinks are permitted. Dr. Nansen, the great Norwegian, attributes the fatalities of the Greeley expedition to the use of liquor, and this is the only expedition of recent years which permitted the use of alcoholic drinks. As a matter of fact it was long ago proved that "Alcohol does not warm nor cool a person, but only destroys the sensation and decreases the vitality." Superficial observers, however, have upheld the use of alcohol as a food, saying, "See how fleshy it makes people." Well, healthy fat is not always an advantage, but beer drinkers' fat is not the genuine article. Healthy fat represents a stock of body warming food laid up for a time of need and is formed only in health. The "fat" usually exhibited by beer drinkers is not a fat at all; oil is not its chief factor. It consists of particles of partly digested flesh forming food which the system required, but which it was unable to assimilate owing to the presence in the body of the alcohol which the beer contained. This sort of fat instead of indicating health points to disease. This general teaching as to the worthlessness of alcohol as a food had been set forth by the leaders in the medical profession, and accepted largely by the rank and file of practitioners for about twenty-five years. An occasional cry came from the other side, however, and late in 1899 Dr. W. O. Atwater, professor in Wesleyan University, announced that he had, by an extended series of experiments, proved the truth of the claims of those experimentors who believed alcohol to have value as a food. Dr. Atwater's reports were widely published by the whiskey press, and a state of some unrest amongst think-

ing physicians followed, which had not been wholly quieted when this committee began work.

IS IT A MEDICINE?

At the time we began work, however, it had been demonstrated that alcohol is not a medicine. Many years ago Dr. Nottingham, a great English physician, said: "Alcohol is neither food nor physic." Dr. Nicols, editor Boston Journal of Chemistry, long ago wrote, "The banishment of alcohol would not deprive us of a single one of the indispensable agents which modern civilization demands. In no instance of disease in any form, is it a medicine which might not be dispensed with." Dr. Bunge, professor of physical chemistry in the University of Basle, Switzerland, said: "In general let it be understood that all the workings of alcohol in the system which usually are considered as excitement or stimulation are only indications of paralysis. It is a deep-rooted error, sense of fatigue is the safety value of the human organism. Whoever dulls this sense in order to work harder or longer may be likened to an engineer who sits down on his safety valve in order to make better speed with his engine." Dr. F. H. Hammond of the U. S. army said: "Alcohol strengthens no one. It only deadens the feeling of fatigue." Dr. Sims Woodhead, professor in Cambridge University, England, had given the following list of conditions in which alcohol should not be used: In those (1) who have any family history of drunkenness, insanity, or nervous disease. (2) Who have used alcohol to excess in childhood or youth. (3) Who are nervous, irritable or badly nourished. (4) Who suffer from

injuries to the head, gross disease of the brain and sunstroke. (5) Who suffer from great bodily weakness, particularly during convalescence from exhausting disease. (6) Who are engaged in exciting or exhausting employment, in bad air and surroundings, in work shops and mines. (7) Who are solitary or lonely or require amusement. (8) Who have little self-control either hereditary or acquired. (9) Who suffer from weakness, the result of senile degeneration. (10) Who suffer from organic or functional diseases of the stomach, liver, kidney or heart. (11) Who are young.

Much has been said concerning the stimulating effect of alcohol upon the heart, and this had been treated at length. There is an increased action of about four thousand beats in twenty-four hours for every ounce of alcohol used. This fact still misleads some physicians into prescribing it to strengthen the weak heart, but the increase is not due to new force. The heart action normally is the result of arterial pressure and nervous action, two forces mutually balancing each other. The nervous action is diminished by the introduction of the alcohol; this destroys the balance and deranges the arterial pressure. Dr. James Edmunds, a great English physician, years ago said: "When we see a man breathing with great vigor, does it occur to us that he must be in good health? Is it an indication that he gets more air? We all know better. It simply shows that he has asthma or some such disease, and that his breathing is strained and imperfect. He is making use of less air than the person who breathes quietly. This is the case with the blood work, so it plunges and struggles in the effort. And the

cause of both cases is the same. There is more carbonic acid in the blood than either the heart or the lungs can handle. If for example I were suffering from general debility and milk were the food best suited to my needs, and if I should discover a tramp in my apartments drinking of my already too limited supply, would it be reasonable to assert that the exhibition of strength which I made in forcing him to desist is an indication that the entrance of the vagrant bettered my enfeebled condition? The greater activity of the heart is not due to the added strength resulting from recruits of friends but to a desperate struggle to beat back a reinforced enemy."

That alcohol does not allay pain had been established when this committee was organized. The only proper method of allaying pain is to remedy the disorder which produced it. It is no remedy to deaden the nerves so that we cannot feel it. This reasoning had been found good in the case of alcohol as a remedy in "colds." Whiskey does not relieve the uneasiness and oppression we experience when ailing from a cold, it only benumbs the nerves so we do not feel the trouble. The cure is not hastened but delayed in this way.

IS IT THE CAUSE OF DISEASE?

Besides the fact that alcohol had, before this committee's existence, been proved to be neither a drink nor a food nor a medicine, it had also been shown to be the cause of disease. Over five thousand of the most prominent physicians in this country had so stated it, and the proportion was equally great in all the

enlightened countries of Europe. The most pronounced in this way, perhaps, have been the great leaders in medical science in Austria, Germany and France. Some of the points made against the use of alcohol were that it interferes with digestion by rendering insoluble the active principle of the gastric juice, and especially by preventing the solution of body-building foods. The natural action of various organs of the body is more or less arrested by alcohol, thus reducing the temperature. This from Dr. Edmunds already quoted: "The blood carries certain earthy matters in it in a soluble state, these earthy matters being necessary for the nutrition of the bones and other parts of the body. You all know that when wine is fermented and turned from a weak sweet wine into a strong alcoholic wine, you get what is called a 'crust' formed on the inside of the bottle. What is that crust? That crust consists of saline or earthy matters which were soluble in the saccharine grape juice, but which are insoluble in the alcoholic fluids. We find in drunkards that the blood vessels get into the same state as the wine bottles from the deposit of earthy matter which has no business to be deposited, and forms the 'beeswing' or crust in the blood vessels of the drunkard, in his eye and in all of the tissues of the body." Alcohol had been found to prevent the elimination of waste, thus the body is loaded with worn and decaying tissues, leaving the system an inviting field for all sorts of diseases. Life insurance companies, influenced by business interests wholly, make a distinction between liquor users and non-users. Nelson, a distinguished actuary of England, employed as an expert by life in-

surance companies, found after investigating over 7,000 cases, none of which were drunkards, that between the ages of 15 and 20 the proportion of deaths in total abstainers to those in moderate drinkers is as 10 to 18; between the ages of 25 and 30, as 10 to 31; between 30 and 40 as 10 is to 40.

With reference to the effect on the offspring of drinking parents, the medical profession had accepted the teaching of the French specialist, Dr. Jaccound, that "of the children of drinkers some of them become inbeciles and idots; others are feeble in mind, exhibit moral perversion, and sink by degrees into complete degeneration; still others are epileptics, deaf and dumb, scrofulous, etc.," and of the English teacher, Dr. Kerr, that "long continued habitual indulgence in intoxicating drink to an extent far short of intoxication is not only sufficient to originate and hand down a morbid tendency, but is much more likely to do so than even repeated drunken outbreaks with intervals of sobriety between."

Thus the men who have been of the greatest honor to the profession in every land were a unit in opposing the use of alcohol in health or disease and in holding that if people are determined to use it there is less danger in health, as then the system is in better condition to throw off its evil effects.

PROGRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Now as to the progress made during the past year. In June, 1901, the American Medical Association met in St. Paul. The branch of it giving special study to the temperance question held several sessions, about

one hundred of the most distinguished physicians in the country attending. Much time was given to considering Dr. Atwater's teaching to the effect that he had proved alcohol to be a food. During the previous year he had published the details of his experiments, and at the convention it was shown that his own experiments upset his conclusions. It had been held that except in rare instances alcohol taken into the system passed away from it as alcohol without change. Dr. Atwater's experiments strengthened somewhat the position of those who held that change is not infrequent, but he concluded that the portion broken up while in the body served as a food. A closer examination of his own experiments showed that the portion oxidized had gone to form other compounds in the system which were possibly more harmful than if it had all passed off unchanged. Dr. Max Kassowitz, professor in the University of Vienna, said, after Dr. Atwater's statement had been published: "For the animal and human organism, alcohol is not both a food and a poison, but a poison only, which like other poisons is an irritant when taken in small doses while in larger ones it produces paralysis." In connection with the fact that alcohol is simply a poison, it may be worth stating, that the original meaning of the word "intoxicated" was "poisoned." After reading Dr. Atwater, the Russian Commission for the study of alcoholism, after two years' work, said: "The claim that alcohol is a food in any proper sense of the term is not sufficiently proved." In the St. Paul convention spoken of, politics obtained a foothold, and some weak resolutions in favor of the army canteen were adopted but

not even the champions of the canteen were willing to subscribe to the statement that alcohol is ever a real food.

Just previous to our last convention much noise was made through the daily press concerning a finding of some English scientist to the effect that an acquired tendency cannot be transmitted to offspring. We were told that this would upset the theory that children inherit a craving for intoxicants from intemperate parents, and "the moralists and reformers would have to readjust their logic on these points." In the annual report of the president of the Union a year ago, attention was drawn to the fact that those who indulge in this sort of sophistry have not read what the teachings of temperance workers have been on the subject. Such was not the opinion of the scientists making the report, for it says, "Children of drunkards are liable to be mentally and physically weak and tend to become paupers, criminals, epileptics and drunkards." It will be seen from what has been said that this is the position we have held all along. Dr. Davis, the dean of American physicians opposing the use of alcohol, has published during the year a number of articles showing the impossibility of alcohol's being of service as a medicine, and has dwelt especially upon its harmful effects in fevers, diseases in which it is still much prescribed. The two influential temperance societies composed of American physicians have, during the past year, kept up the agitation against alcohol as a medicine, and good is coming from it, as gradually medical journals are giving more and more space to the ques-

tion. The following international manifesto has been issued by the leading physicians of the world:

INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL MANIFESTO.

"The following statement has been agreed upon by the Council of the British Medical Temperance Association, the American Medical Temperance Association, the Society of Medical Abstainers in Germany, the leading physicians in England and on the continent. The purpose of this is to have a general agreement of opinions of all prominent physicians in civilized countries concerning the dangers from alcohol, and in this way give support to the efforts made to check and prevent the evils from this source.

In view of the terrible evils which have resulted from the consumption of alcohol, evils which in many parts of the world are rapidly increasing, we, members of the medical profession, feel it to be our duty, as being in some sense the guardians of the public health, to speak plainly of the nature of alcohol, and of the injury to the individual and the danger to the community which arise from the prevalent use of intoxicating liquors as beverages.

We think that it ought to be known that:

1. Experiments have demonstrated that even a small quantity of alcoholic liquor, either immediately or after a short time, prevents perfect mental action, and interferes with the functions of the cells and tissues of the body, impairing self-control by producing other markedly injurious effects. Hence alcohol must be regarded as a poison, and ought not to be classed among foods.

2. Observation establishes the fact that a moderate use of alcoholic liquors, continued over a number of years, produces a gradual deterioration of the tissues of the body, and hastens the changes which old age brings, thus increasing the average liability to disease (especially to infectious disease,) and shortening the duration of life.

3. Total abstainers, other conditions being similar, can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance, have on the average less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstainers, especially from infectious diseases, while they altogether escape diseases specially caused by alcohol.

4. All the bodily functions of a man, as of every other animal, are best performed in the absence of alcohol, and any supposed experience to the contrary is founded on delusion, a result of the action of alcohol on the nerve centers.

5. Further, alcohol tends to produce in the offspring of drinkers an unstable nervous system, lowering them mentally, morally and physically. Thus deterioration of the race threatens us, and this is likely to be greatly accelerated by the alarming increase of drinking among women, who have hitherto been little addicted to this vice. Since the mothers of the coming generation are thus involved the importance and danger of this increase cannot be exaggerated.

See, then, that the common use of alcoholic beverages is always and everywhere followed, sooner or later, by moral, physical and social results of a most serious and threatening character, and that it is the cause, direct or indirect, of a very large proportion of

the poverty, suffering, vice, crime, lunacy, disease and death, not only in the case of those who take such beverages, but in the case of others who are unavoidably associated with them, we feel warranted, nay, compelled to urge the general adoption of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, as the surest, simplest, and quickest method of removing the evils which necessarily result from their use. Such a course is not only universally safe, but it is also natural.

We believe that such an era of health, happiness and prosperity would be inaugurated thereby that many of the social problems of the present age would be solved."

The year has been marked by more detailed examination of the effects of alcohol upon the human system, with the result that progress towards its eventual overthrow as a medicine has been distinctly made. The greatest reforms are brought about quietly, but truth is mighty and does prevail. It will take time but gradually all will come to feel the suggestive power in the fact that "The table of nature is spread, and bountifully spread, for all its millions upon millions of guests, but wine and strong drink are not on the table."

SCIENTIFIC TESTIMONY ON BEER.

(From speech by SENATOR J. H. GALLINGER, M. D., January 9, 1901.)

OPINIONS OF LEADING PHYSICIANS.

The alarming growth of the use of beer among our people, and the spreading delusion among many who consider themselves temperate and sober, that the en-

couragement of beer drinking is an effective way of promoting the cause of temperance and of aiding to stamp out the demon rum, impelled the Toledo Blade to send a representative to a number of the leading physicians of Toledo to obtain their opinions as to the real damage which indulgence in malt liquors does the victim of that form of intemperance.

Every one is not only a gentleman of the highest personal character, but is a physician whose professional abilities have been severely tested, and received the stamp of the highest indorsement by the public and their professional brethren. More skillful physicians are not to be found anywhere. We have not selected those of known temperance principles. What they say of beer is not colored by any feeling for or against temperance, but is the cold, bare experience of men of science who know whereof they speak.

A BEER DRINKING CITY.

Toledo is essentially a beer drinking city. The German population is very large. Five of the largest breweries in the country are here. Probably more beer is drank, in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the United States. The practice of these physicians is, therefore, largely among beer drinkers, and they have had abundant opportunities to know exactly its bearings on health and disease.

Every one bears testimony that no man can drink beer safely, that it is an injury to any one who uses it in any quantity, and that its effect on the general health of the country has been even worse than that of whiskey. The indictment they with one accord present against beer drinking is simply terrible.

The devilfish crushing a man in his long, winding arms, and sucking his blood from his mangled body, is not so frightful an assailant as this deadly but insidious enemy, which fastens itself upon its victim, and daily becomes more and more the wretched man's master, and finally dragging him to his grave at a time when other men are in their prime of mental and bodily vigor.

BEER KILLS QUICKER THAN OTHER LIQUORS.

Dr. S. H. Burgeon, a practitioner thirty-five years, twenty-eight in Toledo, says: "I think beer kills quicker than any other liquor. My attention was first called to its insidious effects, when I began examining for life insurance. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans—young business men—who seemed in the best health, and to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild and easily curable diseases. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians I found they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and my practice since has heaped confirmation on confirmation.

"The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes, and then comes, most frequently, dropsy or Bright's disease, both certain to end fatally. Any physician, who cares to take the time, will tell you that among the dreadful results of beer drinking are lockjaw and erysipelas, and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave

character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers, etc., seem to have a first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity.

BEER WORSE THAN WHISKEY.

"The beer drinker is much worse off than the whiskey drinker, who seems to have more elasticity and reserve power. He will even have delirium tremens; but after the fit is gone you will sometimes find good material to work upon. Good management may bring him around all right. But when a beer drinker gets into trouble it seems almost as if you have to recreate the man before you can do anything for him. I have talked this for years, and have had abundance of living and dead instances around me to support my opinions."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOVED TO OKLAHOMA.—PUBLISHERS OF THE "HOME DEFENDER" OBTAINING MONEY UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.—MY ARREST IN HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—ARREST IN DENVER.—ONE OF THE DEEPEST SORROWS OF MY LIFE.

In the spring of 1905, I moved to Oklahoma to help that struggling state to deliver herself from the clutches of the Roosevelt administration that was determined not to allow her to have the enabling act that would give her the power to make her own constitution and elect her own governing power as a state. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft took their turns with their rough-riders and other appointed officers to bring about the "stand pat" and "let us appoint your officers." This was in the main because Mr. Roosevelt and his crowd knew that when Oklahoma got statehood she would abolish the saloons. I began to publish my magazine, "The Hatchet," which I started in Guthrie, the Capital. This was a great expense to me as anyone who publishes a periodical knows. I was not wise or experienced in starting a paper. I would publish as many as fifteen thousand, costing me as much as $200.00 a month, and send them over the state far and near calling to the people to rouse themselves and demand statehood, even if they had to call a convention without the enabling act. I went from town to town, and I would speak from the middle of the street, from goods boxes, and in the school houses, in churches, in

opera houses and everywhere I could get a crowd, crying aloud at such an outrage to so great and populous a state as Oklahoma. The people sent one delegation after another to Washington. The pressure was so strong that after a while she was granted the enabling act, and when the constitution was framed the saloons went out of the state. Glory to God.

There was started in Chicago in 1895, a paper called "The Home Defender," edited and published by three young boys who were prohibitionists. I took great interest in the efforts of these boys and bought stock from them, and would often write to encourage them. In the spring of 1905, Thorwald Mauritzen, one of these boys came to see me in Oklahoma and said the paper was sadly behind. They could not get out the March issue without funds and that he came to me to ask me to assist him, saying that if he got out this issue he could get $300.00 worth of advertising, that he had thirty thousand subscribers and that if I could let him have fifteen hundred dollars it would put the paper on a good basis. I let this young man have the money, this made in all about twenty-five hundred dollars I had invested in this paper. I had just sold the property in Topeka that I wanted to deed to the W. C. T. U., but they did not see clearly to use it entirely for prohibition as I wanted them to. This young man returned to Chicago and the next letter I got from him he told me that the "Home Defender" was going to send him over to England on business for the paper. Three or four days after that I got a letter from Mr. Coon and Mr. Murry, men connected with the "Home Defender," asking me to write or wire to New York

City, giving me the address, to prevent Thorwald Mauritzen from going abroad, that the interest of the paper demanded that he should return. I wrote the letter, Mr. Mauritzen got it, but it did not stop him. I went to Chicago to investigate matters and found that the paper was about to go to pieces, and that the money that I let them have was all gone. I never did find out what they did with it. The fact was Mr. Mauritzen went to Norway on business of his own and had used my money to pay his expenses. Mr. Coon and Mr. Murry were ministers of the Gospel. Mr. Coon is now publishing a prominent Baptist Journal in Chicago. I have never met two men that acted more like sharpers and I pronounce both of them hypocrites. Jesus calls them "wolves in sheeps clothing." The advertising list was all they had, they sold it out to Mr. Blake, who knew that I had stock in the paper but did not know that I had a $1,300.00 note against the "Home Defender". When he found that out he made Mr. Coon, Mr. Murry and Mr. Mauritzen each one give him a note covering the amount. I wrote to Mr. Alonzo Wilson, and Mr. Chas. Jones about the matter, the latter gave me the name of a lawyer in Chicago. This lawyer could give me no satisfaction. I did not know for two years that Mr. Blake held these notes of these men until after Mr. Ferguson got the "Home Defender" and started another prohibition paper in Chicago. He has written me to come to Chicago to see about the matter. I cannot tell what the result will be, but I want to tell my readers that I have used my means as far as possible to further prohibition. Mr. Mauritzen and Mr. Coon both went into the

newspaper business after selling the "Home Defender" but they had no money to pay me. I gave one hundred dollars to Mr. Laycock of the "Search Light," Litchfield, Illinois. I have always contributed to the "New Voice," until it fell through, and have always given to the National Prohibition work until I found out Mr. Jones was a Mason, and I can "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." I can count perils among false brethren as well as Paul. Every dollar of money that I have belongs to God. Alas, I have been so unfortunate as not to use it as wisely as I ought. I have been laying up some now to take care of my poor afflicted child, who is thrown entirely upon me for support, for there is nothing but her mother's care that will keep her from the insane asylum, for her husband has written me that he will send her there at my death. I have purchased some real-estate in Oklahoma which now rents for about thirty-five dollars a month, her board at the Sanitarium is fifty dollars besides other expenses. The public asylum would be cheaper, but she has a horror of going to one and she never shall if I can prevent it.

ARREST IN DENVER AND HOT SPRINGS.

In the winter of 1907, I was in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and I lectured and went in the gambling dens and other disreputable houses. I was arrested, dragged to jail by a miserable, cruel policeman. I was put in the cell with three desolate looking, cigarette smoking magdalenes. I fell on my knees at the sight of these haggard creatures of despair. I was still pray-

ing when the door was opened and I was brought before the chief of police, who seemed to be a nice man. I was released and the mayor wrote me a note saying that if I would attend the sale of lots the next day, he would send a carriage for me and give me $50.00 for a fifteen minutes talk. Of course I accepted this and he gave me $50.00 and I sold $60.00 worth of hatchets to the crowd. "When a man's way pleases the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." (Prov. 16:7.)

In August, 1906, I was in Denver lecturing. I heard of the disgraceful condition of this city, of the vice and the liquor and prostitution. There was one street especially, called Market street where there was open and flagrant vice of the blackest character. I went down this street one evening to see these poor degraded people, such as Isaiah tells about (42:22.) "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison-houses: they are for a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none saith restore." It was mentioned in the paper that I would visit this street, and the crowds were there by the hundreds. There were people there of all classes, the high and the low, the Salvation Army, the gambler, the drunkard, the half dressed harlot, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, all eagerly listening for something. I watched that surging throng and a great pity came into my heart. "O, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her brood under her wings." (Matt. 23:37.) I went through one of these houses and began talking to these poor sisters of mine. Some officers hurried

up to me and said: "You must get out of here." Others were free to go there for a bad purpose, I was arrested, for going there for a good one. The black maria was with difficulty driven through the crowd. I was put in to be taken to the prison. On the way, one of these livery coated police, whom I have often compared to dogs barking for vice, said to me: "Some of these days you will get into jail and never get out." I answered; "Some of these days, you will get into hell and never get out." Right here I want to say there are many true men on the police force. Their life is a hard one, always mixed up with crime, crime. Paul said: "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." I Cor. 15:33.) A reporter came to my cell that night and said: "Mrs. Nation, I expect this will go pretty hard with you, they have brought a state case against you, they have sworn out a complaint that you were raising a riot." I felt no concern about this, God had said he would *"stand by me."* In that jail there was a cruel jailer. One poor man had his head all cut up from having this jailer throw keys at him. He cursed some prisoners after I got there and I called out, "What do you mean by cursing these prisoners, if I hear that repeated, I will make complaint to the authorities, you are hired here to serve and wait on these prisoners and treat them mercifully." He growled something and I heard no more cursing.

The next morning I was brought before the mayor and chief of police. I found that some one was there to bail me out so I could give my afternoon lecture. This was an old judge that had stopped at the same

hotel I had. The mayor said: "Mrs. Nation we are not going to allow you to come to our city and turn things up-side-down as you have in other places, the whole city was in an uproar last night." I replied: "What for." He said: "Because you started out to raise a disturbance." I said: "Now, Mr. Speer, I went down there on Market street where those poor mothers' girls are, they have had nobody to go down there to tell them of their lost condition. Suppose your two girls were down there, would you think anybody was raising a disturbance if some gray-haired grandmother was to go down there and try to get them to leave that awful life of death and misery?" Mr Speer said: "These things have to be, we have to have segregated vice." I said: "Now I do not believe these things have to be; I know they do not have to be, if you think this, is it not right to give your own daughters? Somebody's daughters have to be given." I could see that this man had a heart, that he was moved, and perplexed. I said: "Mr. Speer, why don't you do like the mayor in Hot Springs, Arkansas. I was arrested there for almost the same thing, the mayor told the police to tell me to go to my hotel if the crowd got too large. He had me released." Mr. Speer called the chief, and said: "Captain, let this woman go, tear up that bond." And I saw tears in his eyes when he said this. What became of the officers' oath that I was inciting a riot?

I have spoken before of my dear and only child married to A. D. McNabb of Richmond, Texas, and in the course of fifteen years she was the mother of eight children. This was a severe tax on this nervous, weak

woman who was not blest in being well born, for neither father nor mother were in a condition to be such when she was born. Begotten by a drunken father, conceived by a heart broken mother, who had never been taught that she could curse her own offspring before it was born, neither did she understand the holy mission of motherhood and how above everything else it should be guarded by the tenderest care, especially by the mother herself. Oh! the untold sorrow that ignorance entails. "The people go wrong more from lack of thought than from lack of heart." This mother child of mine became a wreck. Every time I made a visit, I saw there would be a crisis, and it came. In the fall of 1905. I got a letter from her husband, saying that Charlien had been judged insane, and she was then in the sanitarium in San Antonio, Texas, until a place could be made for her in the asylum in Austin, and that he, (her husband,) would put her there as soon as he could. I could not go to Texas at that time, was in the East filling dates. I wrote that I would pay her expenses in the sanitarium, and that I would come as soon as possible. When I went there I saw she was not a subject for the insane asylum. I telephoned her husband at Richmond and said to him, I want my child, let me take her I will be responsible. He refused to let me take her. I was paying over $25.00 a week and I was powerless to take her away. I called him up again and said, I will not pay her expenses here any longer. He called up Dr. Moody and told him to take her to the asylum at Austin. I went with her there. Dr. Worsham, the superintendent told me that it was no place for my

child, but that her husband had forbidden him to let me have her, and that he did not dare let me take her, but he advised me to let her stay there awhile then I could place her in a boarding house in the city and if she could stay there a month then I could come and take my child away. I did this and got my child in my own possession and she came by herself to Oklahoma, where I boarded her with a relative. Then I took her to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for a while and when I moved to Washington, I took her with me. My poor child was a great sorrow and care. She needed constant attention and she had a great craving for stimulents which I had to guard her against, she seemed to have no control over herself. For many reasons I saw it was not safe to leave her alone so I took her to Dr. Richard Gundy's Sanitarium near Baltimore, only thirty miles from Washington where I can visit her often. God has been good enough to give me the means to keep her there thus far and I am now making provision so that after my death she will never have to go to an insane asylum. I have taken her to see her children twice in the meantime and had her two oldest daughters come to see her. This has been a great expense to me but it is a consolation to care for this precious child of mine, a result of my ignorance and sin in allowing a drunkard to be her father, besides being about as unfit to be a mother as he was a father. I have drunk this bitter cup to the dregs. Oh, may this life history of mine be a light-house that will keep many from the breakers!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WASHINGTON.—SPEAKING IN CONVENTION HALL.—PICTURE OF THE HOME GIVEN ME BY MR. DON SANFORD.—WASHINGTON LAWLESSNESS.—ARRESTED AND FINED.—CONFINED IN WORK HOUSE.—PROVIDENTIALLY RELEASED.

In the fall of 1906 I felt a call to go to Washington, I did not know exactly what it was for, only it was Washington, Washington on to Washington. I lectured on the way in the large cities, got several telegrams to come to Atlanta, Ga. I was very anxious to do this but it seems as if something said you must go to Washington. My last telegram sent to Atlanta to Joe D. Glass of the Eldorado Theatre who offered me $500.00 for one week was this, "The Holy Ghost leads on to Washington and to Washington I am going." I lectured at Knoxsville, Tennessee, the mothers said to me: "What can we do to help close the saloons." I answered: "One thing, you can do, keep the children home from school on election day and take them down on the street, stay there all day, pin a motto on them saying, "vote for me." And this they did, they took their dinners and their children and also their banners saying, "Vote for mamma and me." They played and sang, the men seeing their wives and children could not help but ask themselves, shall I vote for them or for the saloons. Of course the women and children were a more powerful argument than anything the saloon keeper could do or say. That city

went two-thousand Prohibition, forty saloons were closed. How true it is, "That the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpents head." (Gen. 3.)

I got to Washington at holiday time. There are a great many missions in the city and good consecrated workers, many of these came to me, and asked me what they could do to assist me. I said, get a place for me to speak in. The missions were small, some of them closed against me. I tried to hire a hall, at last Brother Little, of the Gospel Army said: "There is but one chance and that is, Convention Hall, which is $150.00 a day. I said this is out of the question, I had then less than $175.00 in cash. I waited four days, praying and fasting, feeling very miserable and depressed. Oh, what a load was over me, at last I called Brother Little and said, take this $150.00 and secure Convention Hall, but do not tell them who wants it until after you get the contract. I feared I would be refused it also. I then got some small cards, the size of a business card saying:

"I speak at Convention Hall next Sunday, at 3:30 to men only; also at night at 7:30 to everybody, you are cordialy invited. Your loving 'Home Defender,' CARRY A. NATION."

These dear, good friends of mine scattered these little cards in restaurants, department stores, saloons and hotels. Sunday afternoon I had perhaps eight hundred men present, but at night the place was almost full, it seats about seven thousand people. I took collections. At night when it was counted, we found that the collections paid for the hall and all the other expenses, and a donation of $30.00 was given me at the

close. I now saw the reason why I could not get a smaller hall, God intended that I should come before that crowd. The very idea of a woman coming to Washington City, hiring Convention Hall and giving free lectures, attracted the people. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." I had with me at that meeting a whiskey flask that had been sent me from Chicago by a friend, with Mr. Roosevelt's picture on it. I held it up before that vast audience in Washington and said: "Here is a whiskey flask with Theodore Roosevelt's picture on it, the most appropriate place I have ever seen it in, in my life." There was a ripple of laughter, but no hisses as I had expected. I find that Mr. Roosevelt is most popular where he is least known.

Judge Webber, the congressman from Elyria, Ohio, was at the meeting. He came to the stand after the lecture was over and said: "I want to call to see you." I told him where I was stopping. Next morning he and his wife called, he gave me $5.00 for my work. This Mr. Webber is the congressman who introduced the bill into Congress to prohibit saloons in the District of Columbia. He said: "Carry Nation you are right and you will win." After this I held several meetings in different places in the District. I was also invited to speak to the W. C. T. U. in their quarters, although when I first went there a reporter interviewed the district president, and she said she did not think Carry Nation would be invited to speak at the W. C. T. U. meeting. She is now one of my best friends and has asked me to speak at several places in

MR. DON SANFORD GAVE ME THE FREE USE OF THIS HOME IN WHICH I PUBLISHED "THE HATCHET" AT WASHINGTON, D. C. I AM STANDING TO THE RIGHT, TWO FRIENDS IN THE BACK, AND MR. DON SANFORD AND WIFE ARE TO THE LEFT, THE PARTIES WHO HAVE OF ALL OTHERS GIVEN ME THE GREATEST MATERIAL ASSISTANCE. THE TIME WILL COME "THAT BOTH HE THAT SOWETH AND HE THAT REAPETH MAY REJOICE TOGETHER." *John* 4:36.

the district. At one of these meetings a man walked up to the front leaning on a cane. He was about sixty years old with a good kind face. He said to me in an undertone: "If I had known where you were when they first put you in jail, I would have sent you $50.00, for the smashing in Kansas was the greatest move ever made against the liquor traffic." I replied: "It is not too late to help me yet." He rode home with me on the cars and said: "I will see you in the morning." Sure enough he took me down to 217 D. street, showed me a furnished flat and said: "I will give you this for a home for five years, free of rent." This was in answer to my prayers, many had said to me: "Come to Washington and publish your magazine here." I said I cannot see how I can do that, unless God will open the way, and he did this. This man's name is Mr. Don Sanford, Washington, D. C.

This God-given home has been a haven of rest to me, I have an office, two bedrooms, a dining room and a kitchen, besides other conveniences. This is the greatest help that I have ever had from any source. He gave this to me because he is a thorough sympathizer with the prohibition movement, and did it for the cause. I want all the prohibitionists to know this and ask God to bless this man.

So I moved the "Hatchet" to Washington, the head of the Nation. We have been cutting off the tail of the serpent long enough. It would be foolish to try to kill a serpent by cutting off its tail, we must smash the viper on the head. It is in Washington City. We have been cutting off the tail by making the counties and states for prohibition. On to Washington, must

be the cry, and when the people demand of their representatives in Washington that they cancel the licenses, which can be done at any Congress. It was first licensed there, there is where the mischief began, there is where the mischief continues, and there is where the mischief must be stopped.

SEEN IN THE CAPITAL OF AMERICA.

The most prominent thing that I see on the streets of the city, is an advertisement of Anheuser Busch, every night it flames out streaks of blood and fire. One can imagine the fires of hell and the blood of the slain.

There are five hundred and twenty bar-rooms; one hundred and forty wholesale liquor houses, besides hundreds of houses of prostitution that are unlicensed, where liquor is sold. These harlot houses are in a part of the city, from the postoffice and White House grounds about six blocks. "Hooker's Division," because Gen. Hooker camped there once upon a time. This Division is devoted to the harlots and harlot makers, these women are not considered criminals, and do not pay any fines.

We went down in this division and saw girls with short dresses on, and boys with knee pants. These facts will give cause of alarm to all decent people hearing of them.

President Roosevelt with three commissioners has power to close up all vice in this city. H. B. F. McFarland is Chairman, this man belongs to the Endeavor Society, and Y. M. C. A. and a teacher of a Bible class in the Congregational church.

We attended some of the Sunday Theatres there the

five and ten cent, kind, with moving pictures. The pictures shown were most of gambling and drinking, suicide and holdups. Hundreds of little boys from seven years old and up attend these shows. Christian workers are restricted in their work on the streets, to certain hours, certain places and certain days; but the harlots and indecent shows can run all day and night, Sunday or any other day.

I never saw so much tobacco and cigarette poisoning among men and boys as here. The Capital is reeking with it.

MY ATTEMPT TO SEE MR. ROOSEVELT.

Shortly after moving to Washington I took two friends with me and was walking up to the entrance to the wing of the White House, where I hoped to have a conference with Theodore Roosevelt, when, before I got within ten steps of the door, a man hastily came out and stood in the middle of the walk and said: "Mrs. Nation, your business is closed with this office." I said: "Who told you to tell me that?" "Never mind," he said. I replied: "I suppose that door is closed against me, a representative woman and mother. Any thief, cigarette fiend, brewer, distiller, or gambler can go in there, but a representative of America's mothers and homes is shut out. That house does not belong either to Roosevelt or to Loeb. I have some important questions to ask Mr. Roosevelt. It is common talk that his daughter, Alice, smokes cigarettes, and we American women, object to being represented by such a character abroad." This door guard asked me not to make a lecture there. I said: "I have free speech

and shall express my views. I am speaking the truth." The man turned to one of the gentlemen who was with me, Gen. Mobley of the Gospel Army, and said: "Please have her go away." No attempt was made to arrest me as two years before when I was there. After declaring it an outrage to the American citizens that the good mothers were shut out I turned and left. "All nations welcome except Carry."

IN THE WORK HOUSE IN WASHINGTON CITY.

In November, 1907, I was standing on the porch of the postoffice in Washington waiting for it to stop raining. Because of the rain some others were standing there who were smoking cigarettes. I complained of the outrage of having to smell the poisonous breath that they blew in my face, for the cigarette fiends take delight in being as unmanly as they can. They came as near as they dared to me, I would move from one side to the other, telling them of the injury to themselves and to me. A policeman passed by, one of the kind that is a greater friend to indecency than to decency. He said to me in an insulting manner: "Madam, walk on." I replied: "I am not going out in this rain." He said: "You are drawing a crowd." I replied: "Disperse the crowd. I wish you would arrest these men who will not let me draw a breath of God's pure atmosphere, I tried to get away from them but they crowded around and I am assaulted, for to blow a dirty breath in anybody's face is an assault." He said not a word to them, but grabbed me by the arm and dragged me down the steps, saying: "I will take you to the police station." He took me across the

street where there was a police station, and handed me over to the authorities. I said: "What am I arrested for?" No one answered. I asked this question several times. One said: "You will know in the morning." As usual I was asked my name, residence, age and occupation. When I was first asked these questions in Washington, I said my occupation was that of a servant of God. They wrote down the word "servant." I was not asked this question again. I was asked to pay $20.00 collateral. I refused, saying that, "I have paid my last fine." This collateral was to allow me to go home and to appear if I wanted to, or to stay away if I wanted to. I was taken to the house of detention.

This was the fourth time I had been arrested in Washington City. The first I have related in my book, it was for "disturbing the Senate," as they said, the last three times was for about the same offense. I had gone into the saloons and told men of their evil ways, told them to get out of that business, they were going to hell and taking thousands of others with them. I was tried before Judge Maloney, who was very abrupt and severe, and fine me $25.00. Then I was tried before Judge Kimball, who was very kind and fined me $5.00.

I was taken before Judge Bundy the next morning: I was held in the iron cage where the blacks and whites, the cigarette fiends, two morphine fiends, two men with their heads bruised and cut for being "drunk and disorderly" were. I looked at my fellow prisoners and I could not help but consider the "smasher" and the "smashed." What a crowd of degraded men

and women were by me. Oh, the curse and misery, humanity will bring on themselves through drink and other dopes. I always see in the drunkard the mother's broken heart, after years of tender watchfulness to prevent harm to the boy. I see her gray head bowed with grief. These men were mothers' boys, and I felt as if I were that mother. And these daughters that had been snared into these pits on Missouri avenue, and Hooker's division, those places in Washington, places of rottenness and death, that Mr. Roosevelt could close up in a day, and here were the results. Our daughters that should be "corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." (Ps. 144:12.) The officer appeared against me and brought the charge of being disorderly, the truth was he had arrested the orderly one and had refused to arrest the disorderly ones. I find that it is not disorderly to be a prostitute in Washington, it is not disorderly to run a saloon and make drunkards, but it is disorderly to tell them of it.

Judge Bundy was on the bench, he was very kind and began by saying: "Mrs. Nation you are very much opposed to smoking, I am myself, but we have an ordinance in the city that allows men to smoke in the street cars and on the streets and other public places, and you must make no objections to them exercising this privilege. We know you are a good woman and we do not want to get you into trouble, will you sign a bond that you will not make any more trouble of this kind?" I said: "Judge, I have no lawyer, I want you to allow me to plead my own cause, I want to quote to you some of the decisions of the supreme court, will you let me read them?" Judge said, "yes." I

had my Bible under my cape, I drew it out and said: "Judge you know that most of the criminals that come here are addicted to smoking cigarettes, you know it is an awful sin. Now I want to be a real Christian, I want to do what God tells me to do. You are a Christian, don't you think, I ought to obey God? God commands me to 'cry aloud and spare not, and show My people their sins.' 'Lift up thy voice like a trumpet.' (Isa. 58:1.) You see here I am commanded to cry aloud about sin and not to whisper about it. Also in Ezekiel, third chapter and 18th verse; "When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." 19th verse, "Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul.' So you see this compels me to warn, rebuke and exhort. How can I save my soul and keep quiet about this sin? God says: 'Go and declare unto this people whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.' (Isa. 2:7.) How can you punish me for obeying God's commandments? You have an ordinance in Washington that prevents me from obeying the law of God, if I obey your law I lose my soul, if I obey God's law, I go to jail. I had rather go to jail than to hell." Judge seemed very nervous and said: "Mrs. Nation I haven't time to talk with you any longer but I wish you would sign that bond; we do not want to send you down there among the drunks and thieves." I said: "Judge I cannot sign

that bond." The City Attorney was a decided friend of the lawless element and said: "Judge you must fine this woman, you cannot possibly let her escape, we have been annoyed with her long enough and she will encourage a lot of lawlessness." Judge said: "Mrs. Nation I will have to fine you $25.00 (this meant seventy-five days in jail, three days for every dollar,) I said, very well we will see who will come out best in this trial. It seemed as if God said to me: "Don't you worry, you go to the work-house for my sake." I was taken to the work-house with several other women, all of them for the dope habit. The usual questions were asked, name, residence, etc. We were taken to a room where we were commanded to take off our clothes, take a bath, and then we were given our work house garments. The underwear was blue and white checked gingham, very coarse, the outside garment was a mother-hubbard and of a very heavy overall stuff with an outside pocket on the right side. I was taken into the sewing room and my work was to patch and mend and work button holes in the overalls as the women did all the sewing for the men in the work-house. There were then about four hundred and fifty men in their quarters. There were seventy-nine colored women and fourteen white women in their quarters. I resolved to make the most that I could out of this confinement in benefitting my fellow prisoners. I comforted and encouraged them, they came to me with their woes and I tried to bring consolation to them in every case, telling them of their faithful friend Jesus. Five of these women took the pledge never to drink. I felt as if I was at the very place that God wanted me

to be and I thank God for the experience. I would never have known what it was to be in a work-house, had I never been an inmate. When the day came to do my scrubbing, I got my bucket scrubbing brush, soap and cloth and got down on my knees like the rest and did my scrubbing just as well as any of them. I never allowed myself to murmur and complain at anything, I did not feel like it for my fellow prisoners were in a worse position than I.

I have no complaints to make of my treatment or that of any of the rest with but one exception, which I will speak of later in this chapter. I had occasion to depend largely on God for wisdom to comfort these poor people. Whenever the woman overseer stepped out of the room, these women would pour their real or imaginary trouble in my ears, I would remind them of the cleanness of the place and the refuge from the cold weather and the good food, and in many ways I know I lightened their burdens. I was allowed to have my Bible with me, I quoted scripture to them. My fellow prisoners seemed more like sisters to me, we were all companions in sorrow.

Capt. Zinkham, the overseer of the public poor-house and work-house called to see me several times, and he with the rest was very kind. He said to me at one time: "Mrs. Nation, you are trying to do some mission work here, I have tried myself, but I find it almost useless, these very people have been coming here for years and they will continue to come." I said: "I will tell you the reason they will continue to come, yesterday morning a basket of dope was brought through the work-house giving each one a plug of vile

black tobacco. Each of these poor inmates took one except myself, matches were furnished them that they might smoke. The only thing that I can complain of as unjust and contrary to Christianity in this work-house is to give away that vile stuff that feeds the desire for dope and when they leave here, that terrible craving has not been allowed to die and these poor, nervous, helpless slaves avail themselves of the first opportunity to obtain their favorite dopes, and Capt. Zinkham, you are a minister of the Gospel and you are smelling of that dope yourself, do you think this is right? Did you ever go before the commissioners?"

He said he had never brought this question up, well, I said: "I am going to do it;" which I did and also told some members of the W. C. T. U. that they ought to investigate this. Thousands of dollars are being spent every year to dope the inmates of the work-house in Washington City. After I had been there five days, Captain Zinkham came to my door and said: "Mrs. Nation were you expecting any money from any source?" I said, "No," and he told me there had been wired me $28.00 from the Holiness Association in Evansville, Indiana. "Well," I said, "that is for my fine, you will please collect it and pay my fine and I leave here tomorrow." I had stayed there just as long as God wanted me to stay. I had seen what God wanted me to see. Three weeks from that time I had some dates down in Kentucky, and I went to Evansville, Indiana. Those holiness people arranged a meeting for me in their own hall. One man at the close of a lecture said: "Carry Nation I want to tell you how we came to pay your fine; we had a meeting here and we

were talking about prohibition in Oklahoma. One man who was a stranger, rose in the back of the hall and said: 'Yes we have prohibition in Oklahoma and the one who assisted us in getting prohibition, is now in the work-house in Washington City, because she would not pay a fine of $25.00.' Instantly a man jumped up and said: 'Here is a dollar to help pay her fine.' In three minutes $28.00 was on the table. We wired this to you; I never saw anything that was more providential than this, for no one was thinking about you and your name had not been called."

We had a glorious meeting, I have never seen a more healthy, vigorous Holiness Association than is in Evansville, and God used just such a set of people, precious holy ones, to pay my fine. He says: "You shall not stand before mean men only, but you shall stand before kings."

In the fall of 1907 I got off the train in Grand Central depot, New York City; a reporter met me and handed me this telegram: "David Nation, husband of Carry Nation, died here today." Dated Medicine Lodge, Kansas. I could hardly believe it, not having heard he was sick, but it was true. Sick only a few hours, not a relative near. Would to God I had been there to do something for him. Seven months before that he had gotten a divorce from me. Well I shall meet him "at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest." (I Cor. 14:25.) I had a head and foot stone put to his grave which is in the Medicine Lodge cemetery in Kansas. I am glad God is our Judge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOLDING UP MY JULY ISSUE OF THE HATCHET. TRIAL. AND ARREST IN DALLAS. TEXAS.—A TRIBUTE FROM AN OLD CITIZEN OF CHATTANOOGA.--DURHAM FACTORY IN NORTH CAROLINA AND EDUCATING METHODIST PREACHERS.—THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

In my July, 1906, issue of "The Hatchet," I wrote a letter to little boys in which I warned them against the vices of self abuse telling them the consequences of such a dangerous practice.

My enemies, who are always on the alert, to get me in trouble made complaint to the postoffice at Washington and the issue was held up. A warrant was out for my arrest. I was in Texas and was notified to return for trial, I said I was not after anybody, and the parties that wanted me could come after me. I was in the depot at Clebourne, Texas, when a very nice old gentleman whispered to me, "I want to speak to you I am a United States marshal." I said: "I understand, and am ready to go with you." I was never arrested in as respectful and elegant manner as by this Mr. R. M. Walden of Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Walden told me I could go to Guthrie or have the trial in Dallas, I decided to be tried in the latter, on the way we met in the car two gentlemen who lived in Dallas, Col. S. E. Moss and B. M. Burgher. These men said to me, "We will go your bond so you will not have to go to jail." We got to Dallas between nine and ten that night. They woke up the United

States Commissioner, A. W. May and the bond was made and I left at seven next morning to fill a date. The trial was in September. The witnesses came from Guthrie, and the case was called. The United States attorney after stating the case said: "This article can not be called obscene." The dear old commissioner, his name I forget, said: "No, it is not, it is purity itself, and there is no case against Mrs. Nation."

It cost me a $50.00 lawyer's fee and the expense of one witness, Rev. Charles Mitchel, but "In this world ye shall have tribulations, fear not, I have overcome the world."

A WORD OR TWO FROM AN OLD CITIZEN OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., IN COMMENDATION OF CARRY NATION.

To the Chattanooga Times.

Allow me to make a few remarks in the passing of the "Hatchet Woman," born of conversion with our citizens.

Yes, some will say she is too aggressive; that she unsexes herself; that she disgraces motherhood. And I see that some poor weak-kneed clergy are rushing around to tell God and the newspapers all about what a shame it is for her to be carrying on so, and what they would do if she would come into their district. Of such it has been said: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." (Rev. 3:16.)

Now let me call your attention to the Maid of Orleans, whose aggressiveness removed the brutal and oppressive hand of England from the body politic of France. She died a most horrible death by the hands

of human brutes, among whom were cowardly priests. But was it in vain she died? Go ask the lowest peasant on the vine clad hills of La Belle France.

Recall, if you will, Florence Nightingale with her little axe chopping down the sentry-guarded doors of hospital supplies in behalf of the wounded and dying in the Crimean war. Did she unsex herself? Go ask the English soldiers as they lie in the trenches or on the barren copse of Africa today.

See John Howard smothering in his dark, foul prison pen from which he escapes with loss of health. Was he a little too aggressive when he broke down the prison doors and exposed the horrors of the English prison system? Go ask the criminal life of continental Europe today.

But we need not go away from home in order to find those who have died that others might live. Our own land bears evidence of such.

Was John Brown a little too aggressive as he lay mangled and bleeding in jail, preparing for a miserable death on the gallows for American slavery. If so I ask you go read:

"A righteous sentence writ in burnished rows of steel." Go ask 8,000,000 blacks in our cotton fields, workshops, schools and streets. Ask 2,000,000 of our brave boys in blue and gray if they have died in vain. Your answer comes back in our teeming cities, in our magnificent mines and the buzz and whirr of our manufactories all over our beautiful southland where only cotton and corn fields held sway.

They made it possible for such things to be. Such as these are inspired spirits, called of God, and he

never makes mistakes in selecting proper means for the grand work of lifting a nation into higher and happier conditions. Everyone of these have erected a living monument to their daring and suffering for the cause of humanity.

And now a word in behalf of this chosen woman, Mrs. Carry Nation. I admit there must be an awful condition in any Christian community that requires such a sacrifice. The crashing of glass, the shouts of jostling hordes, the hurrying feet of the police and one woman with her little hatchet is a horrid spectacle for the so-called highest civilized and Christianized nation to witness. But it is a cowardly, a criminal condition, costing more lives and money than any war or epidemic of disease, one which the state has failed to deal honorably and bravely with; one which politicians call a gilded theory.

She may lose her life in the work of redemption most cruelly, as others before her. She is caricatured, insulted, held up to ridicule most outrageously by those whose brains are not developed sufficient to conceive they ever had a mother, or, conceiving, have any knowledge of the holiness of motherhood. But that grand soul will go marching on through every city, town and hamlet over our broad land till all shall be brought to understand, "That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Let me assure you that such grand spirits do not stop to count the cost of life in their work of uplifting suffering ones of earth life. Such only "hear the voices" and are fully prepared for the sacrifice.

Man will not make the sacrifice. He is and ever has

been a coward when his pocketbook and passions are at stake. Pocketbook and passion beat justice, truth and mercy. Pocketbook and passion beat the organ's grand peal and the sweet, low dronings of the clergy. Yes; passion and pocketbook beat prayers, tears and coffins. All, all go down in a perfect wreck before the whiskey monster.

God bless, aye, He will bless the woman who defies recreant judges, juries, jails and revolvers for her God given right to protect her home from the monster evil. The pulpit and pew may cry out for shame. Judges and juries may be purchased. Politicians may combine with whiskey rings, "But know thou that for all these things, God shall bring thee unto judgment." My full faith is that she will outride all legal storms, ridicule and abuse and give a living impetus to the "white ribboned" cause, peace and plenty to the drunkard's wife and suffering children, such as has not been seen in the past fifty years.

To me it is but another struggle of the soul to rise to higher and happier conditions, a death struggle in which good shall come from all of it and future citizens shall wonder why such things ever existed.

I thank her in behalf of tens of thousands of boys who will soon be coming upon the stage of action only to be bankrupt in spirit, mind and body if the struggle is not made. I thank her in behalf of tens of thousands of mothers who today are suffering spiritually, mentally and physically all over our land because the gilded monster is allowed to exist in our midst. But most of all I thank her for showing to the world the grand, moral strength of motherhood when necessary to call

it into action, as seen, heard and felt at the auditorium last Sabbath afternoon.

All hail then to Mrs. Nation. I say lead on, grand soul! the way grows clearer.

D. G. CURTIS.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

We spent the last half of the month of July, 1907, in North Carolina, spoke at Greensboro, Graham, Gastonia, Raleigh, Burlington, Hickory, High Point and Durham, besides other places. At this last named place are the plants of the world-wide American Tobacco Company, two immense buildings, one of them turning out every week on an average 107,200 pounds of smoking tobacco called "Duke's Mixture;" and the devil's mixture it is, of dope, corruption, filth and disease. On one's arrival the terrible smell was in the air. Thousands of gallons of rum are used. All these huge tanks are staked around the buildings. We called at the "Bull Durham" (a slander on the bull,) but used because of the *animal* portrayed by their pictures, but were not allowed to look over the plant. The manager refused to tell of the ingredients used to manufacture this poison. The bull is on everything about the factory. Of course no bull will touch this weed, but it suits the Dukes to advance the lust the name brings up. We went past the graveyard and saw the marble mausoleum of the old Mr. Duke. We thought that it is just, that what we do while we live shall be on our tombstones when we die, and what a sight to have seen his tomb plastered over with "Bull Durham" and "Duke's Mixture," it would be no slander to him. The

Dukes have endowed Trinity College, where the Methodist ministers of North Carolina are educated. How would it look to have the "Bull Durham" and "Duke's Mixture" on its walls? Also now they are building a Methodist memorial church to the old man Duke. One of the windows of this church should be decorated with the exploits of this old man who has put on foot the most extensive degradation of mankind. There is not a brewer or distiller in the United States that has degraded mankind as much as this "Duke's Mixture" of vice and filth. If the Methodist Episcopal College could accept the endowment from a distillery it would be no worse. Of course this is to muzzle the mouths of the ministers and we hear that the presiding elders are relegating to the rear the ministers that are crying aloud against this lust of tobacco. So far as money is concerned one is not to be blamed to get and use all the money for God from any source; but when such money is used to hush the voice of the Holy Spirit, that commands the condemnation of such, then it is a curse, and we can say: "Woe to a city built with blood, woe to Trinity College, built with blood. If the ministers at Trinity College are educated to denounce the Duke factory as a damning cancer in the world; if they so declare their intention to accept the money that it may be used to destroy these works of the devil, this money could be used without sin. We cannot partake of the table of the Lord and the table of devils." The Pharasees that crucified our Lord were more consistent, they said, "It is the price of blood," and would not put it in the treasury. These Dukes are making the deadly cigarettes and

giving away the poisonous paper that our boys may be enticed into this worst of vices. This Duke's Mixture is all the works of the devil. Can Trinity College depend on the works of the devil to live? "Must we sin that Grace may abound?" We find the churches of Durham have officials that are part owners in this infernal business.

Oh, the deadly cigarette. Thank God for the work of Miss Lucy Page Gaston, of Chicago. Mr. Roosevelt has never said a word against this curse, he is crying "Army and Navy" and he knows the difficulty in manning the army and navy is the cigarette as it is the difficulty in getting young men for any responsible position. Oh, give us manhood and womanhood. We want peace on earth good will to man. This preparation for bloodshed or war is inhuman, it is of satan. The volunteer always fought the great battles. Words fail me to express my grief at the degradation of those I love, those made in the image of God, "And except that the Lord had shortened those days no flesh should be saved." (Mark 13:20.)

As my book is going to press I have just time to tell of my arrest in Pittsburg. I was on a street car when a man sat in front of me with a masonic pin on, I said to Sister Arrowsmith who was with me, "That man is wearing a symbol of heathenism and idolatry. He has a worshipful master and belongs to an oath bound fraternity, who swear to have their tongue cut out, their throat cut across, their hearts torn out and given to the beasts, their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. These oaths originated in hell and are blasphemous and unmans every one who takes them." I

also made some other statements which were all true, and this man went to the police station swore out a warrant to have me arrested because I told him what he did and was. Pitiful man! A woman made him so ashamed of himself that he called to his aid the brutal detective, Daily, who roughly arrested me, and then proceeded to tell the crowd a lot of lies on me. Where, O where, can chivalry be found, "Justice is fled to bruitish hearts, and men have lost their reason."

I was locked in jail about two hours. I paid a forfeit of $30, in order to attend my meeting that afternoon and night at the Pentecostal church. Next morning I was called before police judge Brady and he gave me a sentence of $25 or 30 days in the work house. I have said that I would never pay another fine. I don't have to, for dozens of people want to pay them for me and the dear women of the W. C. T. U. rushed around and paid my fine for me. This arrest and fine was for being disorderly enough to speak the truth, but I can feel added strength and grace after all these persecutions. This is the 33rd time I have been in jail for the truth's sake and, O, Lord, Thy will be done through and through by me whatever the cost. Pray for me.

Close to Wichita there is a town called Derbe. They were running dives in this little town. Sam Amidon, the County Attorney and Mahan, both of whom I mention in my book, the latter the owner of a wholesale liquor house, were the prime movers in running these dives. The women of Derbe, smashed up these places. Amidon and Mahan went down in their automobile, in great style to arrest and prosecute the "law-

abiding women" who met these two men, and they left Derbe, with more haste and less style. Sister Myra McHenry who was one of the raiders writes it up so well that I will insert it here in my book. Sister McHenry has suffered, perhaps as much as I have, from the "rummies" of Kansas, being put in jail many times, "for righteousness sake."

A FOOT RACE GAME

WITH EGGS AS THE PROPELLING POWER.

Oh, Amidon! Oh, Amidon! yes the word
has come to me,
They are smashing our whiskey shop in
old Derbe.
We do not need to catch the car—
For my thoughts are on the saloon bar,
Rush the "auto" round a whizzing,
And we'll go down to Derbe sizzing.
They jump into their auto fine,
And Wichita is left behind.
They went along with might and main,
The town of Derbe sure to gain;
They minded not the scorching heat,
The rabbit's gait was not more fleet,
The fields of corn they did not see,
While on their way to old Derbe,
The bovine grazing on the hills,
Verdure of the valleys and the rills,
Had not the charms for these fellers;
The mean outlawed whiskey sellers.
"Ah hah!" They say, "for many years
O'er Derbe town we've been the peers.

Made them think we're the "only it"
At this late day will not say "nit."
Sam Amidon, the legal light,
Is always ready for a fight,
And Mahan by his side you see,
Came riding into old Derbe.
Now Derbe is quite a little place;
And now she boasts a mighty race.
I'll tell you how it came about,
And how Sam Amidon got out;
And Mahan also took a hand
Joined the Derbe foot race band.
Now Sammy in his diamonds bright,
Made quite a fine imposing sight;
And this was when he first got there;
Also before he took his rare—
It was eggs, and not sirloin steak,
'Twas eggs, and not a Boston bake.
And a foot race game with eggs,
Also with whiskey, beer, and kegs,
With Mahan hunting for the sands,
Like the Dodo in Dodo lands.
His head he'd tuck round and round,
And then would jump up with a bound,
Stretched again with mighty power,
Gained the foot race of the hour.
The grandest sight I ever saw
Was Sammy taking his eggs raw.
He did not say, "your honor, please,"
As his custom, with grace and ease,
But pawed the dust up with THEM feet,
Cased in patent leathers neat,

And none can boast a race well run
As Mahan and Sam Amidon.
Eggs forthcoming would not have been,
Had not these men their nose stuck in.
They know it now and "nose" it well,
What kind of eggs at Derbe sell.
The auto left this town, whizzing,
Back to Wichita went sizzing.
And Derbe will her banner wave
O'er homes made free by mothers brave.

(MAHAN'S REFRAIN.)

Oh, am I done! Oh, am I done!
Oh, yes, the race was fairly won;
The dust we made was a caution.
On the way we did some washin'
While going down to Derbe town,
We did not stop to look around,
And from old Derbe to this place
We ne'er turned our egg-nogg face.
Dear Amidon, 'tis all too true,
That those eggs were anything but new.
We'll learn a lesson from that day,
And let the WOMEN have their way.
They are worse than all creation,
Just one solid Carry Nation.
Farewell, old Derbe, whate'er betide,
I'll ne'er forget that auto ride.
Those women, they are made of stuff,
The sample of, I've had enough.

MYRA MCHENRY.

THE DEVIL WITH LIES FOR HIS MORTAR IS BUILDING A LODGE, GRAFT BEING THE CORNER STONE, AND POINTS WITH A WINK AT "FREE," WHEN IN TRUTH IT IS "BOUND." THE RESULTS ARE DIVORCED FROM CHRIST AND THEIR EARTHLY GUARDIANS, THEIR WIVES.

MASONRY AS IT IS.

(By E. Ronayne and others.)

MASONRY AS IT IS.—COMPACT OF EVIL.—FOE TO WOMAN —EXPERIENCES OF A ROYAL ARCH MASON.—FOE TO TRUE MANHOOD.—DRESS OF CANDIDATES.—MASONIC PREACHERS.—HORRIBLE DEATH PENALTIES.—PURELY ANTI-CHRISTIAN.—ITS OATHS ILLEGAL.—CLAIM OF SECRECY A SWINDLE.—ITS CHARITY A FRAUD.—SHIELDS CRIMINALS.—A LIE ALL OVER.—SECRECY AND SIN.

"I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and *in secret have I said nothing.*" (John 18:20.)

If there is one yoke of slavery heavier than another, it is the Masonic. If there is one set of men snared more than another into cowardice and abject, hopeless thralldrom, that set is the Masons. I rush to their rescue, I pity them. I would smash those yokes and free them. I would not condemn them as men, some of the best and purest men are drawn into this Devil's net. Every true man is a victim: he cannot but revolt at such a silly and wicked conspiracy against his own manhood, his freedom of speech, his true dealings with his fellow man, against woman, against the sanctity of marriage and, against "the Lord that bought him." Like a man stealer, Satan caught and secured them in a most fearful compact of hell, and these murderous

oaths, constantly keep before them this menace, that if they tell what they do and see in the lodge they are forever barred from the confidence of their fellow man. This is opposed to God's law and opposed also to the law of man. Suppose twenty men bind themselves, knowingly and willingly, to murder all the male children in New York. One repents and confesses, the nineteen do not. Which would be the better of the two? This is not a fair illustration for you know nothing of the terrible oaths and obligations, every one is forced upon you. The only true course is to repent, confess, and condemn. Hear what God says in Leviticus 5:4, 5, "Or if a soul swear, pronouncing with his lips to do evil, or to do good, whatsoever it be that a man pronounce with an oath, and it be hid from him; when he knoweth of it, then he shall be guilty in one of these. And it shall be, when he shall be guilty in one of these things, that he shall confess that he hath sinned in that thing." This makes it a sin to swear as you do in the Masonic Lodge; it makes it a sin to keep those oaths you took in the Masonic Lodge; makes it a sin to compel you to do what God says you must not do. Now the death penalties in the lodge are not for committing sin, stealing, and lying, and murder, but they are for telling the truth about the order. The truth is what hurts. Persons have said to me time and time again, "Why don't you confine yourself to the liquor traffic and let the secret orders alone?" I will tell you why. When an epidemic is in the land we destroy the cause; we would not kill a man for getting the small pox, but we kill the small pox for getting the man. The liquor traffic, vice, lust, lies and

all crimes are openly condemned. Every one can see and taste of the forbidden fruit. "The axe must be laid at the root of the tree." (Matt. 3:10.) The roots are hidden. When a man swears to conceal the truth concerning anything, he swears to lie about it, and the root of lies is planted in the heart of man. When a man swears to respect the chastity of a certain class of women the root of fornication and adultery is planted in the mind of man. When a man swears to be honest with a certain class of men the root of dishonesty is planted in the character of man. The state is what the individuals are, make a tree good and its fruit will be good. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." (Matt. 7:18.) Our children are the results of ourselves and society; if parents are corrupt in thought and deed, the children of course will be, and the State will be. From this cause we have a corrupt government. The father has his secret organization from which his wife, son and daughter are excluded. The mother has hers, from which the husband, son and daughter are excluded. Can these parents blame these sons and daughters for having secrets from which they are excluded? Thus and thus, is confidence destroyed in the sacred precincts of the home and reach, from the home, to Church and State. Perfect unity and domestic tranquillity is shattered, evil grows, and the roots produce the tree. If secret orders are good every one should know of all this good. If the motive is right there is no need of concealment.

The Devil is using the same method to kill humanity that we use to kill rats. We make a mixture of good and bad, and we are sure to give more good than

bad. The bread is the largest quantity, it disguises the poison, and they are caught with this deception. The poison kills before the bread could possibly do any good. Jesus said: "You are of your father, the Devil, and the lust of your father you will do for he was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth." (John 8:44.) Does not a man lie when he allows himself to be blindfolded, with a hoodwink and then says he is seeking light? Is not lying and murder a prominent thing in the initiation of a Mason?

Masonry is a mixture, of the different idolatrous worship of the sun. They have their "worshipful master" which represents the sun. Is this not blasphemy to call any man worshipful master? We are forbidden to call any man master, "one is your Master, even Christ." (Matt. 23:10.) Is it not the vilest blasphemy to even suggest that Jesus Christ would ever enter a Masonic Lodge? Hear what He says about this: "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil, for everyone that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved, but he that doeth the truth cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." (John 3:19-22.) Truth loves the light and hates darkness, falsehood loves the darkness and hates light. There is nothing that a Masonic lodge is so antagonistic to, as light and truth. Their horrible death penalties are not from committing crime but from telling the truth. This is as ancient as the Devil who formed the secret lodge in heaven when he made war

with God and was thrown over the battlements of heaven and is now down here on earth doing his old tricks.

The W. C. T. U. should organize a crusade against this fortification of evil that is directly opposed to woman and her influence over man. A lodge divorces a man from home ties and takes him away from his wife just at the time he should be there, in the evening. All the millions of dollars that go into the Mason lodge is a robbery of the American homes. Women have suffered untold agonies from their husbands being away from them. It causes weeping women, it causes jealousy. Read the 8th chapter of Ezekiel from the 5th to the 17th verses and you will see there a description of a secret lodge. You seldom find a Mason at the prayer meeting. You never find spiritual ministers Masons. They do not give one-tenth as much to charity as dangles from their watch fobs in disgraceful signs. The sign of the Shriner is the sword and the Crescent of Mahomet, whose cry is, "Down with the Christians."

While they will not put me in jail for attacking the Masonic lodge, they will close their churches against me; I am shut out from chautauquas; and this will continue, but I will stand alone with God. I shall deliver my soul and "declare unto this people whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Below I will give you a letter which was written by a man who has been a Royal Arch Mason. I will let him speak for himself. He says:

"I occupied successively the official position of Secretary, Senior Warden, and Worshipful Master of

Keystone Lodge, No. 639 Chicago. It became imperative that I acquire a thorough and accurate knowledge of the Standard Ritual, and Work of the three symbolic degrees. That was easily accomplished however by witnessing the degrees conferred in other lodges, by occasional attendance at grand lectures, by observing the work as exemplified in the Grand Lodge (of which I was a member) and above all by personal instruction received from such prominent Masons as, D. H. Kilgore, H. F. Holcomb and John O'Neil District Deputy Grand Masters in Chicago, but more especially from Mr. Edward Cook, late Grand Master of Masons of Illinois.

"In the days of the Judges when 'the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord after Ehud was dead.' (Judges 3:12.) And there being no man to deliver them from the power of the enemy into whose hands they were given, the Lord raised up Deborah, (Judges 4:4) a woman, to judge His people and to rescue them from the power of the oppressor and thus has He also done in these last days in raising up Carry A. Nation.

The beer shop and the lodge room, twin forces of evil, having everything their own way in this country, and the nominal church courting popular favor rather than standing up boldly and fearlessly for the truth of God. Carry A. Nation was called out as God's witness for righteousness, her heart filled with loyalty to Christ and His Word, and endowed with courage, fearlessness and a power of endurance seldom witnessed even in the boldest of men. She has gone forth from the very beginning striking boldly at every form

of evil whether found in the White House or in the hovel of poverty and from proud, aristocratic Washington to the lowest slum of any of our American cities. And this she has done fearlessly, but calmly, despite every opposition, and in the face of the scoffs and jeers and arrests and imprisonments, to which she has been subjected from the very first. None could do this and especially no woman could do it, unless selected and sustained by Almighty God. I have suffered from the whiskey curse possibly as much as any man in this country but there is another abomination, and one even more dangerous and more farreaching in its evil results because it is clothed in mock righteousness and sustained by all but popular favor, I mean the low pagan and anti-christian lodge system already referred as the twin-sister of the saloon.

"Let us look into the Masonic lodge room and see what they do. In the outer room we find a preacher or a saloon keeper or a Jew waiting to be initiated. He is first divested of all his outer garments except his shirt and drawers. His left leg, left arm and left breast are made bare, a hoodwink is carefully fastened over his eyes and a blue rope called a cable tow is put once around his neck and he is now prepared to receive the first degree in Masonry. Look at him well as he stands at the door of the lodge, the Rev. John Doe, a professed minister of the Lord Jesus Christ and hear what Masonry has to say about him: "There he stands without our portals on the threshold of his new Masonic life in *darkness* helplessness and ignorance. Having been wandering amid the *errors* and covered over with the polutions of the outer and profane world he comes

inquiringly to our doors seeking the *new birth,* and asking for a withdrawal of the veil which conceals *Divine truth* from his uninitiated sight." "Manual of the Lodge" by Albert G. Mackey, p. 20. So then we gather from this, that Free Masonry is *divine truth,* and imparts *regeneration* though rejecting the teachings of Christ. And let me add here that every Masonic candidate, no matter what may be his station or calling, must submit to this disgusting and degrading ceremony of preparation above described, and it grows worse and worse as he advances in the Masonic degrees. But what is all this denuding and these hoodwinks and halters for? By and by he is led to the Masonic altar and caused to kneel upon his naked left knee, his left hand beneath the Holy Bible, square and compass and his right hand upon it, and among other things is caused to swear as follows: "I (John Doe) of my own free will and accord in the presence of Almighty God and this worshipful lodge erected to him, and dedicated to the holy Saint John do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear that I will *always* hail, *ever conceal,* and never reveal any of the secret arts, parts or points of the hidden mysteries of ancient Free Masonry to any person or persons whomsoever except it be to a true and lawful brother Mason, etc."

As regards the forgoing part of the Masonic oath, which is repeated with the necessary variations in every subsequent degree the following points are self evident:

1st. It is administered without the slightest warrant of law and is therefore extra-judicial and void. Where

is there any legal authority for the Masonic oath?

2nd. It is absolutely indefinite, the candidate knowing nothing whatever about what he is swearing to, and is therefore contrary to the immutable law of God. In Leviticus 5:4, 5, we read as follows: "If a soul swear pronouncing with his lips to do evil, or to do good, whatsoever it be that a man shall pronounce with an oath *and it be hid* from him when he knoweth of it, then he shall be guilty in one of these." Herod's oath and the Masonic are precisely the same, both are indefinite, Herod did not know what he was swearing to, and neither does the Masonic candidate. Herod's wicked oath led to murder and the Masonic oath if lived up to will absolutely lead to the same crime. But look at Leviticus 5:5, "And it shall be when he is guilty in one of these things that he shall confess that he hath sinned in that thing."

But the Masonic obligation requires that one shall "*always* hail, *ever* conceal," and hence according to Masonic law, the Mason must never confess, but be true and loyal to Masonry during his natural life. If this be not in direct violation of God's law then it is impossible to say what is. But let us look a little further into the Entered Apprentice's oath. Our candidate we have seen is a preacher, and his wife full of interest as to his work and reading and hearing so much about Masonry is anxious to know the truth. So she inquires of her husband: "John I am informed that when a man is about to be made a Mason, they take off his clothes even to his shoes and stockings, and have him dressed only in his shirt and drawers. Is that so?" "No it is not so." "Did they blind fold you

John?" "No they did not." "Did they put a rope around your neck?" "No there are no such things in Masonry to my knowledge." Now what is this preacher doing in all these denials? He is simply living up to his Masonic oath by *concealing the truth,* but he is lying outright and lying to his wife even at that. Masonry has come between them and while there can be confidential conferences and secrets between himself and the vilest saloon keeper or boot-legger in the country, he cannot, he dare not communicate the same secrets to the wife of his bosom. "The Devil was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own for he is a liar and the father of it." (John 8:44.) And hence without room for disputation or doubt the Devil is the father of Masonry and because of the nature of its oaths and obligations compels each of its members to make lies his refuge. But let us proceed further. At the close of the first oath the candidate swears as follows: "Binding myself under no less a penalty than that of having my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, etc." In the second or Fellow Craft degree it is, "Binding myself under no less a penalty than that of having my left breast torn open my heart plucked out, etc." And in the third or Master Mason's degree the candidate swears: "Binding myself under no less a penalty than that of having my body severed in twain, my bowels taken from thence and burned to ashes and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, etc." Can you conceive of anything more horrible or more inhuman than are these awful penalties of death? And

to think that an American citizen, preachers and others are sworn under these blood curdling penalties, can only prove one thing; namely, "that the God of this world,—the devil,—has blinded the minds of them that believe not lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ who is the image of God should shine unto them." (II Cor. 4:4.) But remember that inasmuch as every Mason is sworn to have these inhuman and barbarous penalties inflicted upon himself should he ever divulge any of the silly so-called secrets of Masonry, so by the same clause in the same oath, he swears to inflict them on another brother Mason, his own son perhaps, or his brother according to the flesh. So then in the first part of the oath or obligation of a Mason he swears to deceive or lie even to his wife or child, and now in the closing part he swears to assasinate a brother Mason under certain circumstances if called upon to do so. There is no getting away from this conclusion and remember that these horrible penalties do not mean the death of a martyr for constancy and loyalty to the Masonic system, but they mean a mode of death of which a savage would be ashamed, and that for divulging an alleged secret that has no existence and in fact never has had.

But now for a brief space let us look further at this Master Mason's oath, "Furthermore that I will stand to and abide by all the laws, rules and regulations of the Master Mason's degree." But what are these "laws, rules and regulations?" He doesn't know and yet he swears to "stand to and abide by" them all. Is this in accordance with American laws and usages? No it is diametrically opposite, and also diametrically

opposite to the law of God as in Leviticus 5:4, 5. "Furthermore, that I will not cheat, wrong or defraud a lodge of Master Masons nor a brother of this degree knowingly." But he can cheat, wrong and defraud all others if he has a chance. At best this clause enforces only partial honesty which is simply dishonesty and nothing more. "Furthermore, that I will keep the secrets of a brother Master Mason as inviolable as my own, murder and treason excepted, and these at my own option." Suppose this Mason is called into court as a witness in a case when another Master Mason is the defendant and of whose crimes or crime he has knowledge, which oath will he obey, his legal oath administered according to law, or his lodge oath administered contrary to law? He cannot obey both, he cannot be an honest witness and a good Mason.

"Furthermore, that I will not have illicit carnal intercourse with a Master Mason's wife, mother, sister or daughter, I knowing them to be such." And the wives, sisters, mothers and daughters of other men, what about them? This clause including only the female relatives of Masons indicates at best only a partial morality and hence leaves the way open for immorality or libertinism.

"Further, that I will not give the grand hailing sign, or sign of distress of a Master Mason except in real distress, and should I see the sign given I will immediately repair to the relief of the person so giving it should there be a greater probability of saving his life than of loosing my own." This clause of the Master Mason's oath applies only to the court and jury room. A Masonic defendant making this sign of distress and

a Masonic juror seeing it given, which oath think you will he obey? He cannot obey the legal oath of the court and the illegal lodge oath at the same time and so I am quite satisfied to leave the further discussion of this terrible Masonic question to the candid judgment of honest unprejudicial American men and women simply quoting one sentence from the "Lexicon of Free Masonry" by Dr. Albert G. Mackey, page 16 under the word "Acacian." "Acacian: from Akkakia innocence and signifying a Mason who by living in strict obedience to the obligations and precepts of the fraternity is free from sin."

If this be not the doctrine of demons spoken of by the Holy Spirit through Paul will some one stand up and tell us what it is?

And so, Sister Nation, I most heartily wish you God speed in your noble testimony. The Lord of the harvest is coming soon and the "bundles" of men and women are being rapidly bound. May our God and Father fully enable you to "Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show His people their transgression and the house of Jacob their sins." (Isa. 53:1.)

Faithfully yours in His service,

E. RONAYNE.

Believing that Freemasons are sworn to keep one another's secrets, to assist one another when in any criminal difficulty whether right or wrong, and to obey at once "the grand hailing sign of distress," Mrs. Carry A. Nation justly concludes that the Masonic system is generally made use of to corrupt witnesses and jurors

in our courts, that brewers, distillers and even saloon keepers largely use it in promoting the interests of their nefarious traffic, that it nullifies that mutual community of knowledge and confidence that ought to exist between husband and wife and above and beyond all that it is a pagan blotch on our civilization, denying and rejecting the Lord Jesus Christ, God's only remedy for man's salvation,—in a word Mrs. Nation rightly judges that Freemasonry is satan's masterpiece, and hence she opposes it with all her might as she does every other form of evil. While in Mexico a question arose as to the correctness of a statement she made in one of her lectures as regards the Masonic oaths, and learning of my address she wrote me and the following is one of my letters cheerfully written at her suggestion.

E. RONAYNE.

HARRISON, ARK., April 13, 1908.

DEAR SISTER NATION:—

Your very excellent letter of the 8th inst. from Gainsville, Florida, was received last Saturday, and its contents carefully noted. I mailed you a letter to Orlando, Florida requesting the postmaster at that place to forward it if necessary and I do hope you have received it before this. In that letter you will find many things in relation to Masonic boycott, etc., which will give you an idea of the spirit of enmity you arouse when you denounce that vicious and anti-christian system. Acting upon the suggestion in your last letter then, I shall now state as briefly as I can *how* and *why* I became a Freemason, what I thought of the system,

the books I have written, and my work against the institution for thirty-four years.

Being appointed Principal of the British and Canadian Model School in Quebec City in 1857, and taking an active part in the fierce religious controversy going on in 1858 between the High and Low church parties throughout the entire diocese of Quebec, I was brought into close relationship with the Orange society of the district and in June of that year, was initiated into "The Loyal Orange Institution," receiving in due time all of its degrees—"The Orange, The Purple, The Blue, The Royal Arch Purple Mark and the Scarlet—in Aughrim Lodge No. 535, and was elected Master of the Lodge in 1859. Through my official connection with Orangeism I became intimately acquainted with the leading Freemasons of the city. From early boyhood I had a strong desire to know that great secret which is ignorantly supposed to be held by Freemasons, and which they pretend no outsider can ever discover. I made application to Harrington Lodge No. 49 A. F. and A M. was balloted for in due time, and received the first or Entered Apprentice degree of Freemasonry in the fall of 1860. But where was that wonderful secret I had paid good money for and had sworn to keep under penalty of death? I had received no secret whatever, but possibly it would be made known further along. At the proper time I attended lodge meeting again, and was *passed* to the degree of Fellow Craft, and on the night of December 31st I was *raised* to the sublime (?) degree of Master Mason. I was now a full fledged Freemason, carefully instructed in all its alleged mysteries, but where was

that superlative secret I had paid for? I was put through a lot of uncouth silly and (as George Washington once said,) "Child's play" ceremonies, but received no secret whatever. I paid $30 down according to Canadian Masonic law, and was most solemnly sworn under three inhuman death penalties—1st. To have "my throat cut across and my tongue torn out by the roots." 2nd. To 'have my left breast torn open and my heart plucked out," and 3rd. To "have my body severed in twain and my bowels taken from thence and burned to ashes."—To keep inviolate the great Masonic secret, but I again repeat that I had received no secret whatever nor anything approaching a secret. But on the contrary I very soon discovered that all the miserable stuff through which I was caused to pass in a semi-nude blindfolded condition, together with the grips, signs, passwords, including the great and wonderful *Mah-hah-bone* itself, had been printed and published to the world word for word in 1825, or seven years before I was born, by one Richard Carlile of London, and to prove that I had discovered their contemptible imposition I exhibited the book before them all at the next lodge meeting. Now in all ordinary business what would such a transaction be called? Simply a *swindle,* a *fraud, obtaining money under false pretenses,* and then withal to swear men under horrible death penalties to hush up that swindle and keep that fraud a profound secret,—that's Freemasonry.

Well in 1865 resigning my position in Quebec I moved with my family to Illinois and sending on, my wife and two boys to Steven's Point, Wisconsin, where

her father and mother lived, I stayed behind in Chicago and began at once to look for some employment but without success. I was a good bookkeeper, an expert shorthand writer, but it seemed that there was no place for me anywhere. At last in November, 1865, I found a job digging and shoveling dirt from the basement of one of Chicago's public schools—"The Kinzie,"—on Ohio street. And so now from being Principal of a public school in Quebec I was a common day laborer in the basement of a public school in Chicago. But never having done such work, the weather being raw and cold, and the cellar damp, I was attacked with muscular rheumatism and lay for fifteen days in the garret of a sailor's boarding house, over a saloon kept by one Dennis Heany on Kinzie street, where the North Western Passenger Depot now stands. Being told that I could not recover unless I was sent to hospital or removed from that garret, I now for the first time put the Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth of Masonry to the test by summoning three of the most prominent Free-Masons in the neighborhood, namely: Mr. Brewster, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Blaney. Approaching the bedside one of them remarked, "O you're the sick man, what seems to be the trouble?" I told them and satisfying themselves that I was a Mason they went away but no relief came. A Mr. Mullally a commission merchant hearing of the affair had me brought down stairs, put me into a hack and rode with me to the Sisters of Mercy Hospital where he paid $35.00 in advance before I was put into bed in the seventh ward. Needless to say that Mullally was not a Mason. Passing over the years 1866-7, I will simply say that by

hard work I had earned and saved enough money to buy a lot and build a house, and now having my own school room I went back to my favorite business again and very soon had a large select school. Toward the end of 1868 I bought another lot and built another house. Now many of the Masons began to flock around me, a new lodge, Keystone, was organized in 1869, and nothing else would do but I must join it. Waiting till they received their charter from the Grand Lodge, I sent for my demit to Harrington Lodge at Quebec and was admitted a member of Keystone Lodge No. 639. I was working hard at my school, was making money fast, was not a Christian and thought the lodge would be an enjoyable place to spend an evening. At first I became a Mason from curiosity and now in 1870 I joined Keystone Lodge No. 639, Chicago, for sociability.

Not long after I became a member of Keystone, the secretary eloped with another Mason's wife thus leaving the secretary's desk vacant and I was at once appointed to the position until the annual election in December.

In the winter of 1870 I bought another lot and built another house, a large 3-story and basement which we rented in May, 1871, and now I was more than independent having $90 per month in rent besides my school, which brought me $100 per month more, but on the 8th and 9th of October, 1871, the great fire of Chicago ocurred, and every thing I owned except our every day clothes and the vacant lots went up in smoke. I was at once appointed a member of the "Board of Masonic Relief,' and in December of that year, was

elected Senior Warden of my lodge, in December 1872, was elected Worshipful Master, and was now by virtue of my office a member of the Grand Lodge of Illinois and hence in a position to learn the practical workings of Masonry.

As a member of the Masonic Board of Relief, I attended all of its meetings from its first organization to its close on June 24, 1872. During that time the Executive Committee—the Illinois Grand Master and Harry Duval—received $90,641 for the relief of their burned-out brother Masons and the widows and orphans of deceased Masons, but of that amount they stole $60,000 to buy hoodwinks, halters, aprons, drawers, etc., and to re-establish Masonic lodges. The poor burned out Masons may starve but Masonry must be kept up. And aside from that outrage Harmon G. Reynolds the Past Grand Master stole $481. I preferred charges against him in open Grand Lodge in 1873, but being a "high Mason" his fellow grafters allowed him to go scot free. Such is *Free* Masonry.

In 1873-4 there were six Clandestine lodges of Masons in Chicago, today the country is full of them, and men are visiting lodges and practicing Masonry who were never initiated in either the regular or clandestime bodies, and yet the different regular lodges keep right on selling their bogus so-called secrets and obtaining money under false pretenses. At the annual Grand Lodge meeting in Chicago in 1874, I introduced a resolution leading to a discussion of the fact that a committee ought to be appointed by the Grand Lodge to inflict one of the Masonic death penalties on each of the six regular Masons presiding over those

Clandestine lodges. My motion was voted down of course, but next day I introduced another to the effect that inasmuch as the Masonic Institution dare not execute its death penalties because doing so would be assasination, therefore that immediate steps be taken to have the death penalties expunged from the system. My chief object was to impress upon the members, how false they acted and how foolish they must appear even in their own eyes, to be swearing candidates under penalties of death that they dare not inflict, but I received a most decided rebuff. The Grand Senior Warden, Joe Robbins of Quincy, Illinois, declaring "Most Worshipful Grand Master, if we do away with the penalty what becomes of the sign," at the same time drawing his right hand across his throat.

There is no such thing as an accident no matter what people may say or think, "All things are of God;" I knew that Masonry is a "lie all over," its oaths obligations and death penalties illegal and inhuman and my first intention was to drop out quietly and let the miserable swindle severely alone, but God had ordered otherwise and so on the last Wednesday in October, 1874, meeting one of the members on his way to the lodge he urged me to accompany him, I went along, and that night in the hall of Keystone Lodge No. 639 Chicago, I gave my first lecture against Masonry before a room full of Masons. They listened attentively to the end but when I sat down bedlam broke loose, the meeting was closed between one and two o'clock in the morning. We all went down stairs together, talked awhile on the sidewalk about what I was doing, said "good night" all round, and I was out of Free-

masonry for ever. I at once set about writing the "Hand Book" referred to elsewhere, but two of the members of the lodge, David Lally and William Aiken the Tyler and Secretary respectively urged me again and again to work the Masonic degrees publicly and so announcing a meeting to be held in my own school room I conferred the three degrees of Masonry publicly on John Trainor, and from that night on till his death poor Trainor was called "Ronayne's goat." What I did that night was an unheard of thing, the Chicago papers were full of it, and soon, urgent calls came from all over this country and Canada to have the Masonic degrees publicly exemplified. But had I been a Christian in those early days of 1875, how delightful and easy would have been my work. I was exposing Masonry because I saw it was a glaring fraud, its illegal oaths and signs of distress almost daily used in the court room and on the witness stand to turn justice aside and to free the criminal if a Mason, but through the riches of God's boundless grace in the winter of 1875-6 at one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and from Isa: 53:6, he revealed to me what the Lord Jesus His only begotten Son had done for me. That precious passage from God's word exactly suited my case, and it also suits the case of every man and woman in the world—"The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all,"—Blessed be God He did and He laid on Him my iniquities and I say through grace that "He loved me and gave Himself for me." (Gal 2:20.)

From that time on there was an added motive for publicly working the Masonic degrees. At first I renounced the system because I had proved that it is the

most cunning and consummate swindle of modern times, but now I was exposing it because of its utterly pagan and anti-Christian character. And so for six years I worked the Masonic degrees in almost every city and town in the Northern States and Canada, before immense audiences and tens of thousands were kept out of Masonry while thousands more were made *free* indeed through the power of truth. My school of course was closed, thus shutting off my main source of income for the support of my family, and from the first day that I worked the Masonic degrees publicly until the present I have been the subject of Masonic boycott and hatred.

The Masonic preachers being worse in that respect than their fellow Masons. But God who has cared for me all these long eventful 76 years of my life will care for me to the end. My creed is the eighth chapter of Romans, and my only regret in these lost days of my busy life is, that I did not know the Lord Jesus Christ before I became a *bound* Mason.

Freemasonry was concocted in a low grog shop,—the apple Tree Tavern,—in London, in 1717, and from that time to this the saloon curse and the Masonic curse have gone on side by side, so that today one of the main supports of the liquor traffic is Freemasonry. To be convinced of this you have only to watch the Triennial conclaves of the Knights Templar and the so-called banquets of the Blue Lodge and the Chapter, all simply nothing more or less than drunken debauches. May the Lord enable you to smash both the saloon and the lodge is the earnest prayer of your brother in Christ. E. RONAYNE.

SECRECY AND SIN.

The shield of sin is secrecy. Wrong seeks concealment. The doers of mischief preface or conclude their work with "Don't you tell." From the mischievous boys who plot their raids on orchards and melon patches to the stock speculators who engineer their "corners" and swindle the unwary, the religious demagogues who control and mismanage the trusts committed to them, the low politicians who plot in caucuses or defeat honest elections by villainous counting out, the organized banditti which fill ill-governed countries with terror, or the bands of pirates who redden the seas with blood—the bond of secrecy is the seal and protection under which mischief and villainy is concocted and concealed.

We are to distinguish between that which is *private*, and that which is *secret*. There are private affairs in which the world at large has no interest. Personal affairs, which concern our own business transactions or domestic interests, are properly considered as private matters. They are not secret, but they are things in which others have ordinarily no concern. The *privacies* of business or of home require no special guardianship, each sensible person usually having wit enough to hold his tongue, and each well-bred person knowing enough not to meddle with other people's business; but when there are family *secrets* and business *secrets* there are frequently wrongs, and sins, and sorrows, and skeletons which must be concealed.

But in the world at large systems of organized se-

crecy are presumably wrong. There can be nothing *private* in a matter which is known to hundreds of thousands of people. It can by no possibility be a matter of personal interest if it requires such *wide* concealment. It would therefore seem to be a *secret,* a conspiracy, a wrong. Thus rebellions, insurrections, murders and various plots of villainy frequently become widespread under the cloak of secrecy.

There are various secret combinations which obtain great currency, and are held in high repute. They have, as in the ancient heathen mysteries, their exoteric and esorteric instructions; that is, their outside and their inside teachings. Outside there is profession, pretension, pomp, fuss and feathers. Inside there are oaths, pledges, obligations, curses, penalties and threats, coupled with grotesque performances, blasphemous adjurations, and absurd and degrading ceremonies. What can be the object of all these performances, veiled under an impenetrable cloud of secrecy?

We have known persons who have shut themselves up to study and work, and at the close of their seclusion have come forth with some grand discovery, some new invention, something which has wrought a mechanical, financial or social revolution in the world; and we have recognized the propriety and wisdom of the seclusion which bore such fruit as that; but here are men who year after year have met in secret and performed their mysterious rites, and have parted, and *what good have they done?* What discoveries have they made? What inventions have they produced? What have they to show as the result of all their secret plotting and endeavoring? Have they discovered any-

thing which the world did not possess before? Have they done anything which was worth doing, which had not been done before, and done a thousand times? Is their work a work of charity? Charity needs no secrecy. Is it the inculcation of principles of wisdom and knowledge? There is no need of oaths and obligations in such a case, for every one who receives wisdom and knowledge is bound by the strictest obligations to convey the same to those around him. Have they succeeded in making men better fathers and brothers, better citizens and better Christians than can be produced by any other means? In a word, there is no necessity for such concealments and obligations unless it be *the necessity caused by sin.*

Suppose, for example, that a church should be organized, at the door of which stood men with drawn swords, and of which no person could become a member unless he first consented on bended knee to take an oath, of the purport of which he knew and could know nothing until it was administered to him sentence by sentence, while in a helpless condition. How long would such a church be tolerated in the community? Suppose also, that it limited its membership to persons of one sex, excluding the young, the aged, the penniless and the crippled, taking in only the ablebodied and prosperous, who were decked with barbaric trappings, and marched around for public exhibition on galadays; how long would such a church be tolerated in the land? Would not its ostentatious secrecy be in itself an evidence that there was something *radically wrong in its conception?* Would not the world at large scout such an establishment, and denounce it as a fraud and an

outrage on the community at large? But if it were found, in addition to this, that the men who were thus pompously exhibiting themselves before the community managed to secure nearly all the public offices to which other citizens were equally eligible; that they were by mysterious means extricated from difficulties acquitted of criminal charges, and exempted from the ordinary burdens and responsibilities of the community around them, would not the conclusion he speedily reached that their secret church, with all its boasts of advantages, was selfish, unpatriotic and un-Christian, and thus unworthy of the countenance and toleration of Christian men? Nor would any pretensions to benevolence, wisdom, or superior excellence, for a moment weigh against this conclusion. For none of these things require such secret preparations and obligations. Hence, the very fact that secrecy is invoked and employed for the furtherance of the object, is in itself a most suspicious circumstance. Our Saviour, when he came into this world, taught in public and in *private,* but not in *secret.* He taught the multitudes in public, by parables and simple illustrations. He taught his disciples in private, opening and expounding all things to them in answer to their questions. But he said to them, "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear that publish ye upon the housetops."—(Matt. 10:27.) He commanded them to proclaim wherever they went the things concerning which he had given them instruction privately; and when he was interrogated concerning his doctrine, he fell back on no obligation of secrecy to justify his refusal to answer the questions

which were propounded, but he distinctly said: "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the temple whither the Jews always resort, and *in secret have I said nothing.* Why askest thou me? Ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said."—(John 18:20, 21. His teaching was open; all interested were welcome to hear the words which he spake. There was nothing there to be concealed. It is also declared that "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." (Eccl. 12:14); that not only the secrets of men's *lives,* but also "the counsels of the *hearts* shall be made manifest" (I Cor. 4:5) in the great revealing day.

What possible utility then can there be in organizing vast systems whose only bond is *secrecy?* If they have anything good, why not fling it forth to the world and bless mankind thereby? What have they accomplished? For years and years secret fraternities have assembled and performed, and have strutted about in plumes and regalia, and what have they done? What inventions have they perfected? What scheme for the amelioration of human misery have they inaugurated? What institutions of learning and philanthropy have they founded? What reforms have they effected? What have they to show for all their pomp and pretensions? Surely the world has a right to ask these questions.

The Church of Christ is doing her work in the world. There are no obligations of secrecy, no concealments, no darkened rooms nor guarded doors to

hide the work she does. She feeds the hungry, she clothes the naked, she ministers to the sick, she lifts up the bowed down, she instructs the erring, she guides the perplexed, she warns the unruly, she comforts the mourner, she founds hospitals and colleges and academies and schools, she promotes reforms, she testifies against evils, she produces and disseminates wholesome literature, she scatters light and truth on every hand. Her work is open, and it shows for itself what she has done and why she does it. As compared with this, what have votaries of secretism to exhibit? Gaudy paraphernalia, pompous processions, medieval uniforms, magnificent buildings from which the public are rigorously excluded, midnight conclaves, secret grips, mysterious passwords, and a jumble of philanthropy, piety and profanity, all of which is guarded by oaths and obligations and penalties so shocking and absurd that their revelation invariably puts their votaries in a rage; and this is all. Or, if there is anything more than this, it is craft and guile, the plotting of secret mischief and the wielding of power by irresponsible despots, for objects which cannot bear the light of day.

Let Christian men maintain their integrity and independence; let them stand for God though they stand alone. If worldlings will be bound together like tares "in bundles to be burned," let Christians spurn the unholy associations and stand separate from sin, waiting for the great day of the Lord.

Since I came out of secret societies, I have several times had to face the question, "Why did you drop the secret societies?" My first answer is, "The secret so-

ciety is no place for a Christian to be." To be a Christian one must be Christ-like; and no person can be like Christ if he goes where Christ cannot go. God's word says: "If they shall say unto you, Behold, He is in the secret chambers; believe it not." (Matt. 24:26.) Again, in Gen. 49:6, we find this statement, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united (with them)! for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall."

Now let me ask, How about Morgan? And do you not think that the "wall" here referred to, represents God's Law? It was a protection in those days, and should be today. But it is set aside by the oath-bound men who have respect for the lodge brothers, while God says in James 2:9: "If ye have respect to persons, ye cannot sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors."

The Masons tell me that if I live according to the teachings of Masonry I will be sure to go to Heaven. But I know there is no salvation from Sin outside of Christ, and that Christ is never in Masonry.

They also say that King Solomon was a Mason. Because he built the Temple is no proof that he was a Secret Society man; but if Masonry started with the builder of the Temple, the rejection of Christ by Masonry started then; and if this be true, no wonder that the later rulers of the Temple rejected Him. "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." (I John 2:23.) So you see that if we shut Jesus out, we shut out God also. Our God is a jealous God, and His honor He will not give to another. The great

apostle said that he was determined to know nothing among us, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; so now , my Christian brothers, "Come out from among them (secret workers) and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Gastonia, N. C. M. W. MOORE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY TRIP TO SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.—MY HOME IN THE OZARKS.—FUTURE PLANS.

In the summer of 1908, when the Prohibition Convention met at Columbus, Ohio to nominate a President, I was there and was made a delegate from Washington, D. C. At that Convention I met Mr E Scryngeour, the organizing secretary of the Prohibition party of Dundee Scotland. He was sent over to investigate Prohibition in America. He asked me if I would come over to Scotland, and I told him I would. When he went home his executive authorized him to secure me for a campaign beginning in November. He asked my terms. I told him I would pay my expenses and he could secure houses and give me two-thirds of the receipts. I knew they were poor, as Prohibitionists generally are. I made terms that would entail on them, as I thought, no expense. I sailed from New York to Glasgow the latter part of November, and be-

gan my campaign in Dundee. The Prohibition party of Scotland was organized about 8 years ago. In Dundee. Since that time they have returned two members to the council and one to the school board. They nominated a member of Parliament who got 665 votes. I spoke at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, Lochgelly, Autermucty, and many other towns, staying three weeks in Glasgow. Many new branches were organized. I then went down into England speaking in New Castle, Leceister, Manchester, and other towns, and was in London for six weeks. A very important suburb of London is called Croydon. Two sisters, the Misses Reep, very brave, courageous women who had an anti-tobacco organization and other good work in spite of great opposition wrote me to come down to Croydon. We had very successful meetings. Also at Westcliff-on-sea, Rev. Waller wrote me to come that he had a hall. We had fine meetings there also, organizing branches at both of these places. The last three weeks in England I was overwhelmed with calls for dates, which I could not fill. My last meeting was in Liverpool. I had two overflows and delivered three addresses, before I took the ship next day. I find Scotch people much more independent than English people. There is so much conventionality in England that you rarely find any person brave enough to say and do anything that has not been said and done before. The best indication of better conditions against the stagnation of thought and action in Britain is the suffragette movement, a movement which is bound to result in good.

Britain is cursed with that House of Lords, (a

house of frauds would be more truthful). Some of biggest Lords are the biggest brewers there. If Anheuser Busch lived in England he could buy a peerage and be a lord. Very vicious conditions has been brought about by these so-called Lords in giving the publican a title to a permission to sell liquor. When a publican purchases a license, he purchases the right to run the business as long as he conforms to the conditions specified. This was done to put a stumbling block in the way of Prohibition, so that, should any locality wish to close the bad business, they would have to purchase from the publican his title, having to pay, in many instances, many thousands of dollars. In the book of Truth we read that the Gentiles or heathens have "Lords many and Gods many," but we know there is but one Lord, Jesus Christ. I told them in my lectures that I was glad that I lived in a land where we had but one Lord, Jesus.

The drunkenness among the women there is on the increase. I went into one publican's place where I saw nine babies. One can imagine the number of women there would be. There are more women selling liquor than men. The drunkenness among women has come about largely by the license grocers. They begin at the licensed grocery and end at the publican's place. The poverty, filth and neglect of home, through drunken mothers have brought about an alarming state of infant mortality. Mothers will pawn the clothes of their children and husbands for drink. It is impossible to bring about reform from these terrible conditions until the liquor traffic is prohibited. Alas when I returned to America I have to witness the shame of

seeing women behind the tobacco bars selling that which makes men tobacco drunk. A woman's proper place is by man's side as a help-meet. When she is in a position to seduce or induce him to sin she is a fallen woman. A traveling man of experience said to me, "Carry Nation you are right to condemn these women for selling tobacco. They may begin all right, but they will not end all right." 'Tis a vicious motive in hotels and other parties that will sacrifice the chastity of a woman that they may increase the sale of this poison. God grant that the time may soon come when it will be a sin to raise tobacco and men may cease their "filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness."

I found the Prohibition party very weak in London and could not arrange anything with them, but I took engagements at the music halls, (the name they give to theatres). I was to speak at the Canterbury and Paragon. The publicans secured the front seats, supplied themselves with eggs, and when I made my appearance they began to throw them on the stage and at me. The manager called me off and canceled my engagement. There was some laughing and light talking about this matter through the papers, etc., but my side of the story was this, that no woman would have been treated that way on any stage in America. I made it public that American men had more respect for women than English men. That English women were safer in America than American women in England.

It is universal there that women black the mens' boots and shoes. I stayed all night at a place where a young gentleman had come to visit the young lady and

her brother. The next morning I saw the young lady blacking the young man's shoes. The women get up first in the morning and kindle the fires. I never saw such nervous women in my life as there are in Britain. Their conversation is effected; their voices are high and they use the rising inflection, for instance, we say, "thank you" with a falling effect, they say "thank you" with the rising effect. Saying the "you" much louder. I believe the reason of this is the tea drinking, nearly every man, woman and child is a tea fiend in Britain. It is nothing for them to drink three or four cups of tea at a meal. They always use black tea.

Although Scotland is cursed with drink and poverty, I met some of the most generous and warm hearted people I ever met. The Scotch people gave me many presents which expressed so much gratitude to me for coming. Oh! what a nation of noble giants the Scotch people would have been had it not been for liquor and tobacco! Their equals could not be found on earth. The Scotch and Irish immigrants schooled in adversity and strong in faith were the very class our country needed in the beginning because they were best fitted for laying the foundation of this great government. God hasten the day when we will have at Washington City a president that will have a bill introduced into Congress to have the license to sell liquor abolished. What a retribution is in store for Joe Cannon, who ought to apologize to every citizen for being out of Hades! He is there like a roaring Lion not to allow any discussion of the question in the House.

The Scotch people at my meetings would ask me to

explain "why Christ made wine?" I had a time explaining that our Saviour was a Nazarite or prohibitionist and made the non-intoxicating wine. It would certainly be a great pleasure to me to go there in the summer time. But the climate is damp and cold, and the houses are poorly heated. There is one thing I wish America would imitate England in, People do not chew gum there. In licensing the saloon we inmitated England. In prohibiting the saloon England will have to imitate us. Below I give the verses written by a gentleman in England.

CARRY NATION.

The world is full of mysteries that stir the heart and brain;
Drink's dogmas of divinity, are ridiculed and slain.
A vice floats from the firmament, man must be born again
Of woman, as the source of his salvation.
Awake ye clumbering sentinals, say, what you hear and see,
A female form of majesty, with truth's resistless plea;
The hapless drunkard's champion, behold her! there is she,
The dauntless Heaven-appointed, Carry Nation.

Let us purge polluted cities, of slum-life vile and gross;
The wealthy ones must face the work, nor count such labour loss,
Nor shirk responsibility 'neath shadow of the cross;
Heaven pardons none because of wealth or station.

Lo! ye wretched city dwellers, see the light come
streaming down,
Not on vesture of the churchman, but on woman's
simple gown,
Yea! on her's whose words are destined to electrify the
town,
The dauntless, Heaven-appointed, Carry Nation.

The drunkard's child is jubilant, the drunkard's wife
is glad;
For men shall flee "hell-palaces," who went there rav-
ing mad.
And smiles shall light the countenance, that drink
made grim and sad.
Faith! faith and hope, ensure such reformation.
Onward, march, thou great enchantress! where thou
art love shall be;
We know from ev'ry battlefield, thine enemies shall
flee.
Thou monarch in the multitude! God's angels are with
thee!
The dauntless, Heaven-appointed, Carry Nation.

Hail, all hail, hope's joyful morning! see symbol in the
sky,
The sign of love made manifest, for all who drink defy.
But, look you! threatening thunder-clouds for those
who still deny,
The wondrous evolutions in creation.
Sing aloud then, and rejoice! send the children out to
play,
For the Lord has heard the pleadings of the righteous
of to-day.

Yes! His messenger predestined to lead and clear the way!
The dauntless, Heaven-appointed, Carry Nation.

MRS. CARRY NATION: A VINDICATION.

Sir:—London is awakening to the fact that in its midst is a remarkable personality: a woman whose sole message is, "Thus saith the Lord," and because the messenger speaks with an authority from heaven this modern Nineveh is so steeped in its vices that the the voice is like one crying in the wilderness. The churches feared, the Press ridiculed, the Metropolis, true to itself, was indifferent. After a month's sojourn amongst us this state of things is becoming changed, and the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is penetrating the mountains of prejudice, and even ministers of the Gospel realize that God's methods, whilst sometimes inscrutable, are always availing.

Mrs. Carry A Nation has found a hearty response wherever an open door has been provided, possessing those qualities which Britishers justly claim a preference for—truth, a dauntless courage in proclaiming its power to others, and always appealing to the human judgment for its enforcement at whatever cost. Multitudes will thank God for her life, her book, and even the hatchet, which influences enormously the young mind in its suggestiveness, viz., that all evils must be attacked at the root to be effectual.

Prohibitionists welcome her as the greatest exponent of its principle that has ever visited Britain, and we appeal to the people—do you own thinking, work

out the material salvation of our country upon lines which we have inherited and determine to maintain; freedom to all and privilege to none; and in selecting representatives take care that none have authority who perpetuate the crime by enslaving the community to the Drink Curse.

Electors! rise to your responsibilities, break the shackles which prevent this nation taking its proper place as the leader in the van of freedom, wipe out this blot of civilization, solve the unemployed problem, and act the Christian faith by votes as well as creed.

Yours truly, NAPOLEON SHARMAN.
London Road, Southwark.

230 Camberwell New Road,
London, S. E., 25th January, 1909.

To Mrs. Carry Nation:—

My dear Sister in Christ I am glad to have met with such a "mad" woman. I trust you will bite all the ministers in London and make them as mad as you are. They said our Lord was mad and Paul was mad. They have called me mad. Ah yes, dear Sister, God requires people out-and-out for Him. Six months ago I had to leave my second pastorate because I was thorough and real about this fearful traffic, Hell filling, God dishonouring, and soul damning. One of my late deacons came and insulted me while drunk one night. On the 22nd February, next month, I shall be 66 years og age, and a life-long abstainer from lunatic broth, tobacco, snuff, etc. During these last six months I and my large family have suffered many privations, but I would sooner die and be kicked into a ditch than be

mixed up in the works of the devil. Seven times I have suffered to be sent to prison because of my principle and I am ready to be burnt if need be. God bless you, keep you and sustain you, is the prayer of yours in the fight for God and right.

STEPHEN SWIFT.

I did a little bit of smashing in London, I was riding in one of those under ground railways (tubes, they are called there), in the car was a very vicious advertisement intending to attract the attention of small boys to smoking cigarettes. I said, "That ought to be smashed, and if I had something I would smash it."

A lady replied, "There is an umbrella."

With this I smashed the glass over the advertisement, the conductor asked me my name, and stopping place. I gave it to him and I was summoned in a few days to appear before a magistrate, for "willfully, wantonly and maliciously " destroying property. I was my own attorney. In addressing the magistrates in Britain one always says "your worship," but I said "*judge,*" which brought forth smiles in the Court. I told him I was going to try my case by the decisions of the Supreme Court.

He said, "We do not have the decisions of the courts of America."

"Oh!" I said, "my defense is the decision of the Courts of Heaven," holding up my Bible. I told him among other things that I wanted all Britain to hear a denunciation of cigarettes, and cigarette advertisers, and this was the best way I knew to start this agitation against the dangerous practice of smoking them,

as it would condemn the man for putting the advertisement there, and would also condemn the railroad for allowing it to be put there. He was very kind and only fined me five shillings ($1.25), the cost in the case was 30 shillings, or about $8.00, but a dear friend of mine a Scotchman, Mr. Roberts, who keeps the Caladonian Home for young Scotchman in London, 24 Gifford st., paid it for me.

I returned home in March of 1909. There was a great deal of drinking on the ship. I remonstrated in various ways. I went to the steward, to the purser, and from the purser to the Captain, telling them it was an insult to the passengers to have such universal drinking, especially among women, some of them acting very indecently. I told him that he had three places on the ship to poison the passengers, first cabin, second cabin and steerage. He said they had good liquors. I said, "No, it is rotten slop." He said, "You had better keep your state room if you do not like the way things are conducted." I told him I didn't pay passage on that ship for the privilege of being a prisoner. We had quite a little quarrel. The result was that there was no more carrying of liquor by the stewards to the women, and the women were so ashamed of their conduct when they got sober that they kept their state rooms three days.

I had a dreadful lesson going over to Scotland. A very nice looking man, about 35 years of age came aboard in New York. He was going over to Ireland to settle an estate. I had quite a talk with him, and told him that he was in danger from the drink habit. The second day I missed him at the table. He was

sick; the third day he had delirium tremens; the fourth day he died; and the fifth day I saw his dead body thrown over-board.

An American will be very much surprised to find concert halls, smoking and billiard rooms connected with the church and the ministers taking part in these things. In Liverpool the Ministerial Alliance meets once a month, and the ministers indulge in wine, billiards and cards. In England and Scotland I met some of the lovliest Christians, strong Prohibitionists also. These people realize the conditions in England to be exactly as they are, and they are eager for American methods. Britain, like an old decrepid mother, is looking to and leaning upon her daughter America.

They have a custom in Scotland of observing the 25th of January, Burn's birthday. These are called "Burn's Clubs," and they always have intoxicating liquors. This custom is not denounced by the churches, but is indulged in by the ministers. I was told of it, and at one immense gathering in Glasgow I spoke of this practice in something of these words: "You had a great poet in Scotland, Robert Burns. His pictures are everywhere. There is not a public house or private house of any kind where you do not have his picture. You have a desire to perpetuate the memory of this great hearted, great souled man, but what did you do for him while he was living? You organized clubs, and you clubbed him with all kinds of drink; you clubbed him so he became a pauper; you clubbed him until he became an invalid from strong drink; and at the age of 37 you clubbed him into a drunkards grave. God says that

"no drunkard can inherit eternal life." If you want to honor this man, the last thing in the world you should do is to bring to remembrance that which caused his ignominious death." Of course there were lots of hisses in retaliation.

Since going abroad I have become thoroughly convinced that America is the greatest nation on earth and will continue to be. I have lately been reading a remarkable book by Rev. Alexander of Monticello, Ark., called the "Stone Kingdom," from which I quote proving beyond a doubt that America is the "stone cut out of the mountain which will fill the whole earth." Commentators have not been able to understand the prophcies of this country because they were English and did not realize that a greater country than Europe existed. But God's prophets looked across the Atlantic and saw wonderful things. In order to get to a correct interpretation of Old Testament prophecies one must understand the root of Hebrew words, for God Almighty spoke the words and showed the prophets what he was talking about. The Lord made the visions pass before the prophets and then he told them how to tell the vision. In the 18th chap. Isa. the prophet saw a land and exclaimed, "Woe to the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the river Ethiopia." The word woe there should be "Ho," or "Hail." North and South America look like two big wings, and that whole chapter cannot be understood in any other way than describing America. Also the 60th chapter where it reads, "Arise, shine; for Thy light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee." When the Huguenots, the Quakers, the Puritans, and the Coven-

anters came, it was for conscience sake and the purpose of worshipping God. It speaks also of the ships of Tarshis which was the ancient name for Spain. When Columbus had been repulsed from every Court in Europe, Ferdinand and Isabella furnished him with the necessary outfit. The stone kingdom or little stone cut out of the mountain which would fill the whole earth was to exist at the time when the God of Heaven should set up a Kingdom that should never be destroyed. This is a prophecy that America is to tear down or smash all other kingdoms for she has been the bitter foe of Monarchy and all other Governments are crumbling, before the light, liberty, freedom, progress and Christianity of America. Oh! what people Americans ought to be! There is a great revolution in our land on all lines, and although we have wickedness, infidelity, and skeptics, which are great curses; the faith like a mustard seed will say to these mountains, "Be thou removed and cast into oblivion."

"Lift up thine eyes round about, (yes in all directions) and see them all gathered together, they come to thee thy sons from far off, shall come and thy daughters at thy side shall be supported. The prophets saw that all lands looked to America or a certain country; the sons from all the nations of the earth, and America has over a thousand immigrants a day coming in and we find very little emigration from America to any place. Thy daughter shall be supported at thy side not at the head to rule over men, not at the feet to be trampled upon, as in heathen countries but supported at thy side, as equals, as companions, to be cherished and loved—women's true position was to have an ele-

vating and purifying influence upon the nations of the earth. The description that follows of the gold and silver are the terms and names used in Oriental countries. Speaking of immigrants coming over with their money, their silver and their gold and colonies being supported here in America by the money of the different kingdoms. "Who are these that fly as clouds and as doves to their windows." The prophet had a panoramic view of the ships coming from all over the World like fleecy clouds to our shores. "Surely the isles shall wait for me," America the most productive; the richest; the brightest of all lands was as a barren desert. There was certainly a time when idol worshipers were in this land, and great wickedness prevailed, the Snake Mound in Southern Ohio is a proof that at some time the serpent was worshipped and that human sacrifices were made. There is scarcely a state in the Union that does not tell us that there was once a people here that you know nothing about. God says, "In wrath I smote you," whereas thou has been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations." "The sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee," and has it not come to pass that the sons of those who oppressed and afflicted America, the descendants of the very soldiers that murdered our citizens and burned our towns have come to submit to the Government which they attempted to destroy, and they come begging an office or place of profit from us. Those who once despised our political experiment now acknowledge its power and behold in astonishment the granduer of its success. Our simple

system of the Republican Self-Government gives the largest range to human capability. The constitution and laws of the country protect in every honorable and praise worthy avocation. Here every man is a King and his house is his palace. If Jesus Christ was to go to Britain he would not be called a gentleman or considered such. There a man's money lifts him up to respectability, and he is called a gentleman, no matter how he got his money. Should a man earn his living as God commanded by the sweat of his face he would be only a laboring man and barely entitled to a condescending civility. America is Israel restored. The Jews are misguided in their efforts to rebuild Jerusalem. This government is not to share the fate of those that have preceded it. It will grow in power and righteousness. The very fact that a man, William Taft, an infidel or Unitarian, has been elected by the church will bring a punishment that will teach the church a lesson.

"Thou shall call thy wall deliverance and thy gates praises." Here the Lord's people are delivered from the blood-hounds of cruelty, for all Monarchy is to be utterly destroyed. Kings have always worn and now wear their crowns under divine protest. "In Isaiah 63rd He said He would make a new thing in the earth, I will even place in the wilderness a way." And was it not in this country that steam was first applied to navigation, and streams in the waste places, what sort of streams? Does it not mean the vast current or stream of population now flowing into our country, that for thounsands of years was a wilderness and waste place; truly a new thing has come to pass. A

new country, a new people, a new mode of transportation and locomotion, such as the ancients never saw, and verse 20th speaks of the living thing of the country, "That shall honor me the great serpent the daughters of shouting, because I have placed waters in the wilderness, stream in the waste places for the watering and refreshment of my people, my chosen." What is the living thing of the country? It is the application of steam to machinery. The great serpent the daughters of Shouting represents the railroads with their locomotives which looks to a distant spectator like a great serpent. People used to go horse back, walk, and in wagons, but we now have the express trains drawn by the "living thing" of the country, to carry mail and passengers. The great telegraph, carrying messages around the world in a moment of time.

My visit to Britain has been a great blessing to me and I intend to make it a blessing to others. I never saw men of any nation superior to Scotchman, they impressed me with their sincerity, their generosity, and chivalry. I attribute this to their knowledge of God's Word, as the Bible is the best authority in Scotland. One cannot help but notice the difference between Scotchmen and Englishmen in this particular that Scotchman appear so much more genuine than Englishmen, they are more respectful to their wives, and women generally.

I have purchased a tract of land in the Ozark mountains. My address is Alpena Pass, Boon county, Arkansas. I have always desired a home in the country, where I could have the vegetables, flowers, and animals, that were the companions of my youth, where

I could look at the rocks and the trees, and drink the water from the springs. I believe the mountains of the Ozarks to be the future health resorts of this country. The secular press is reporting the fact that I have gone into retirement to enjoy the money I have accumulated. This is a misstatement, as I have a more active campaign for the summer than I ever had before. From the first of July to the last of August I have been secured for thirty Chautauqua lectures by S. M. Holloday of the Midland Bureau of Des Moines, Iowa. I promised to return to Britain next November, yet after considering the matter I think it best that I should call in that promise and rest in the winter and work in the summer.

I feel now that this great wave of Prohibition that is sweeping over the whole land propelled by a mighty power of public sentiment will go on and on, until national Prohibition will be the ultimate outcome, and seeing that younger people are taking up the work, I can, with a good conscience retire for the winter to my mountain home, where we have the old fashion fire places, where the simple life, the delightful life, the country life, is there in all its fullness with tame fruit in abundance, and wild grapes hanging in myriads of clusters in the gorgeous colored forest trees. There the persimmons also are plenteous and walnuts and hickory nuts. The cool refreshing pure water that trickles from the wayside springs to quench our thirst, is a boon to the traveler, and lastly, but not least, the good hearted people there, that are ready to receive all that would desire to build a home, and reap the reward of honest toil.

And now in closing this last chapter of my book I can say to humanity, that I feel grateful for their many kind words and deeds, expressions of gratitude for the imperfect way in which I have served you. I can see where I have made grievous mistakes, they were of the head and not of the heart. Yet exceeding all this is the gratitude I owe to God for using me on behalf of the motherhood to rescue the boy.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS.

SHE'S COMING ON THE FREIGHT.

OR THE JOINT KEEPER'S DILEMMA.

Say, Billy, git ten two-by-four
'Nd twenty six-by-eight,
'Nd order from the hardware store
Ten sheets of boiler plate,
'Nd 'phone the carpenter to come
Most mighty quick—don't wait,
For there's a story on the streets
She's coming on the freight.

O, many years I've carried on
My business in this town;
I've helped elect its officers,
From mayor Dram clear down;
'Ive let policemen, fer a wink,
Get jags here every day;
Say, Billy, get a move on, fer
She's headed right this way.

I don't mind temperance meetin's
When they simply resolute,
Fer after all their efforts bring
But mighty little fruit;
But when crowbars and hatchets
'Nd hand axes fill the air—
Say, Billy, git that boiler iron
Across the window there!

It beats the nation—no, I think
The Nation's beatin' me,

When I can pay a license here
And still not sell it free;
Fer I must keep my customers
Outside 'nd make 'em wait,
Because the story's got around
She's comin' on the freight.

There, Billy, now we've got her—
Six-eights across the door,
'Nd solid half-inch boiler iron
Where plate glass showed before;
But, Billy, before that freight arrives
Ye'd better take a pick
'Nd pry that cellar window loose,
So we can git out quick.

—ED. BLAIR.

A WOMAN.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Carry Nation.)

When Kansas joints are open wide
To ruin men on every side,
What power can stem their lawless tide?
A woman.

When many mother's hearts have bled
And floods of sorrow's tears are shed,
Who strikes the serpent on the head?
A woman.

When boys are ruined every day
And older ones are led astray,
Who boldly strikes and wins the fray?
A woman.

When drunkenness broods o'er the home,
For bidding pleasure there to come,
Whose hatchet spills the jointist's rum?
A woman.

When rum's slain victims fall around,
And vice and poverty abound,
Who cuts this up as to the ground?
A woman.

When those who should enforce the law
Are useless as are men of straw,
What force can make saloons withdraw?
A woman.

When public sentiment runs low,
And no one dares to make them go,
Whose hatchet lays their fixtures low?
A woman.

Who sways this mighty rising tide
That daily grows more deep and wide,
Until no rum shall it outride?
A woman.

Who then can raise her fearless hand,
And say 'twas "Home Defender's" band
Who drove this monster from the land!
A woman.

—Dr. T. J. Merryman.

THAT LITTLE HATCHET.

The world reveres brave Joan of Arc,
Whose faith inspired her fellow man
To crush invading columns dark.
So, modern woman's firmer will
To conquer crime's unholy clan,
Crowns her man's moral leader still.

A century was fading fast,
When o'er its closing decade passed
A matron's figure, chaste, yet bold,
Who held within her girdle's fold
A bran' new hatchet.

The jointists smiled within their bars,
'Mid bottles, mirrors and cigars—
The woman passed behind each screen,
And soon occurred a "literal" scene—
Rum, ruin, racket!

At first she "moral suasion" tried,
But lawless men mere "talk" deride:—
'Twas then she seized her household ax
And for enforcing law by acts,
Found nought to match it.

The work thus wrought with zeal discreet,
Has saved that town from rum complete;
Proving that woman's moral force
Like man's, is held, as last resource,
By sword or hatchet.

And following up that dauntless raid,
The nation welcomes her crusade;
All o'er the land, pure women charmed,
Are eager forming, each one armed
With glittering hatchets.

Talk of "defenders of the nation!"
Woman's slight arm sends consternation
'Mong its worst foes, on social fields,
Worse than the "Mauser," when she wields
The "smashing" hatchet.

Mohammed sought by arts refined,
To raise his standard o'er mankind;
But found success for aye denied,
Until at length he boldly tried
The battle-hatchet.

When soon his power imperial, shone
O'er countless tribes, in widening zone;
And wine was banished from the board
Of Moslem millions, by the sword
And victor's hatchet.

So may it be with this great nation,
When woman tests her high vocation;
Persuasion proves a futile power
To quell the joints, but quick they cower
At the whirling hatchets.

True chivalry must come again,
And men, more noble, but less vain,

Responding to its modern sense,
Guard woman, while in self-defense
She plies her hatchet.

When honor bright appeals to men
"The weak confounds the mighty," then
Side doors and slot-machines must close
And such games hide, when women pose
With sharpened hatchets.

'Else are men brutes, and all their pride
And gallant valor, they must hide
In coward shirking. This shameful end
They must accept, or else defend
The "home-guard" hatchet.

'Tis woman's crucial, fateful hour,
Her fine soul's test, 'gainst man's coarse power.
In war, she can not be man's peer,
But for home's weal, all men sincere
Bow to her hatchet.

Man's "Vigilance" is oft condoned,
When Vice and Crime has been enthroned.
Shall women then, be more to blame,
When she in Virtue's sacred name
Raises her hatchet?

'Tis she must grasp the nation's prize—
A pure, proud home, earth's paradise.
The joints must go, but, never till
Woman exerts her potent will
And holy hatchet.

As men, once slaves, their freedom gained
By force, and power at length attained;
So, cultured brains and force combined,
Shall mark the sphere of womankind
And surely reach it.

In valor, more Joan d'Arc's are needed,
Woman's high social power's conceded,
But she herself, must blaze the path
To public morals, by her own worth
And "Little Hatchet."

—C. BUTLER-ANDREWS.

Dr. Howard Russell told in his address at Kokomo, Sunday, March 24, how when Mrs. Nation was on her way from Topeka to Peoria recently, a passenger on the same train came into the car where she was and sang a song of his own composition. He was evidently a farmer with a large stock of mother-wit. He was lame, and limped into the car, and hopped up and down while he sang. A great deal of merry enthusiasm was aroused, and the car, packed full of people, expressed their appreciation by round after round of applause. It is evident that Mrs. Nation is quite popular in that part of the country.

The song is as follows:

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!
So get on your bonnet and your Sunday-meeting gown
Oh, I am so blamed excited I am hopping up and down
Hurrah, Samantha, Carrie Nation is in town!

Get you ready, we are going to the city,
Where the "Home Defenders" are all feeling gay,
And the mothers all exclaiming, "Its a pity
That Carrie Nation does not come here every day."

I want to hear that mirror-smashing music,
And to look in Mrs. Nation's blessed face,
And to see the saloon men all cavorting
With that hatchet bring sadness to their face.

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!
So wear your brightest bonnet and your alapaca gown.
Oh, I am so jubilated I'm a hopping up and down,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town.

"GOD BLESS OUR CARRIE NATION."

May she live to see the day,
When the liquor traffic will be no more,
When the traffic of the devil
Will all be swept away,
And God's peace remain supreme from
shore to shore.

God bless the hatchet wielder,
May it never cease to strike,
Till it drives the cursed intemperance
from our land;
Let us stand for God and duty,
Till we gain the Eden of beauty,
And be what God designed for us,
A happy union band.

God bless our Carrie Nation,
Give her courage, strength, and might,
To go forth in former battlements arrayed,
Till this cursed intemperance,
Will be driven from our shore,
From every village, hamlet and the glade.

O, God, raise up a million,
Of our Carrie Nation minds,
That they may fight for freedom, from the thrall.
Let's join our hands with Carrie
And do not let us tarry,
Oh, let us toil for Jesus one and all.

THE HATCHET CRUSADE.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Carry Nation.)

Oh, woman, armed with one little hatchet,
Fighting for justice and right,
And with your brave mother courage
Knowing your cause was right,

You've done more to hasten God's kingdom,
And to crush satan's power o'er men,
Than countless numbers of creation's lords,
With the power of the ballot thrown in.

You've awakened the mothers to action
Whose powers have long dormant been,
While the minions of satan have strained every nerve
To ruin our boys and our men.

Rouse, mothers, too long we've been sleeping,
Shall one of us let it be said
That we calmly stood by while those who are dear,
Were down to destruction led.

American mothers, hear me,
If you think God will not send the warning
In hieroglyphics upon the wall?

God is not mocked, He is just the same,
And has given the power to you.
If you're weighed and found wanting our nation will fall
Because you did not your duty do.

Then let us unfurl our broad banners,
Fling their folds to the breezes high,
Let this still be our motto,
"We'll trust in God, and keep our powder dry."

—CARRIE CHEW SNEDON.

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